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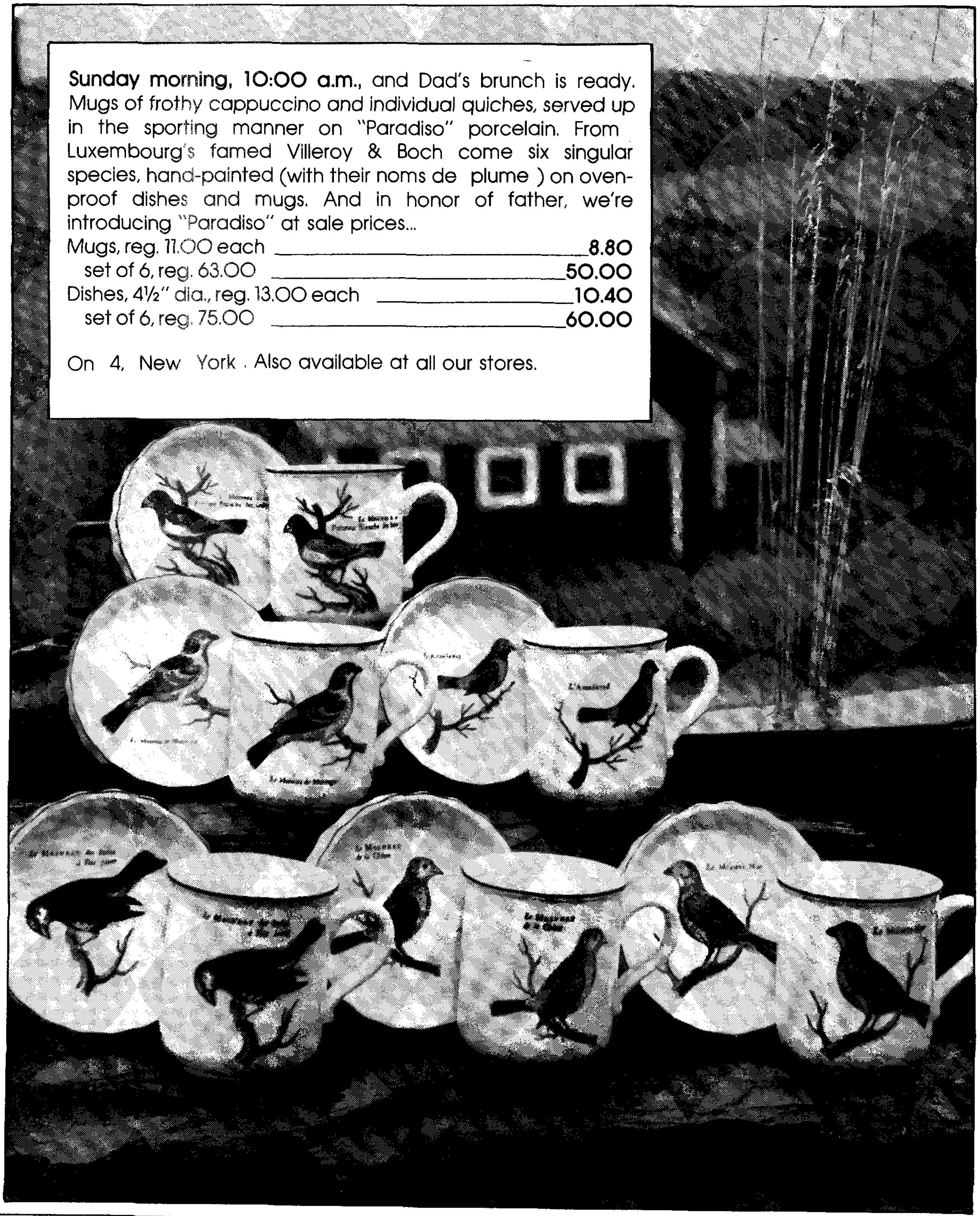

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAM Theatre Company—The final two plays of the season, presented through Sunday, June 15. In the Helen Owen Carey Playhouse, a revival of Rachel Crothers' 1911 play HE & SHE, with Gerry Bamman and Laurie Kennedy at the head of the cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. . . . In the Lepercq Space, THE MARRIAGE DANCE: AN EVENING OF FARCE BY BRECHT & FEYDEAU, an entertainment that takes the form of two one-act plays. The schedule is the same as above. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Barnum—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bent—A play much less grim than its subject matter—the fate of homosexuals in the concentration camp at Dachau—would lead one to fear. Michael York and Jeffrey De Munn have taken over the roles originated by Richard Gere and David Dukes. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Billy Bishop Goes to War—Eric Peterson playing seventeen roles in a fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author, John Gray, is also onstage, to play the piano, sing, and make curious grumbling sounds. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Blackstone!—A superlatively clever magic show. Harry Blackstone is not quite as witty a performer as he appears to think, but he is an excellent magician. (6/2/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blood Wedding—The Lorca play in an English adaptation (with incidental music) by Maria Irene Fornés. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, June 22.)

Le Centre International de Créations Théâtrales—The fertile theatrical imagination of the English director Peter Brook is here on display as his Paris-based, international company presents four plays in repertory through Sunday, June 15. Two one-acters (in English and French), L'OS and Alfred Jarry's UBU: Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 14-15, at 3. . . . THE IK (in English, based on Colin Turnbull's book "The Mountain People"); Thursdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 14-15, at 5. . . . THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS (in English): Saturdays at 8; Sunday, June 8, at 5 and 8; and Sunday, June 15, at 8. (5/19/80) (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Children of a Lesser God—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and John Rubinstein as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by William Mastrosimone, THE WOOLGATHERER, is the final presentation of the season. Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig make up the cast. Preview Wednesday, June 4. Opens officially on Thursday, June 5, at 7, and will run through Sunday, June 29. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, except June 13, at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Friday, June 13, at 6 and 9. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Eileen Brennan and Susan Sarandon in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, except June 6, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, June 6, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Final performances in a festival of one-act plays. "Two Part Harmony," by Katherine Long; "The Store," by Marcia Haufrecht; and "Asylum," by Onaway Schange. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. Wednesday through Friday, June 4-6, at 7:30, and Saturday, June 7, at 2 and 7:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4892.)

Evita—A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fearless Frank—A musical based on Frank Harris's autobiography "My Life and Loves." Dave Brown composed the music, Andrew Davies wrote the book and lyrics, and Niall Toibin is the star. Robert Gillespie is the director. Previews through Monday, June 9. Opens officially on Tuesday, June 10. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, June 12, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Province-

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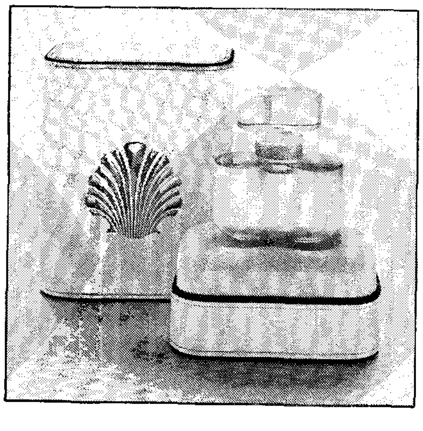

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

town, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A young playwright named Samm-Art Williams has composed a paean of hope and confidence about black life in the South. With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wisecracking mind of Neil Simon. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

It's So Nice to Be Civilized—A musical for which Micki Grant wrote the book, music, and lyrics. Mabel King and Vivian Reed have the leading roles. Frank Corsaro is the director. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Killings on the Last Line—A play by Lavonne Mueller. Previews Wednesday, June 4. Opens officially on Thursday, June 5, and will run through Sunday, June 15. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 8: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, June 11-15: **IOLANTHE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Mass Appeal—Bill C. Davis's play about a middle-aged priest and an earnest young seminarian who comes to him for instruction has a good first act but tends to fall apart in the second. Milo O'Shea is, as usual, splendid as the priest, and Eric Roberts does well as his pupil. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (5/19/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Morning's at Seven—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mother Courage and Her Children—In this adaptation by Ntozake Shange, Brecht's Mother C. pulls her cart around Oklahoma and Texas during the skirmishes among blacks, Indians, and whites in the decade after the Civil War. For many reasons, the show doesn't work, in spite of strong lines by Miss Shange and very strong performances by Gloria Foster, Robert Christian, Morgan Freeman, and Hattie Winston, among other black actors in the good company assembled. (5/26/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Music Man—Dick Van Dyke has the leading role in a revival of Meredith Willson's classic based on a story written by him and Franklin Lacey. Directed and choreographed by Michael Kidd. Previews Wednesday, June 4. Opens officially on Thursday, June 5. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nuts—Anne Twomey is tall and slender and, in her role as a possibly murderous hooker, riveting. A courtroom melodrama by Tom Topor. (5/12/80) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oklahoma!—A very welcome new production of the thirty-six-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Penultimate Problem of Sherlock Holmes—A play by John Nassivera, with Keith Baxter as Holmes. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 8.)

Romantic Comedy—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—The folly is a boathouse in rural Missouri, and the time is the early nineteen-forties. Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins play a couple who quarrel in the boathouse and end up loving each other—all in ninety-seven minutes. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed an choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80 (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box With God—A return engagement (after a two-year absence of a musical taken from the Book of Matthe by Vinnette Carroll, who also directed. Th music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford an Micki Grant, and the cast includes Jennifer Yvette Holliday and William Keebler Hardy Jr. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-649 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hea many of his songs, and many songs writte by others which Waller recorded and helpe to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays an Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **ANNIE** An old-fashioned musical, based on the onc popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie. The agreeable book is by Thomas Meeha and the so-so songs are by Charles Strous and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52n St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTL WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheerin and foolish musical about a bordello calle the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was th choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the scor and Larry L. King and Peter Masterso wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 22 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group o young dancers audition for a handful o chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsa and by the time the evening is over we kno everything about all of them. (Shubert, 22 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act o homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller b Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Selde and William LeMassena. Directed by Robe Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 24 4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: Thi absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs find refuge in a London hospital in Whitechap from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruc Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patrici Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 24 5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,36 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Pla house, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 67 3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:3 Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI**: In Albe Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvar undergraduate, son of an Italian-Americ laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair o his classmates—a well-to-do brother an sister from Cambridge—and is thrown int a panic that at first appears to be social b is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKIN IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer wit strong feminist views celebrates her thirt ninth birthday by auditioning her new act fo her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Squar Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 an 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PETER PAN:** Why not? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thursday, June 5.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, June 4, at 2:30.). . . **SWEENEY TODD:** Many remarkable songs by Stephen Sondheim ornament this grisly melodrama, which now stars Dorothy Loudon and George Hearn. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer (who has replaced Stockard Channing). The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Carol Lawrence presenting a cabaret-format show, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Weekdays, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8, and Sundays at 2:30 and 6. Through Sunday, June 22.)

International Performing Arts Festival—Final performances of a five-week engagement in which theatre companies from Nigeria and Great Britain as well as black and Hispanic groups from New York perform at Lincoln Center. "The Lion and the Jewel," by Wole Soyinka, with music by Billy Taylor, performed by the Richard Allen Center for Culture and Art. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 799-2800. Wednesday through Sunday, June 4-8, at 8. Matinées Wednesday, June 4, and Saturday, June 7, at 2:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 4, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Suite of Dances," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 8: "Mother Goose," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Suite of Dances," and "Bournonville Divertissements.". . . ¶ Friday, June 6, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 8: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 8, at 1: "Divertimento No. 15," "Orpheus," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 8, at 7: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Walpurgisnacht," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Tuesday, June 10, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Wednesday, June 11, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 12, at 8:30: "Theme and Variations," an unnamed Balanchine ballet (preview), and "The Four Seasons." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-0708.). . . ¶ Friday, June 13, at 8: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Orpheus," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 2: "Sonate di Scarlatti" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2" and "Harlequinade." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, June 29.)

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American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, June 4: "Les Noces," "At Midnight," "Pas de Deux," and "Voluntaries.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 5: "Rodeo," "At Midnight," "Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Friday evening, June 6: "Les Noces," "Contredances," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 7: "The Tiller in the Fields," "Contredances," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Billy the Kid.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 7: "Billy the Kid," "Fantaisie Sérieuse," "At Midnight," and "Les Noces.". . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 9-10; Wednesday matinée and evening, June 11; and Thursday evening, June 12: "Giselle.". . . ¶ Friday evening, June 13: "Petrouchka," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Les Sylphides," and the finale from "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 14: "Petrouchka," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Rodeo.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 14: "Petrouchka," "Fantaisie Sérieuse," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House, 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 12.)

DanceAfrica '80—Four performances of African music and dance performed by five companies: Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; Charles Moore and Dances and Drums of Africa; the Chuck Davis Dance Company; the International Afrikan American Ballet; and Welcome Msomi and His Izulu Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturdays, June 7 and 14, at 8, and Sundays, June 8 and 15, at 2.)

Joan Miller Dance Players—A program of dance, music, poetry, and drama. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, June 8, at 2:30 and 7:30. For tickets, call 568-8854.)

Trisha Brown Dance Company—In a program of avant-garde dance, comprising "Locus," "Decoy," and "Cloud Installation #72503 City/Opal Loop." (55 Crosby St., between Spring and Broome Sts. Tuesday through Saturday, June 10-14, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Puerto Rican Dance Theatre—A program including three new works: "Tanguisimos," "El Tambor de Granaderos," and "Neubayor." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, June 12, and Saturday, June 14, at 8, and Sunday, June 15, at 2. For information about tickets, call 724-1195.)

Mary Anthony Dance Theatre—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday and Friday, June 12-13, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 14-15, at 2 and 8.)

Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion—Two programs of contemporary dance with jazz accompaniment. Friday, June 13, at 8: "100% Cotton," "Triptych," and "I've Known Rivers." With Oliver Lake's quartet, Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, and Gary Bartz's quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 11: "Suite Music," "Triptych," and another dance to be announced. With Hamiet Bluiett's quintet, Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, and Arthur Blythe's quintet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. For information about tickets, call 348-2460.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred and fifty seats—rock palace. Pianist and composer **CHICK COREA** heads a band on Wednesday and Thursday, June 4-5; on Friday, June 6, smiling, black-belt drummer **BUDDY RICH** will be onstage; Saturday, June 7, the Fabulous Thunderbirds will play Austin, Texas, blues music; Sunday and Monday, June 8-9, will be Chicago nights, with the **BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS** blues band and **J.B. HUTTO'S NEW HAWKS**; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 10-11, will be New Orleans nights, with the **NEVILLE BROTHERS**, a Creole-rock band, and the **WILD TCHOUPITOULAS**, a Mardi Gras-Indian-street band; and Thursday through Saturday, June 12-14, rock drummer Bill Bruford will lead his quintet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** work here through Saturday, June 7; on Monday, June 9, pianist and composer **RAY BRYANT** will move in with his bassist, **JIMMY ROWSER.** Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Cafe Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays hot chord solos on his beautiful-sounding seven-string guitar with his trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, home of vigorous interpretation of show, movie, and pre-punk popular music, **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays piano to the accompaniment of bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBY SCOTT** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ The Bemelmans Bar is **BARBARA CARROLL** country nightly, except Sundays. Miss Carroll is at the piano, playing and occasionally singing from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, as demure and elegant a piano player as ever, is the star at this bar and restaurant, which is located behind Carnegie Hall and which is decorated in chic dark browns. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Some of the dustiest neon beer signs ever seen hang overhead. The musicians: Slick and Sirens Wednesday, June 4; U.S. Ape, Joe, and the Mob Thursday, June 5; Helen Wheels Band, Swingin' Madisons, and the Bedrooms of Europe Friday, June 6; and Shrapnel and Bad Brains Saturday, June 7. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—Smaller than Gilley's, the famous Houston C. & W. club, which holds about two thousand, but just as exuberant. Country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dining and dancing.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—**RONNY WHYTE** sings obscure songs and well-known songs by prominent composers of show music and, for the most part, non-rock-and-roll popular music. He accompanies himself on piano, and **JACK SIX** accompanies him on bass. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**HELEN HUMES**, who gestures and smiles a lot in an old-fashioned but charming manner, and who is a really fine blues and ballad singer, has taken over with pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** and a bassist. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, **MARLENE VER PLANCK** is singing with backup help from pianist **BEN ARONOV** at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, June 8, tenor saxophonist and swing-era devotee **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and positively first-rate jazz. Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL'S** trio is present through Saturday, June 7; on Tuesday, June 10, **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**—Jackie and Roy to their admirers—will come in. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was until last fall—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Singer Irene Datcher and bassist Bob Cunningham are on hand Wednesday, June 4; Thursday through Sunday, June 5-8, Brazilian-jazz singer **DENISE DELAPENHA** will lead her quartet; and on Tuesday, June 10, singer **CHRIS CONNOR** will begin a week's visit. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is present. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER'S** trio, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Nightly, except Sundays, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one brings in jazz musicians; the other is silent. Pianist and singer **DAVE FRISHBERG**, in from the West Coast, is performing his wigged-out tunes—"Got to Catch Me Some Z's," "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Hip," and others. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Lou Forestieri's trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident DJs select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven and between sets. The live sounds: Lust/Unlust Night, Love of Life Orchestra, and Jill Kroesen Wednesday, June 4; **DEFUNKT** and Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan Thursday, June 5; the Pop Group Friday, June 6; the Speedies and Coma-teens Saturday, June 7; and Get Wet and Blotto Tuesday, June 10. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Carpeting, pillow furniture, fireplaces, couches, *and* live jazz—it is worth the four-flight climb. The guest artists on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays will be playing Brazilian jazz: trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** will lead his band on June 6-7; singer **ANGELA SUAREZ** and her quartet will drop up on June 8; and percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO**—his axes include the berimbau, the cuica, caxixi, and reco-reco—and his group, Amazon, will be present on June 13-14. Music from eight on Wednesdays; from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; and from eight-thirty on Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but crowded with good listeners. They're here to listen to pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, who are on the schedule through Saturday, June 7; to pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, who will come in for a visit Tuesday through Saturday, June 10-14; and to pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY**, the Sunday and Monday duo. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas in the summer is T-shirt-Bermuda-shorts-and-sockless-loafers country—and there are a lot of T-shirts, Bermuda shorts, and sockless loafers in here in the summer, too. New Orleans musician **DR. JOHN**, who prefers robes, feathers, and gris-gris dust to Bermuda shorts, will be onstage on Wednesday, June 4, and again on Tuesday, June 10. Lacy J. Dalton, an up-and-coming country singer, will be Dr. John's opening act on Wednesday, June 4. The rest of the schedule includes C. & W. singer and songwriter **MERLE HAGGARD** on Thursday, June 5; **NRBQ**, a blues band, on Sunday and Monday, June 8-9; Tex-Mex singer **FREDDY FENDER** on Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12; and New York guitarist, fiddler, and singer **JOHN HERALD** on Friday and Saturday, June 13-14. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

DANGER
SLIPPERY
ROAD AHEAD

Manhattan Theatre Club Cabaret, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"Styne After Styne," a tribute to Jule Styne (with Paul Hecht, Florence Lacey, Pauletta Pearson, Larry Riley, John Sheridan, and Neva Small), is being presented through Sunday, June 8. Shows Wednesday through Saturday at seven-thirty, and Sunday at three and seven-thirty. Admission by ticket only.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A room in a sprawling restaurant complex that celebrates things—especially jazzy pop music—as they used to be. **MEL TORMÉ** doesn't play too many clubs anymore, but he's in this one until Saturday, June 14. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven and twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, June 4, Neon Leon and Luigi & the Wiseguys; Thursday, June 5, Senders and the Most; Friday, June 6, Student Teachers and Tiger Beats; Saturday, June 7, Jayne County and Bongos; Sunday, June 8, Lost Patrol and Ozone; Monday, June 9, Manhattan Project and the Government; and Tuesday, June 10, Pop Decay and Craig Bevan. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ADELAIDE HALL**, who starred in "Blackbirds of 1928" on Broadway, sings with pianist **DILL JONES** and his quartet Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. **SAM & DAVE**, the still-dynamic sixties-soul duo, will be on hand on Friday and Saturday, June 13-14. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club. Thursday through Saturday, June 5-7, will belong to hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI**, who has been playing since the thirties and has been called "the *grand seigneur* of the jazz violin." On Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, folkie Livingston Taylor will take over. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight; and on Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. The **SY OLIVER** septet plays bounce music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—The King Cole Room offers brass bannisters, a Maxfield Parrish painting, and a tribute to Rodgers and Hammerstein. Martha Wright, Steve Elmore, Catherine Cox, and Laura Waterbury are the performers. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at

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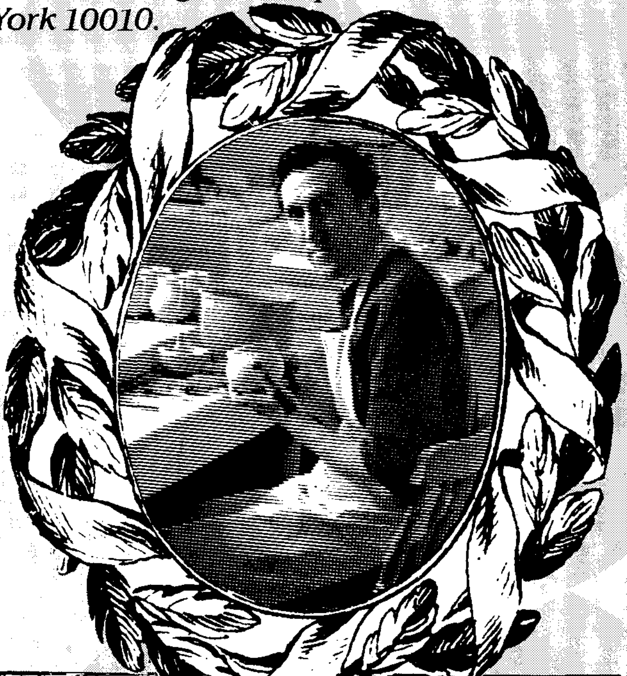

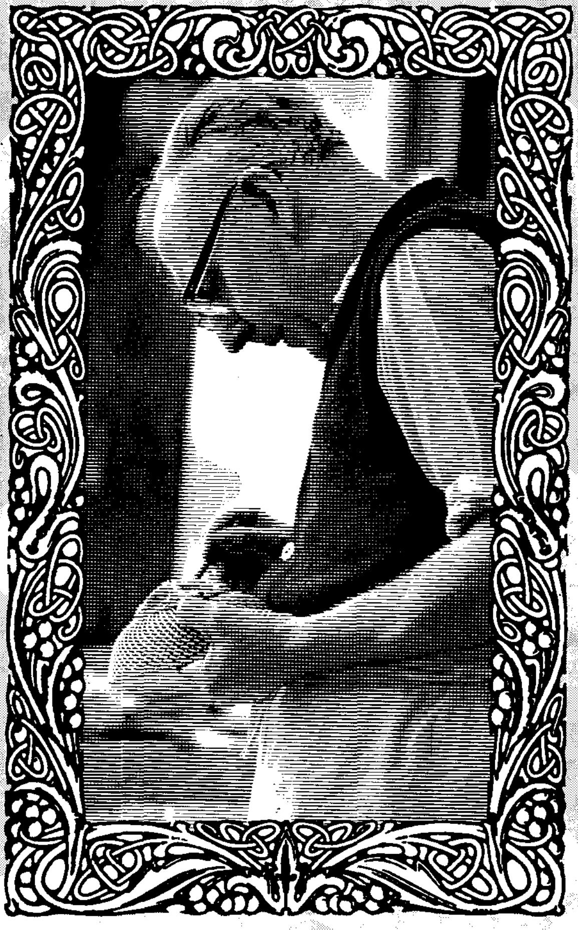

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CHINA AS IRISH AS IRELAND

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. Saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN's** quintet, which will feature trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** and guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD**, will perform Thursday through Sunday, June 5-8; Friday through Sunday, June 13-15, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** will lead his septet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, presents cornettist and columnist **DICK SUDHALTER** and his quartet from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, sturdy jazz bands. Tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK**, a hard-bop and rhythm-and-blues player, heads a quintet through Saturday, June 7; Sunday and Monday, June 8-9, will be claimed by another fine tenor saxophonist, **ROLAND ALEXANDER**, and his combo; and on Tuesday, June 10, flugelhorn specialist **ART FARMER** will move in with his quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. The reconstituted **MITCHELL-RUFF DUO**—pianist Dwike Mitchell and Willie Ruff, on bass and French horn—performs through Saturday, June 7. Thursday through Saturday, June 12-14, have been set aside for bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** band, **TOP SHELF**, which comprises **HOWARD JOHNSON** on baritone sax and tuba, tenor saxophonist **JOHN STUBBLEFIELD**, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY**, and drummer **STEVE MC CALL**. Sundays are the territory of drummer **LOUIS HAYES**, alto saxophonist and flutist **FRANK STROZIER**, pianist **HAROLD MABERN**, and bassist **CLINT HOUSTON**. The music begins after nine-thirty.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—It's not the tattered awning around the side of the building or the dreary surrounding streets but the wonderful jazz on the inside that makes this place palatial. The schedule: Cornettist **BUTCH MORRIS** and violinist **BILLY BANG** co-pilot a quintet Wednesday and Thursday, June 4-5; Friday through Sunday, June 6-8, trombonist **GRACHAN MONCUR III** will be on hand with his quintet; Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12, will belong to a fine quartet made up of pianist **MAL WALDRON**, saxophonist **ROLAND ALEXANDER**, bassist **CAMERON BROWN**, and drummer **HORACEE ARNOLD**; and on Friday, June 13, pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** and his uplifting funky-jazz sextet will begin a four-night stint. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A rock, jazz, ska, and blues lineup: Wednesday, June 4, guitarist and singer Richard Lloyd; Thursday, June 5, Standing Waves; Friday, June 6, Manhattan Project; Saturday, June 7, the Nails; Sunday, June 8, John Ogle's "Radio Radio" interview show, with Jimmy Destri, the Terrorists, and Lisa Robinson; Thursday, June 12, **BILLY BANG** and **BUTCH MORRIS**, two fine jazz players; and Saturday, June 14, blues guitarist **EDDIE KIRKLAND**. Shows most nights at ten and midnight; on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven and one. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Rousers Wednesday, June 4; **MAGIC**, drummer **PHIL WILSON'S** wonderful dissonance-and-blues band Thursday, June 5; Sorrows and Neon Friday, June 6; Standing Waves and Dance Saturday, June 7. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. The 1980 edition of the **BILL EVANS** Village Vanguard sessions runs through Sunday, June 8. On Monday, June 9, **FRANK FOSTER**, a fine tenor-saxophone soloist and an impressive composer-arranger, will ride herd on his big band, the **LOUD MINORITY**. And beginning Tuesday, June 10, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH**, pianist **SAL MOSCA**, and their quartet will carry on the Lennie Tristano tradition for six nights. Music from ten.

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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Esther Blue is the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday pianist; Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. **BENNY WATERS**, who was a member of the reed sections in the bands of Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, *and* Jimmie Lunceford several decades back—he's now seventy-eight—leads a quartet through Saturday, June 7. Waters' tone sounds full and confident, and sometimes he plays three solos—one on alto sax, one on tenor, and one on clarinet—in the course of one tune. On Sunday, June 8, **JAZZ À CORDES**, a quintet, will play some convincing hot jazz; Monday and Tuesday, June 9-10, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** will lead a quartet; and on Wednesday, June 11, pianist **SAMMY PRICE**, a blues and boogie-woogie expert, will bring in his quintet. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Third Annual Salute to Women in Jazz—Wednesday, June 4, at 8: The Estelle Campagna trio, the Willene Barton trio, the Jay Clayton quintet, and the Michelle Rosewoman quartet. . . . Thursday, June 5, at 8: Juli Homi, the Nina Sheldon quartet, the Steve Kuhn-Sheila Jordan Band, and the Bonita Sargent quartet. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St.). . . ¶ Friday, June 6, at 8: Mary Watkins, Barbara Kane, the Janice Robinson quintet, Jane Ira Bloom, the Sharon Freeman Eleven, and Patti Bown. . . . Saturday, June 7, at 8: Ravella Hughes & Sarah McLawler, Maxine Sullivan, Corky Hale, Melba Liston, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St.). . . ¶ Sunday, June 8, from noon to 9: Closing-day ceremonies, including appearances by jazz musicians Yolande Bavan, Irene Datcher, Evelyn Blakey, and the Kim Clarke trio; dancer Atsuko; and poet Nikki Coleman. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center.) The event in Damrosch Park is free; for information about tickets to the other events, call 924-5026.

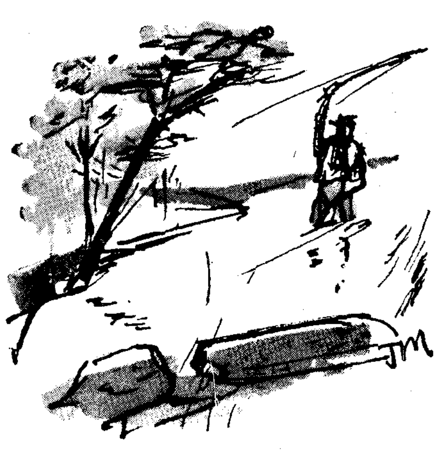
Buddy Rich and His Band—Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Thursday, June 5, at 7 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 766-9334.

Benny Goodman—With Rare Silk. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, June 5, at 8.)

Isley Brothers—With Stephanie Mills and the Sugar Hill Gang. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, June 6, at 8.)

Hubert Laws—Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 6, at 8.

Nazareth—With Marseille. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, June 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)



Odetta—Henry Street Settlement. Saturday June 7, at 6 and 7:30.

David (Honeyboy) Edwards—Alternative Cente for International Arts, 17 White St., thre blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, June 7, at 8, and Sunday June 8, at 3.

Yehoram Gaon—With Ilanit. (Carnegie Hall Saturday, June 7, at 10, and Sunday, June 8 at 8.)

Jazz at the Beacon—The Heath Brothers, Bill Taylor, Grady Tate, Victor Gaskin, Cliffor Jordan, and about two dozen or so other jaz notables. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74t St. 874-1717. Saturday, June 7, at 8.)

M'BOOM Percussion Ensemble—Public Theatre 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Saturday, Jun 7, at 10.

Chinese Music Ensemble—Henry Street Settl ment. Sunday, June 8, at 3.

Jimmy and Percy Heath—Henry Street Settl ment. Thursday, June 12, at 7.

Dixie Dregs and **Roy Buchanan**—Town Hall, 12 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, June 13, 8.

Frank Sinatra—With Sergio Mendes and Bras '88. (Carnegie Hall. A twelve-performanc engagement: Friday through Sunday, Jun 13-15, at 8:30; Monday, June 16, at 9; an Wednesday through Sunday, June 18-22, an Tuesday through Thursday, June 24-26, a 8:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wedne day, June 4: Union-Endicott Jazz Ensembl . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 6-7: Evely Simms and her trio. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jun 11: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 13-14: Ken Duke Contemporaries. (Jazz Forum, 50 Co per Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first s starts somewhere around nine.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are op Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Balthus—About a dozen pencil drawings, mo of them studies for oil paintings. Throug June 30. (Gallery Gertrude Stein, 998 Mad son Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Eugenio Carmi—Abstract paintings and en broidery work. Through Friday, June 1 (Italian Cultural Center, 686 Park Ave., 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Anne Elliott—Rock formations in Colorad India, and China are the inspiration for the large-scale wall sculptures in paper. Al the preparatory drawings for them. Throug Friday, June 6. (Graham, 1014 Madiso Ave., at 78th St.)

Antonio Escobar—Impressionist paintings the industrial scene along the East River a young Spanish artist. Through Saturda June 7. (Walter, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78 St. Opens at noon.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two ear watercolors and drawings depicting Berl decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixtu of relish and scorn. Through July 12. (S barsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Ope at noon.)

Stewart Hitch / Peter Pinchbeck—Abstract pain ings in which a single bright-colored sta shaped form is seen on a solid ground. / A stract paintings in which three simple brigh colored rectangular forms are seen on a sol ground. Through Saturday, June 14. (Eri son, 23 E. 74th St.)

Rodger Mack—Cast-bronze pieces that seem have been inspired by the sunbonnets wo by Amish women in Ohio, where the art was reared. Through Friday, June 6. (Kra ner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Three shows in recognition the artist's eightieth year: Environment sculptures at the Whitney Museum; fifte wood constructions from the sixties and se enties, and two dozen recent wood-and-pap collages, at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (op Mondays and closed Saturdays; through Ju 27); and several large-scale welded-alumin

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures, and models for monumental outdoor sculptures, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through June 27)....¶A monumental sculpture by Miss Nevelson is on display at Fifth Avenue and 60th Street, near the entrance to Central Park.

Marilyn Perlman—The gallery floor has been covered with white sand as a setting for these relatively small abstract sculptures in bronze, marble, and polyester. Plus figure drawings. Through Saturday, June 14. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jeffrey Plate / Takao Saito—Abstract wall sculptures done in steel and painted wood, mostly black. / Shaped-canvas wall pieces. First one-man show in New York for both artists. Through June 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Rosenquist—New works, including a triptych entitled "Dog Descending a Staircase," and a large, dead-white paper-pulp casting of a brick wall, meant as a metaphor for frustration. Through Saturday, June 14. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Singer Sargent (1856-1925)—A benefit showing of more than sixty oils and watercolors that the artist did, for the most part, for family and friends. The subjects include Bedouins, Javanese dancers, alligators, Venetian gondoliers, and mountain streams, and the majority of the paintings are being exhibited for the first time in the United States. Through June 27. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

David Smith—Vigorous abstract drawings in color. Through Friday, June 13. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Nicholas Sperakis—Extraordinarily heavily impastoed figure paintings. Through June 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Bill Sullivan—Misty Colombian landscapes depicted in low-key colors, with mountains and trees almost in silhouette. Through Saturday, June 7. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—An awe-inspiring display of a hundred masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas—whose work shows transcendent artistry and imagination. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through July 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Second World War Combat Art—Ninety-odd drawings and paintings of battle scenes by artist-correspondents from American publications (Tom Lea, Floyd Davis, Kerr Eby), and by combat artists like Bill Mauldin (*Stars & Stripes*) and Howard Brodie, Joe Stefanelli, Jack Ruge, and Art Weithas (*Yank*). Through Friday, June 13. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **A. M. ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Small characteristic sketches by twenty-odd European masters, among them Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Bonnard. Through Saturday, June 7.... **DAVIDSON**, 43 E. 78th St.: The influence of Surrealism on the New York School is the proposition on which this show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Baziotes, Matta, Motherwell, Calder, and others is based. Through Saturday, June 14. ... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Current paintings by Pierre Alechinsky, Juan Martinez, and Walasse Ting. Through July 3. (Closed Saturdays.)... **MC KEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: New drawings by Jake Berthot, Stuart Diamond, Philip Guston, Loren Madsen, and Katherine Porter. Through Friday, June 6.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some recent acquisitions by modern masters—Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Pascin, and so on—including a cheerful portrait of the sculptor Oscar Mechan by his friend Modigliani and a Léger depicting four heavy-duty butterflies. Through June 27.... **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper (by Picasso, Braque, Laurens, Gris, Masson, and Léger) that were once shown at the gallery of the Parisian art dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, who died in 1979. Through Saturday, June 14. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

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Sculpture—Fifteen Italian Renaissance bronzes, including a classical male nude statuette by Bandinelli. Through June 27. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jean Arp (1887-1966)—Forty-one works on paper and six sculptures from the artist's estate; about half of the former were seen at the Museum of Modern Art in 1978. Through Saturday, June 7. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Francis Bacon—Recent paintings, mostly the distorted, agonized figures this English painter is noted for. Through Saturday, June 14. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ronald Bladen—Large black-wood models for monumental sculptures. Through Saturday, June 7. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jean Feinberg—Small paintings (usually around eighteen inches square) to which the artist has added abstract cutout forms that jut out from the picture plane. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, June 14. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marcia Grostein—Large, colorful semi-abstract paintings. Through June 21. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

José Guerrero—New abstract paintings. Through Friday, June 6. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Landscape paintings of the Delaware River Valley at dusk. Through Thursday, June 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Hirsch—Allegorical paintings and drawings. Through Friday, June 13. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Susan Hoeltzel—Drawings on canvas lightly washed with oils which seem to represent a section of a weatherbeaten wooden wall. Through Saturday, June 14. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Color-field paintings, some on diamond-shaped canvases. Through Saturday, June 7. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

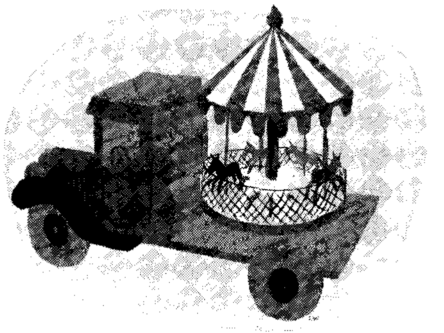
Harold Jacobs—Serpentine sculptures made of truck-tire inner tubes spliced together and inflated, plus related paintings and collages. Through Saturday, June 14. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Frank Keller—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Isoda Koryūsai—Woodblocks in the *ukiyo-e* genre by a master of the pillar print who is known to have been active between 1765 and 1784. Through July 25. (Ronin, 605 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Louis Legrand (1863-1951)—Prints of music-hall dancers, Parisian night life, etc., by a contemporary of Toulouse-Lautrec. Through June 28. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Michael Malpass—Spherical sculptures, as big as five feet in diameter, whose surfaces are made up of steel bolts, screws, chains, and other unlikely metal components twisted and hammered and welded together. Through Saturday, June 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)



Karl Mann—Collages incorporating textiles and paint. Through July 3. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró—Twelve painted bronzes from the years 1967-69, and seven ceramics (done in collaboration with Josep Llorens Artigas) dating from 1955 to 1968. Through Saturday, June 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings from throughout her exhibiting career, which began around 1938, and three ceramic tiles. Through June 20. (Hammer, in a new location at 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Elizabeth Osborne—Large watercolors—still-lifes, interiors, cats, portraits—that have an airbrush smoothness although they are painted conventionally. Through Saturday, June 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ann Purcell—Mixed-medium works on unstretched canvas, incorporating metallic cloth and metallic paint, and reflecting the artist's two years of study in Mexico. Through June 19. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Massimo Scolari—Small drawings, mostly in colored inks or with colored pencils, that illustrate the workings of an unfettered architectural mind. Through Friday, June 6. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)...¶Additional drawings, plus etchings and watercolors. Through July 3. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

SEM (Georges Goursat) (1863-1934)—Eighty color lithographs by the French caricaturist. Through June 27. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)

Dee Shapiro—Pattern paintings worked out in tiny watercolor strokes on graph paper or in tiny acrylic strokes on canvas. Through Saturday, June 7. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—Overlapping kitelike shapes, made of canvas laced to wooden frames and painted in bright colors, by a British artist. Through Saturday, June 7. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Sommer (1867-1949)—Watercolors by an artist who lived on a farm near Brandywine, Ohio, claimed Cézanne as his idol, and painted in the manner of Demuth. Through June 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Michael Steiner / Kenneth Noland—Large, freestanding bronze and Corten-steel sculptures that have something of the aspect of altars. / Colorful reliefs created from molded pieces of handmade paper. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

James Surls—Large fanciful sculptures—wagons, treehouses, winged figures—some carved from wood found on the artist's own land in Splendora, Texas, and others from telephone poles. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Marja Vallila / Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Freestanding Corten-steel sculptures in which geometric forms are stacked together, plus free-form ceramic wall pieces with geometric cutouts. / Small pastel portraits done in the late twenties, mostly full-face. Through June 20. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Self-Portraits—Sixteen artists seen as they look to themselves, or want to look. They include Robert Rauschenberg as a full-length X-ray, naked except for hobnail boots; Chuck Close, portrayed in his typical grid technique; Jim Dine represented in horn-rimmed glasses and by that empty bathrobe; and Alex Katz, behind a radiant smile. Through Aug. 8. (Seagram Building, fourth-floor gallery, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by five artists—wall pieces made of paper and meant for a corner by Nancy Davidson; small terra-cotta figures by Cynthia Eardley; a wall decoration of widely placed oddments (bits of wood, measuring tape) by Donald Lipski; an imaginative ceramic landscape of China (Himalayas, the Great Wall,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and so on) by Katherine Sokolnikoff; and a giant black hand painted on the wall above a foreshortened wooden chair by Christopher Sproat. Through Saturday, June 7. . . . **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St.: Eight artists, among them Ken Goodman, Won Sook Kim, and Robert Longo, in a show called "Illustration & Allegory." Through Saturday, June 14. . . . **GLADSTONE**, 38 E. 57th St.: Interiors, expressed in a number of mediums, by fourteen artists, including Richard Artschwager, Jedd Garet, and Susan Williams. Through Friday, June 6. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of three-dimensional wall pieces by Frank Stella, Barbara Schwartz, Susan Schulson, John Obuck, and Richard Beckett. The latter three are Chicago artists who have recently moved to New York. Through Saturday, June 14. . . . **PROTETCH**, 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Gary Bower, Farrell Brickhouse, Pinchas Cohen Gan, Denise Green, David Reed, and Pat Steir. Through Friday, June 6. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by five artists—Stephen Brown, Dina Gabos, Ann Chernow, Diana Kurz, and Grace Graupe-Pillard. Through June 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SUMMIT**, *101 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings,* and prints by contemporary artists (John Dobbs, Judith Shahn) shown alongside works from the thirties and forties (Byron Browne, Joseph Solman). Through June 27. (Opens at 12:30.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carolyn Brady—Large and meticulously exact watercolor renditions of flower arrangements and table settings. Through June 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Hamish Fulton—Photographic blowups documenting walks the artists took in Australia, Scotland, and Mexico. Text, too. Through Saturday, June 14. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Two large geometric abstract works (oil on canvas) in several panels; also smaller oils and works on paper. Through June 18. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Tom Herbert / John Kacere—Wooden wall reliefs incorporating Masonite and fibreboard. / Realist paintings of women's midsections. Through *Saturday, June 14. (O.K. Harris, 383 West* Broadway. One of the gallery rooms, incidentally, contains a collection of some nine hundred handmade European tools, dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century—turf axes, sash planes, pump drills, stone axes, adzes, pliers, pincers, braces and bits.)

David Nash—*This artist quarries wood the way* others quarry marble, slicing up fallen timbers—oak, elm, sycamore—into geometric shapes and making spindly, freestanding sculptural pieces out of the lesser branches. Through Tuesday, June 10. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Ken Nedorost / George Greenamyer—Abstract paintings inspired by broken-down marinas in Florida, where the artist works. / Welded-steel structures, some of them mounted on wheels and topped by figures apparently derived from weathervanes. Through June 19. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Two shows of painted laminated-wood sculptures: a replica of as much of the sixty-foot "Crusoe Umbrella" (now in Des Moines) as can be crowded into two rooms of the Castelli gallery at 420 West Broadway (the handle is in one room and extends through a wall to the umbrella ribs in another room), and, at another Castelli, at 142 Greene St., large-scale models of a thirty-eight-foot flashlight that is to be installed in Las Vegas and of a hundred-foot baseball bat now resident in Chicago. Through Saturday, June 14.

Group Shows—At the **BOONE**, 420 West Broadway: Six artists, among them Ross Bleckner and Louise Fishman, showing abstract works on paper. Through June 28. . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Works by four artists—dream drawings by Jon Borofsky; collages by Lynda Benglis; photographs by Peter Campus; and semi-abstract portraits by Michael Hurson. Through Saturday, June 14. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: In this show of drawings by eighteen artists are a crowd of outsize iguanas done in ink and charcoal by Janet Culbertson; charcoal figure drawings touched with pastels by Sideo Fromboluti; small mystical figures in graphite by Helen Miranda Wilson; and some fantasy drawings in mixed mediums by Christin Couture. Through Saturday, June 7. (Opens at 11:30.) . . . **TOLL**, 138 Prince St.: "Eccentric Representation" is the title of a show of paintings by five artists—Don Fritz, Marilyn Holsing, Sandra Perlow, Milo Reice, and Randy Stevens. Through Saturday, June 14. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

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OTHER GALLERIES

Dorothy Eisner—Bright-colored paintings—people in rowboats, merry-go-round horses, croquet paraphernalia—done in a deceptively offhand style. Through Friday, June 6. (Ashby, 18 Cornelia St., near Sixth Ave. and West Fourth St.)

Cristos Gianakos / Connie Beckley—Several models of this artist's large-scale ramps and one genuine article, twelve feet high and forty-two feet long, with hemlock trestlework and a steel runway. / Six drawings consisting of handwritten selections of prose accompanied by abstract shapes composed of tinted beeswax and a bit of silk chiffon. Through June 18. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

New York Clay—Functional and decorative ceramics by twenty-six New York residents. Through Thursday, June 12. (Clayworks Studio Workshop, 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **THE CLOCKTOWER**, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Three-dimensional canvases by Brian O'Neill. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by seven artists in a show curated by Edward Albee. Through June 21. (Opens Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM**, *65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.*: Samplings of work in a wide variety of mediums by eleven young Ohio artists. Through June 26. (Open weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

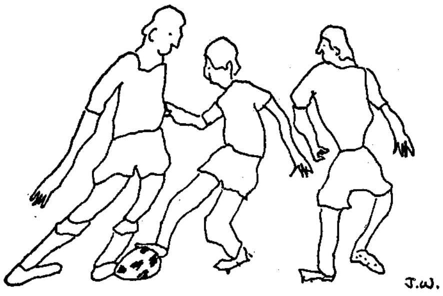
Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—More than fifty vintage prints. Through Friday, June 6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Robert Fichter—20 x 24 Polaroids of the artist's drawings with various objects placed in front of them. A number of the drawings themselves are also on view. Through June 21. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Charles Harrison—Black-and-white photographs, together with paintings, drawings, and tapestries adapted from them. Through June 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Art Sinsabaugh—35-mm. color prints of English landscapes dated 1979, together with view-camera and banquet-camera landscapes dated 1961 to 1971. Through Saturday, June 7. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **EX LIBRIS**, 160A E. 70th St.: Vintage prints by thirty artists whose works were included in a 1929 exhibition of avant-garde photography in Stuttgart. Among the thirty are Renger-Patzsch, Weston, Kertész, Abbott, and Piet Zwart. Through Friday, June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs of the nineteen-fifties by thirty-one photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Lotte Jacobi, Irving Penn, and Cornell Capa. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Portraits of Picasso by Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, Arnold Newman, and others. Through July 6. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Note—On Tuesday, June 10 (rain date June 17), from 7 P.M. to 9 P.M., ten museums and galleries on upper Fifth Avenue will be open to the public and will offer, in addition to their current exhibits, brief outdoor musical programs. The ten are the Metropolitan Museum, 82nd St. . . . ¶ Goethe House, 83rd St. . . . ¶ YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, 86th St. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Museum, 89th St. . . . ¶ National Academy of Design, 89th St. . . . ¶ Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 91st St. . . . ¶ Jewish Museum, 92nd St. . . . ¶ International Center of Photography, 94th St. . . . ¶ Museum of the City of New York, 104th St. . . . ¶ Museo del Barrio, 104th St. Further, no cars or buses on the avenue for the two-hour period.

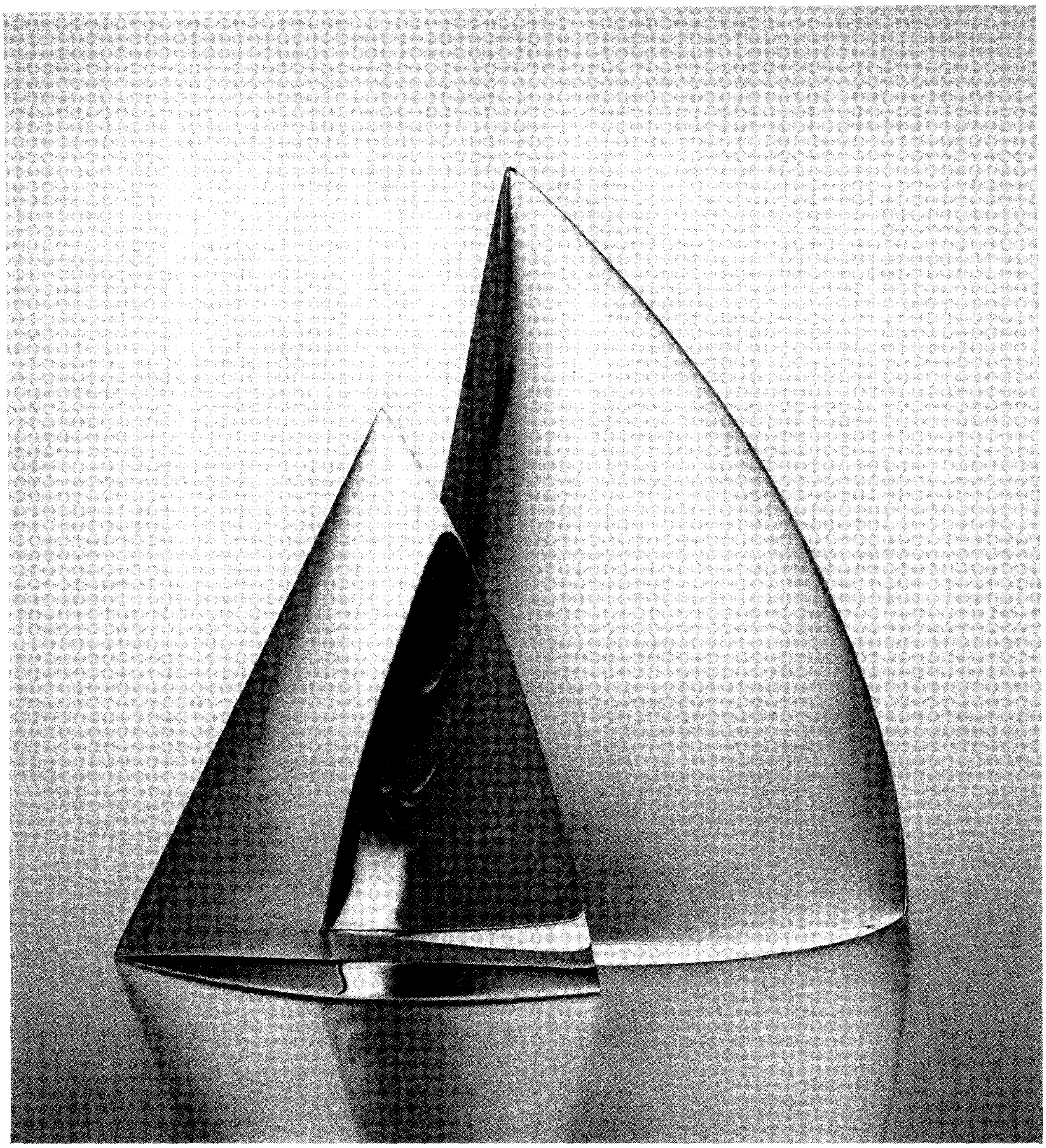
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty African sculptures from Katanga; three of the works are by the Buli Master. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective, about which there seems to have been some talk of late. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art, sixty of them—by Kandinsky, Mondrian, Duchamp, Brancusi, and others—installed in a new gallery off the fourth ramp of the museum's *spiral. . . . ¶ Nine of Pol Bury's kinetic sculptures*, which revolve with the aid of magnets and small motors. One of them was designed for the pool in the museum's rotunda. Through Saturday, June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. Complementary exhibits are at Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64th St., and at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty sculptures and related drawings by Alexander Calder, Joseph Cornell, Donald Judd, and more than fifty other American artists which were given to the museum over the past twenty-five years by Howard and Jean Lipman. Through June 15. . . . ¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Ten major paintings and a number of prints and drawings by John Sloan, whose work was in the Whitney Museum's inaugural exhibition, in 1931. Through June 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Notable nineteenth-century landscapes—the Hudson River Valley, the New England coast, and the White, Sierra, and Rocky Mountains—recorded in



Close to the Wind: A two-part, solid crystal sculpture depicting the full, curved surfaces and taut edges that are the essence of sailing. Light captured within the crystal suggests the changing effects of light upon sails and water. Designed by Lloyd Atkins. Height, 8″. $2,950.
Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 752-1441.
Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings and drawings by Albert Bierstadt, John F. Kensett, Asher B. Durand, and others. Starts Thursday, June 5. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Turn-of-the-century Belgian art—paintings and decorative objects—by more than forty artists, among them James Ensor, Henri van de Velde, and Léon Spilliaert. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are gradually being installed on the fifth floor; about half are in place. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ A show of figurative paintings, drawings, and prints by twenty-six artists (Lennart Anderson, Robert Bidner, Pat Mainardi, and Laura Shechter are four of them) who live near the museum. Through Sunday, June 8. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "Photographic Surrealism," a show that ranges from nineteenth-century photomontages to twentieth-century advertising prints. Among the photographers are Man Ray, Brassaï, Lucas Samaras, and Deborah Turbeville. Through July 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Photographs of Pacific Northwest Indian tribes by Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952). Starts Friday, June 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of works by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's awards. Manuscripts and musical scores by, among others, William Maxwell, John Ashbery, Galway Kinnell, Josephine Miles, Grace Paley, and Vivian Fine. Also, paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by Jim Dine, Sam Francis, Buckminster Fuller, Marion Lerner Levine, and others. Through June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Starts Friday, June 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Treasures from the Rietberg Museum"— i.e., sixty-six works of Asian art on loan from this Zurich collection noted for its holdings of large stone sculptures from India and China, as well as for bronzes, paintings, and other antiquities. Through June 22. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Vases, figures, and tableware produced in the second half of the eighteenth century at the French national porcelain factory, which was first housed at Vincennes and later at Sèvres. Through Aug. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. . . . ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque, gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through July 31.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-five English naïve paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a private collection. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"The Elegant Eighties," a costume show of fashions worn in the last century by well-to-do New Yorkers. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of more than a hundred nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century drawings of Paris, on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Betye Saar, the Los Angeles artist, is showing assemblages, some on view for the first time. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions by Ed Levine (construction) and Reese Williams (eighty-four panels using photographs and text), and a variety of works pertaining to a group show that took place in an empty swimming pool at C. W. Post College. Through June 21.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Douglas Davis (performance), Friday, June 6, at 8:15; manipulated photographs by Gerald Incandela, through Saturday, June 7.

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, photographs, videotapes, sculptures, and other works by a number of artists, among them Roger Brown, Robert Gordy, John Tweddle, and Joel-Peter Witkin. Through June 15.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final concert of the "Beethoven 1980" series, with André Watts, piano (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, June 6, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA "BASICALLY BACH"—At Avery Fisher Hall, the first four in a series of six concerts—Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass on Wednesday, June 4 at 8 (with Carol Vaness, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass); a Bach-Vivaldi program on Saturday, June 7, at 8 (with Fernando Valenti and Barbara Cadranel, harpsichord Cynthia Richards Hewes, soprano; and Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor); and a program of

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music by Bach and his contemporaries on Tuesday, June 10, at 8 (with Martin Berinbaum, trumpet, and Ronald Roseman, oboe). . . . ¶ Karl Richter directing the orchestra and chorus in a Bach-Handel program on Friday, June 13, at 8.

Metropolitan Ensemble of New York—Mamoru Takahara conducting, with Nathan Stutch, cello, and Jean Tung, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, June 7, at 3.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting. (Church of St. Luke-in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, June 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, June 9, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Jeffrey Chappell—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, June 4, at 8.)

Robert Mann and Emanuel Ax—The first two of three concerts presenting the complete Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, June 5, and Monday, June 9, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—A program of contemporary chamber music by Charles Wuorinen, Bohuslav Martinu, Joseph Hudson, and George Crumb. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, June 5, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

Guarneri Quartet—The final concert in a series presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, June 7, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Artur Balsam, piano; and Barbara Stein-Mallow, cello, in an all-Beethoven program. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, June 8, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. With Gary Steigerwalt, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, June 8, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Sima Gorezkaya—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, June 11, at 8.)

Western Wind—A vocal sextet in the first of two programs of a-cappella music, this one a mostly Monteverdi program. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 12, at 8.)

Elizabeth Erskine Patches—Mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, June 14, at 8.)

Note—The New York Vocal Arts Ensemble will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, June 18, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, June 9, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Celeste Holm hosts an evening of operatic arias performed by Klara Barlow, Eleanor Steber, John Ferrante, Giovanni Consiglio, and others. The beneficiary is the Ansonia Residents' Association. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, June 12, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday and Thursday, June 4-5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, June 6, at 8:05; Saturday, June 7, at 2:05; and Sunday, June 8, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Monday through Wednesday, June 9-11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, June 13, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 14, at 7:05.

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta—downstream this year. (New London. Saturday, June 7, starting at 5:15; varsity race at 6:45.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 12-15.)

Racing—At **belmont**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 28. The Belmont, Saturday, June 7; the Mother Goose, Sunday, June 8; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.) . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **atlantic city**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30, from Thursday, June 5, through Saturday, Sept. 13. . . . **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 19.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. New England, Wednesday, June 4, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Atlanta, Sunday, June 8, at 2:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway**: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Aug. 7. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **meadowlands racetrack**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Ben Belitt reading from his own works. (Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 263 W. 86th St., at West End Ave. Friday, June 6, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

The Great Outdoors—On Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, at 8, Russell Procope's Ellingtonia will give free concerts on Pier 16, at the South Street Seaport Museum, East River at Fulton Street. . . . ¶ On Friday, June 6, the Cranford Rose Garden of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden will open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4. . . . ¶ The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 7-8, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 8, there will be a conducted tour of the Chelsea district, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Meets at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 2. For information, call 534-1672. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.) Wednesday, June 4, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings, many of them seventeenth-century Dutch works. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 10:15 and 2: Americana books and autographs, from the Harry J. Sonneborn Collection. . . . ¶ Friday, June 6, at 10:15 and 2: English silver, featuring a large selection of pieces by Paul de Lamerie and a four-foot silver-gilt vase known as the "Lafayette Vase," which was commissioned in 1831 to commemorate the Marquis's services during the American Revolutionary War; from the Donald S. Morrison Collection and the estate of Mabel Brady Garvan. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 10:15: Part I of a collection of aquatints by J. J. Audubon; the property of the New York Society Library. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 2: American furniture, Chinese Export porcelain, and other decorative objects; from the estate of Mabel Brady Garvan. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, June 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: Silver, watches, paperweights, and *objets de vertu*. Exhibition starts Friday, June 6. . . . ¶ Six sales of Symbolism, Art Nouveau, and Art Deco. Thursday, June 12, at 10:15: Paintings. . . . Thursday, June 12, at 2: Prints and posters. . . . Friday, June 13, at 10:15: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . Friday, June 13, at 2, and Saturday, June 14, at 10:15 and 2: Tiffany lamps, Gallé glass, sculptures, and other decorations. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 7. . . . **christie's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, June 5, at 10 and 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 10: English and Continental furniture, Georgian silver, and porcelain; from the estate of Mrs. Diego Suarez. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12, at 10: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, June 6.

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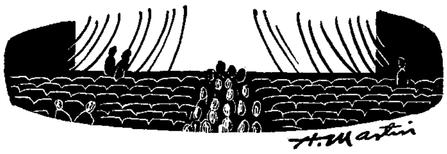
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"L'Age d'Or" and "Un Chien Andalou." (No performances on Monday, June 9.)

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
June 4: "El Super" and "Tokyo Story."
June 5-7: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" and "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul."
June 8-9: "A Geisha" and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her."
June 10-11: "Black Girl" and "Ceddo."
June 12-14: "Rain and Shine" and "Angi Vera."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 5: "Simon" and "Saint Jack."
June 6-12: "Where the Buffalo Roam" and "Dracula."
From June 13: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 10: "All That Jazz."
From June 11: "Bronco Billy."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 10: "The Long Riders."
From June 11: "Urban Cowboy."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Friday the 13th."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 10: "Blood Feud."
From June 11: "Bronco Billy."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Shining."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"All That Jazz."

MANHATTAN I, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Long Riders."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through June 12: "The Long Riders."
From June 13: "Carny."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Outsider."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Fantasia."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 5: "Norma Rae."
From June 6: "Dinner for Adele."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Canterbury Tales."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
June 4: "The Gong Show Movie."
From June 5: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" and "The Groove Tube."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through June 12: "Coal Miner's Daughter."
From June 13: "The Island."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 12: "Friday the 13th."
From June 13: "Roadie."

LOEWS NEW YORK I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through June 12: "Being There."
From June 13: "Holy Moses."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through June 5: "The Hollywood Knights."
From June 6: "Up the Academy."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 10: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
From June 11: "Urban Cowboy."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 5: "Serial."
June 6-12: "Norma Rae."
From June 13: "Being There."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through June 12: "Coal Miner's Daughter."
From June 13: "The Island."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 5: "The Gong Show Movie."
June 6-10: "The Hearse."
From June 11: "Bronco Billy."

LOEWS ORPHEUM I, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Shining."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Long Riders."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through June 10: "The Marriage of Maria Braun."
From June 11: "In a Year of 13 Moons."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 12: "Eboli." From June 13: "Roadie."
Theatre 2: Through June 12: "Meetings with Remarkable Men." From June 13: "Roadie."
Theatre 3: Through June 5: "Wise Blood." June 6-12: "Clair de Femme." From June 13: "Holy Moses."
Theatre 4: Through June 12: "Wifemistress." From June 13: "Holy Moses."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 12: "The Black Stallion."
From June 13: "Roadie."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fame."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"West Side Story."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Wifemistress." (No evening performances on Monday and Tuesday, June 9-10.)

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Home Movies."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 5: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."
From June 6: "Eboli."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 5: "Tom Horn."
From June 6: To be announced.

CINEMA STUDIO I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through June 5: "Being There."
From June 6: "All That Jazz."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
Theatre 2: Through June 5: "Tom Horn." From June 6: "Up the Academy."
Theatre 3: Through June 5: "Serial." From June 6: "Night of the Juggler."
Theatre 4: "The Black Stallion."

NEW YORKER I, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through June 5: "Wifemistress."
From June 6: "Dinner for Adele."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Soupçon."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 5: "Being There" and "Slow Dancing in the Big City."
June 6-12: "Meatballs" and "Grease."
From June 13: "Friday the 13th" and "Prophecy."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 2: "Tom Horn." (†)
Theatre 3: Through June 5: "Dracula anc Son." From June 6: "The Kentucky Friec Movie" (†) and "The Groove Tube." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
Theatre 5: "The Nude Bomb."

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 12: "Apocalyps Now." From June 13: "Roadie." (†)
Theatre 3: Through June 12: "Being There.' (†) *From June 13:* "Apocalypse Now."
Theatre 4: Through June 5: "Norma Rae. (†) June 6-12: "Night of the Juggler." (†
From June 13: "All That Jazz." (†)

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through June 12: "All That Jazz." (†)
From June 13: "Mad Max."

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Long Riders." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

LOEWS STATE I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through June 5: "The Hollywood Knights. (†)
June 6-10: "Return of the Dragon" an "Game of Death."
From June 11: "Urban Cowboy." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through June 5: "Return of the Dragon."
From June 6: "Up the Academy." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through June 5: "The Gong Show Movie. (†)
From June 6: "Humanoids from the Deep."

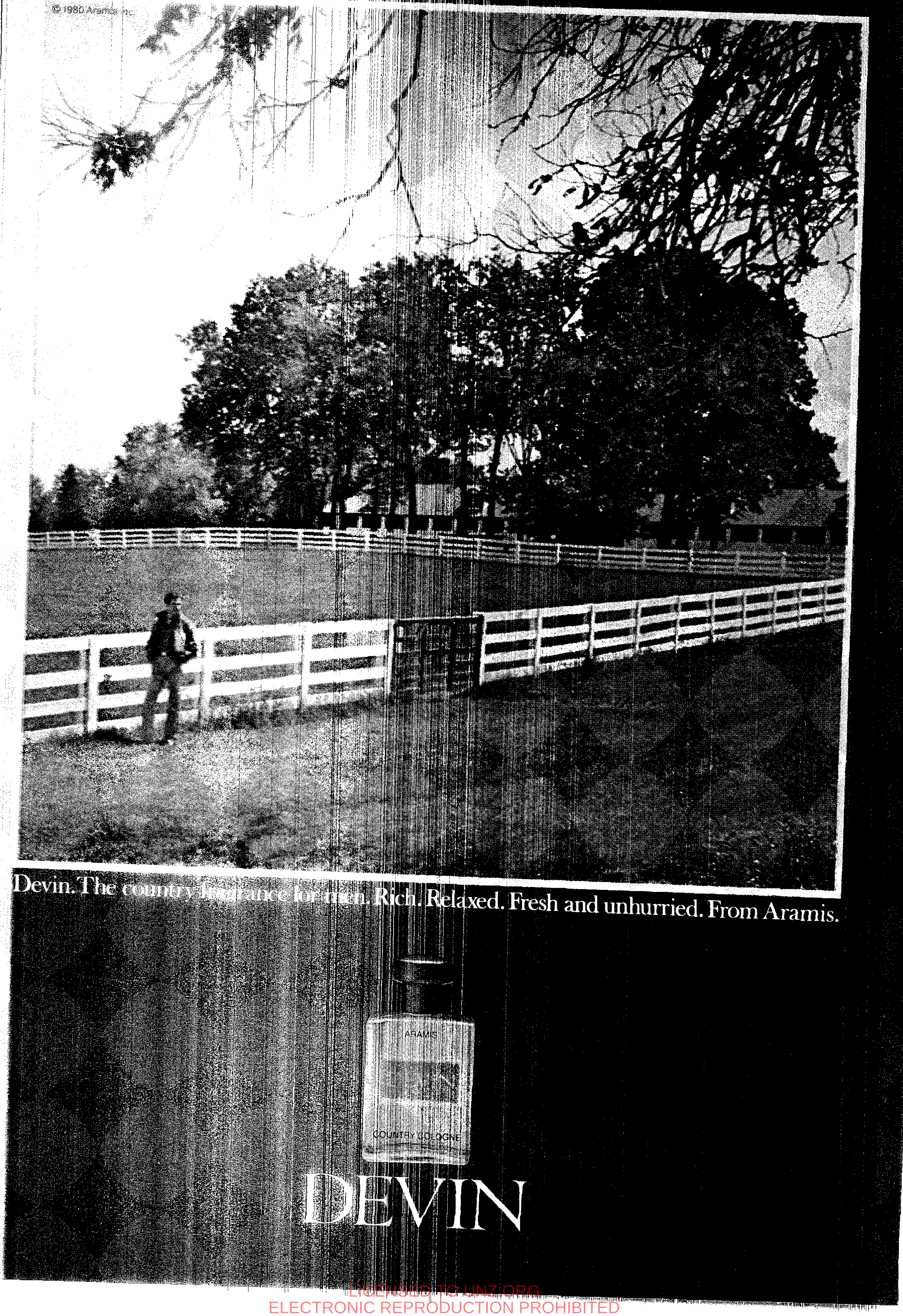
RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through June 5: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (†) and "The Groove Tube." (†)
June 6-12: "The Hearse." (†)
From June 13: "The Island." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
To be announced.

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560
June 4: "Spirits of the Dead" (1969), three-segment film, directed by Federic Fellini, Louis Malle, and Roger Vadin with Brigitte Bardot, Alain Delon, Jan Fonda, Peter Fonda, and Terence Stamp and "House of Wax" (1953), directed b André de Toth, with Phyllis Kirk, Vincen Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni.
June 5: "If . . ." (1969), directed by Lindsa Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell; an "Zero for Conduct" (1933), in French, di rected by Jean Vigo.
June 6: "Pigpen" (1969), in Italian, directe by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Pierre Clé menti and Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Th Balcony" (1963), directed by Joseph Stricl with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Le Grant, Jeff Corey, and Kent Smith.
June 7-8: "Despair" (1979), directed b Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Dirk Bo garde; and "The Night Porter" (1974), d rected by Liliana Cavani, with Dirk Bo garde and Charlotte Rampling.
June 9: "Riddle of the Sphinx" (1977), d rected by Peter Wollen and Laura Mulvey and "Deux Fois" (1971), in French, direc ed by Jackie Raynal.
June 10: "Ikiru" (†); and "When Sprin Comes Late" (1970), in Japanese, directe by Yoji Yamada.
June 11: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977 in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolin and "WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971), a Yugoslav film, directed by Dusa Makavejev, with Jackie Curtis and Tu Kupferberg.
June 12: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932), i German, directed by Leontine Sagan, wit Herthe Thiele and Dorothea Wieck; an "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom."
June 13: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed b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Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Bloodbrothers." (†)

June 14: "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff; and "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

June 4: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), a silent film, directed by Raoul Walsh, with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Anna May Wong, and Julanne Johnston.

June 5: "Macbeth" (1971), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jon Finch; and "Throne of Blood" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

June 6: "The Innocent" (1976), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; and "La Grande Bourgeoise" (1977), in French and Italian, directed by Mauro Bolognini, with Catherine Deneuve, Giancarlo Giannini, and Fernando Rey.

June 7: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and "Love on the Run" (1979), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

June 8: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Renoir, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

June 9: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound." (†)

June 10: "The Music Room" (†) and "Distant Thunder." (†)

June 11: "Blind Husbands" (†); and "Society Sensation" (1920), with Rudolph Valentino, ZaSu Pitts, Slim Summerville, and Carmel Meyers.

June 12: "Cria!" (†); and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice.

June 13: "Seven Beauties" (1976) and "Love and Anarchy" (1973), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

June 14: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Beat the Devil." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 5: "The Age of the Medici" (1973), Roberto Rossellini's three-part film.

June 6-7: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974), directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste, with Jason Williams.

June 8-9: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

June 10: "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, and Marion Lorne; and "The Wrong Man" (1956), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle.

June 11-12: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny.

June 13-14: "Splendor in the Grass" (†); and "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris, James Dean, and Raymond Massey.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 5: "Phantom of the Rue Morgue" (1954), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Karl Malden, Claude Dauphin, Patricia Medina, and Steve Forrest. In 3-D.

From June 6: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams. In 3-D.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 4: "The Son of the Sheik" (1926), a silent film, directed by George Fitzmaurice, with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky; and "The Garden of Allah" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer.

June 5-7: "Beau Brummel" (1954), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Ustinov, and Robert Morley; and "Madame Bovary" (1949), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin, Louis Jourdan, and James Mason.

June 8-9: "Barefoot in the Park" (†) and "The Great Gatsby." (†)

June 10-11: "Intermezzo" (1939), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard, and Edna Best; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.

June 12-14: "Teacher's Pet" (1958), directed by George Seaton, with Clark Gable, Doris Day, and Gig Young; and "To Catch a Thief." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 4: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with René Lefèvre; and "The Human Beast" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Simone Simon, Jean Gabin, and Fernand Ledoux.

June 5: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955), directed by Charles Laughton, with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, and James Gleason; and "Winter Kills" (1979), directed by William Richert, with Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Tony Perkins.

June 6-7: "No Regret for Our Youth" (1946), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Susumu Fijita and Setsuko Hara; and "Floating Cloud" (1955), in Japanese, directed by Mikio Naruse, with Hideko Takamine.

June 8: "Memories of Berlin" (1978), directed by Gary Conklin, a documentary on Weimar Berlin, containing interviews with Louise Brooks, Christopher Isherwood, and others; and "Pandora's Box." (†)

June 9: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones and Ub Iwerks.

June 10: "Winterset" (†) and "Our Town." (†)

June 11: "The Red Inn" (†) and "The Thief of Paris." (†)

June 12: "Baby Doll" (1956), directed by Elia Kazan, with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976), directed by Elia Kazan, with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.

June 13-14: "The Brothers Karamazov" (1972), in Russian, directed by Ivan Pyrier.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 4: "Bordertown" (1935), directed by Archie Mayo, with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay; and "Kid Galahad" (1937), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson, and Wayne Morris.

June 5: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, and Leo G. Carroll; and "The Paradine Case" (1948), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.

June 6: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "We're Not Dressing" (1934), directed by Norman Taurog, with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, and Burns and Allen.

June 7-8: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), directed by Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan, with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram; and "Elephant Boy" (1937), directed by Robert Flaherty and Zoltán Korda, with Sabu.

June 9: "The Big Sleep" (†) and "Across the Pacific." (†)

June 10: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both with the Marx Brothers.

June 11: "The Ladykillers" (1956), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec

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Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and “The Lavender Hill Mob” (1951), directed by Charles Crichton, with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.

June 12: “42nd Street” (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and “Dancing Lady” (1933), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

June 13: “Freaks” (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart.

June 14: “The Gang's All Here” (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood, and James Ellison; and “Weekend in Havana” (1941), directed by Walter Lang, with Alice Faye, John Payne, and Carmen Miranda.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 6 at 6: “King Kong” (1933), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot, and Robert Armstrong. . . . ¶ June 6 at 8:30: A program of films by Al Wong. . . . ¶ June 7 at 6: “Notorious” (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ June 7 at 8:30: “Spellbound” (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck. . . . ¶ June 8 at 6: “A Bill of Divorcement” (1932), directed by George Cukor, with John Barrymore, Katharine Hepburn, and Billie Burke. . . . ¶ June 8 at 8:30: “The Third Man” (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ June 9 at 6: “Spellbound.” . . ¶ June 9 at 8:30: “Notorious.” . . ¶ June 10 at 6: “Quiet Voices, Unclaimed Dreams” (1980), directed by Rick Shaine. . . . ¶ June 10 at 7:30: “L'Argent” (1929), a French-German film, directed by Marcel L'Herbier, with Brigitte Helm; French titles. A four-hour-and-fifteen-minute film, with intermission. . . . ¶ June 11 at 6: “Intermezzo” (1936), in Swedish, directed by Gustaf Molander, with Ingrid Bergman and Gösta Ekman; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 11 at 8:30: “Portrait of Jennie” (1948), directed by William Dieterle, with Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Ethel Barrymore, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ June 13 at 6: “Intermezzo” (1939), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard, and Edna Best. . . . ¶ June 13 at 8:30: “A Bill of Divorcement.” . . ¶ June 14 at 6: “Little Lord Fauntleroy” (1936), directed by John Cromwell, with Freddie Bartholomew, Dolores Costello, and C. Aubrey Smith. . . . ¶ June 14 at 8:30: “Night Flight” (1933), directed by Clarence Brown, with John Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, and Myrna Loy. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 8: Five videotapes by Bruce Nauman—“Violin Tuned D.E.A.D.” (1968), shown at noon; “Wall/Floor Positions” (1968), shown at 1:15; “Revolving Upside Down” (1968), shown at 2:30; “Lip Sync” (1969), shown at 3:45; and “Tony Sinking Into the Floor, Face Up and Face Down” (1974), shown at 5. . . . ¶ Starting June 10: “The Art of Vision” (1961-65), directed by Stan Brakhage; four hours and thirty minutes. Showings Tuesday at 3 and Wednesday through Sunday at 1. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—June 5-8: Two documentaries by Peter Davis—“Generations of Resistance” (1980) and “This Bloody, Blundering Business” (1975). . . . ¶ Starting June 12: A program of sixteen new animated films by American filmmakers. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Smith, Snow, Valentin, Vertov, and others. Showings June 4-6 at 8; June 7 at 2 and 8; June 12-13 at 8; and June 14 at 2 and 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Across the Pacific (1942)—After his exhilarating début film, “The Maltese Falcon” (1941), John Huston had a commercial failure with “In This Our Life;” then he tried to repeat the success of “Falcon” with this action-adventure story, using some of the “Falcon” cast—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet. The film was supposed to be about a group sailing to Honolulu to thwart a Japanese plan to blow up Pearl Harbor; during the second week of shooting, the Japanese *did* blow up Pearl Harbor. The production was shut down and there was a hasty rewrite. The result is a complicated plot about spies who plan to blow up the Panama Canal, and there are assorted captures and hair-breadth escapes. Huston manages to give the shipboard sequences some tension, and though the shipboard scenes were—in the custom of the time—filmed on the studio back lot, the images are airy and spacious. But Huston couldn't do anything about the essential mediocrity of the material, and when he was drafted into the Army Special Services before the picture was finished, he showed what he thought of the mess: he hurriedly shot a scene with Bogart trussed up and about to be killed, and then left his replacement director, Vincent Sherman, to figure out how to save Bogart in time to prevent the bombing of the Canal. The movie isn't really bad—just bewildering. Mary Astor comes off the worst; cast as a conventional heroine, she looks heavy and uncomfortable, and too big for Bogart, who, incidentally, was called Rick here—the name that was carried over the next year in “Casablanca.” With Victor Sen Yung, Charles Halton, Richard Loo, Keye Luke, and Monte Blue. Script by Richard Macauley. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 9.)

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on “Un Chien Andalou.” With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, June 9.)

Ali: Fear Eats the Soul (1974)—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Art; June 5-7.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through June 10. . . . ¶ Embassy 5; through June 12. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 6. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting June 13.)

Angi Vera—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. Our unfamiliarity with the time and place, and with the film's small cast of fine actors, somehow contributes to a sense of intimate involvement with some distant and miserably straitened lives. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Art; June 12-14.)

Barefoot in the Park (1967)—One of those one-set, four-actor jobs—this one is by Neil Simon—that still feel like Broadway comedies when they're on the screen. With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. Directed by Gene Saks. (Regency; June 8-9.)

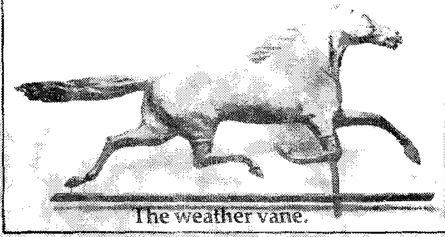
Beat the Devil (1954)—“The formula of ‘Beat the Devil,’ ” its director, John Huston, once remarked, “is that everyone is slightly absurd.” The plot of the picture was unknown to the cast, but presumably known to Huston and his co-writer, Truman Capote; however, Capote later remarked that he had “a suspicion that John wasn't too clear about it.” Commercially speaking, the movie courted—and achieved—disaster. According to most accounts, Capote wrote the script as they went along (reading it aloud to the cast each morning, Robert Morley says), and Huston didn't show any signs of anxiety. This improvisation was not necessarily an actor's delight, and Humphrey Bogart, who looks rather bewildered through much of it, as if he hadn't been let in on the joke, said, “Only the phonies think it's funny. It's a mess.” Yes, but it may be the funniest mess of all time. It kidded itself, yet it succeeded in some original (and perhaps dangerously marginal) way by finding a style of its own. Bogart and his wife, Gina Lollobrigida, are on a ship bound for British East Africa; their travelling companions are a gang of uranium swindlers—Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard. The funniest performer is Jennifer Jones (in a blond wig) as a creative liar; she's married to a bogus British lord (Edward Underdown). Then there's a shipwreck. This straight-faced parody of the international thriller killed off the whole genre. (It also ended the Huston-Bogart working relationship. Bogart had had his own money in the picture.) With Bernard Lee. Cinematography by Oswald Morris and Freddie Francis; from a novel by James Helvick. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 14.)

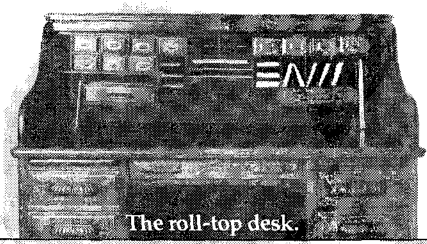
Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; through June 5. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1, and Embassy; through June 12. . . . ¶ 72nd Stree East; starting June 13.)

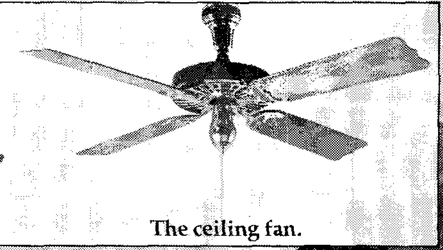
The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart i Raymond Chandler's private eye in this witty incredibly complicated thriller. You may no be able to figure out the plot, even after the dénouement (Chandler reported that while the film was in production, William Faulkner and the other screenwriters had to appeal to him for guidance, and apparently Chandle couldn't exactly figure it out either), but it' the dialogue and the entertaining qualities o the individual sequences that make this movie It takes place in the big city of displaced persons—the night city, where sensation is all The action is tense and fast, and the film catches the lurid Chandler atmosphere. Th characters are a collection of sophisticate monsters—blackmailers, pornographers, apathetic society girls (Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb), drug addicts, nymphomaniacs (a brunette Doroth Malone seduces the hero in what must surel be record time), murderers. All of them tal in innuendos, as if there were a new stylization of the American language. Howar Hawks directed—and so well that you ma even enjoy the fact that, as he says, “Neithe the author, the writer, nor myself knew wh had killed whom.” (Theatre 80 St. Marks June 9.)

Black Girl (1969)—Ousmane Sembène's film about a young African girl who goes to wor

A CLASSIC ACHIEVES A PERFECT BALANCE BETWEEN FORM AND FUNCTION.


The weather vane.


The roll-top desk.


The ceiling fan.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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for a European couple in Antibes. In French. (Art; June 10-11.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Guild; through June 12.)

Blind Husbands (1918)—Erich von Stroheim's first film as writer, director, and star, and he was the designer besides. The setting is a resort in the Dolomites, and von Stroheim plays an immaculately groomed Army officer who makes advances to the naïve, dark young wife (Francilla Billington) of a vacationing American doctor (Sam de Grasse). Gibson Gowland plays the Alpine guide. The film is a catalogue of the themes von Stroheim later developed, as well as a predecessor of the German mountain films, such as the ones starring Leni Riefenstahl. It isn't likable, exactly, but you certainly can't mistake it for a film by any other director. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 11.)

Bloodbrothers (1978)—The director, Robert Mulligan, is trying for something crude, powerful, volatile—but it goes terribly wrong. The story is of a brawling Italian Catholic family living in Co-op City, in the Bronx, and the actors—Richard Gere as the sensitive, imaginative nineteen-year-old, and Tony Lo Bianco as his father, and Paul Sorvino as his uncle—pour on the Mediterranean sensuality and act at their highest pitch. The father and uncle, who are electricians on construction jobs, are frustrated, boozing, skirt-chasing, braggart hardhats; the boy is trying to save himself. This is an ethnic variant of all those the-summer-the-adolescent-became-a-man pictures, done in a messagey, exploitation manner. People laugh with hysterical heartiness, or they've learned their lessons and say things like "Life can hurt. It's made me feel close to all those doin' the hurtin' dance." Gere's performance is all mannerisms—defenseless, sunshiny grins and juvenile torment; Lo Bianco is reaching so frenziedly for large-scale emotions that he seems three feet off the ground; and Sorvino appears to equate hardhat with wide-eyed simpleton. The only actor who gets inside his role is Kenneth McMillan, in the minor part of Banion, the crippled barkeeper. With Lelia Goldoni, Marilu Henner, Michael Hershewe, Robert Englund, Yvonne Wilder, and Floyd Levine. From Richard Price's novel, adapted by Walter Newman. (10/2/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 13.)

Blood Feud—Lina Wertmüller wrote and directed this sensual, shallow period drama about bloody skirmishings among Sicilian peasants and padrones and rising Fascisti in the early nineteen-twenties, but the picture is more notable for the presence of Sophia Loren (as a vengeful widow), Marcello Mastroianni (as an idealistic, self-doubting lawyer), and Giancarlo Giannini (as a blustering gangster, back from New York). The three vivid stars are observed in immense closeups, which are balanced by stunning panoramas of the sun-wasted countryside, but these pleasures appear to have distracted the director away from that special ludicrous and serious consideration of human difficulties that has distinguished her previous work. Wertmüller is always excessive, and this time she is excessively entertaining. In Italian. (3/3/80) (Eastside Cinema; through June 10.)

Bronco Billy—With Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke, directed by Eastwood. (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, and U.A. East; starting June 11.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Canterbury Tales (1972)—With Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Cinema II.)

Carny—With Gary Busey and Jodie Foster, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Manhattan 2; starting June 13.)

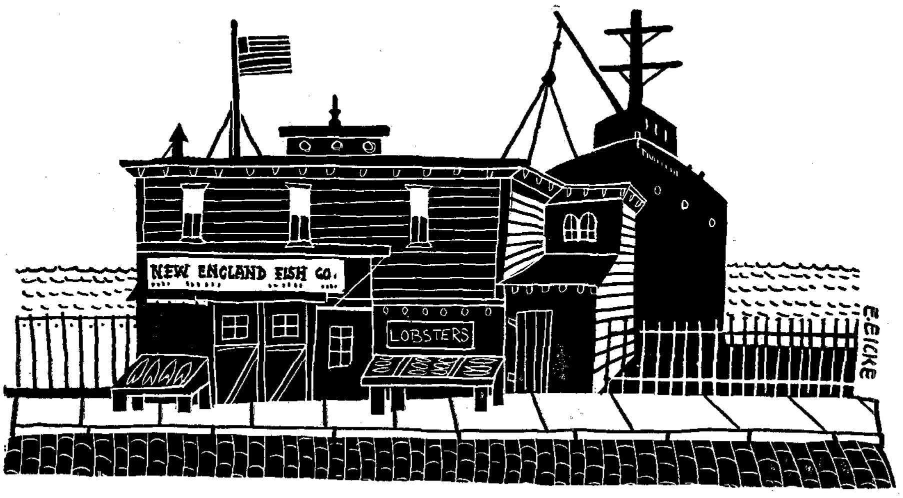
Ceddo (1978)—Directed by Ousmane Sembène. In Wolof. (Art; June 10-11.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, June 9.)

Clair de Femme—Yves Montand and Romy Schneider meet on a street in Paris and exchange miseries as if they were gifts. Much woebegone talk and little action, in a movie written and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (4/7/80) (Quad Cinema; June 6-12.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gemini 2, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through June 12.)

Cría! (1977)—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a grave nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, of her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), of her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 12.)



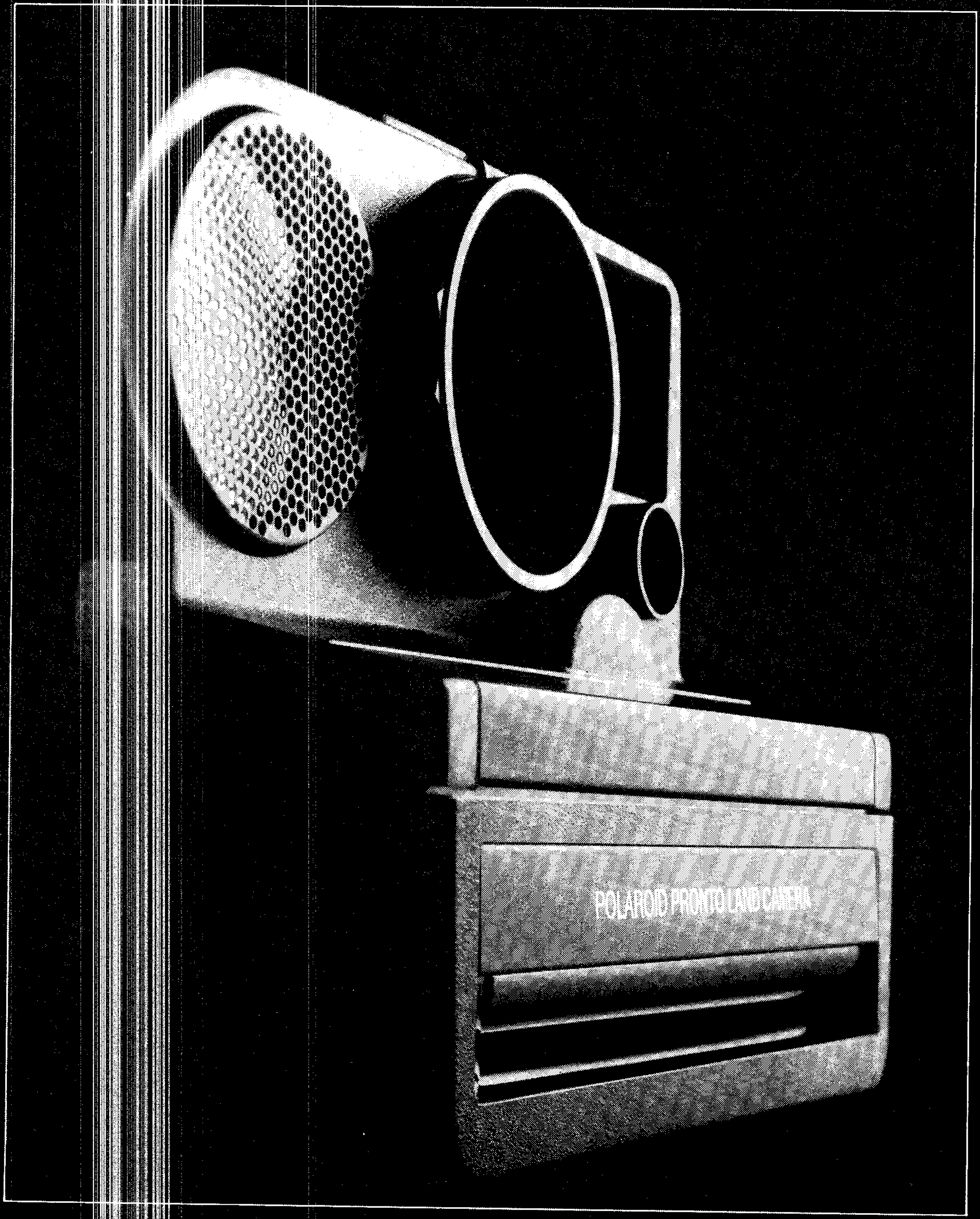
Dinner for Adele—An innocent, period-piece comedy-melodrama from Czechoslovakia that pits Nick Carter ("America's Greatest Detective") against a villain named Baron von Kratzmar of Wienerschnitzelberg and an avid, Mozart-loving plant that devours mice and a Great Dane and a police inspector. The movie is so wholesome and openly silly that you keep giving up on it, but it plugs along at its own gentle pace, and you will probably find yourself smiling in the end. Directed by Oldrich Lipsky, with Michal Docolomansky as the strong-jawed, iron-brained hero. In Czech. (6/2/80) (D. W. Griffith, and New Yorker 1; starting June 6.)

Distant Thunder (1973)—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films: it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful; the women are conceived as in a dream of the past—moving in their thin, clinging saris, they create sensuous waves of color in the steamy air. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 10.)

Dracula—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in a 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (St. Marks Cinema; June 6-12.)

Eboli—Francesco Rosi's thoughtful, modulated adaptation of Carlo Levi's celebrated "Christ Stopped at Eboli" carefully re-creates the physical and social textures of a remote mountain hamlet in south-central Italy to which Levi was sent as a political prisoner by the Mussolini regime in the nineteen-thirties. Gian Maria Volonte looks exactly right as the book-worn, thoughtful intellectual in exile, and the picture, like the original work, centers on Levi's wondering consideration of the silent, black-clothed local peasants, whom he saw as being equally cut off from the state, the church, and the harsh land itself. With Irene Papas, François Simon, and Paolo Bonicelli. In Italian. (5/5/80) (Quad Cinema; through June 12. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting June 6.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca. while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffly, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. With Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody—the last of whom gives a subdued, exemplary performance as a dedicated drama teacher. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Ziegfeld.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Coronet.)

Friday the 13th—With Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; directed by Sean Cunningham. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Beekman; through June 12. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 13.)

A Geisha (1953)—By the great Kenji Mizoguchi. This shapely film ironically compares the geishas to national treasures—to the *no* theatre, the tea ceremony, Mount Fuji. Mizoguchi's geishas have a hard time. One of them, only sixteen years old, bites a customer when she realizes what she is meant to do apart from flower-arranging and pouring *sake* and being eternally polite. Her flab-spirited father, who has refused to pay for her training, turns up in a sad scene to beg money from her older female mentor. The film's understanding of the relationship between the two women is remarkable and tacit. So is the understanding of the men, who sometimes expect of women bent necks and giggles but who once or twice show feeling and love. A masterpiece of quiet attention. In Japanese. (6/5/78) (Art; June 8-9.)

The Gong Show Movie—Directed by, and with, Chuck Barris. (Gemini 1; June 4. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and National; through June 5.)

Grease (1978)—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Olympia; June 6-12.)

The Great Gatsby (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jack Clayton. With Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (Regency; June 8-9.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. Also with Chevy Chase. (Rivoli; through June 5. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; starting June 5. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting June 6.)

The Hearse—With Trish Van Devere and Joseph Cotten, directed by George Bowers. (U. A. East; June 6-10. . . . ¶ Rivoli; June 6-12).

The Hollywood Knights—With Tony Danza, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Loews New York 2, and Loews State 1; through June 5.)

Holy Moses—With Dudley Moore and Laraine Newman, directed by Gary Weis. (Loews New York 1, and Quad Cinema; starting June 13.)

Home Movies—Brian De Palma (who directed "Carrie" and several other vigorous, hyperbolic films) has enrolled some of his students at a Sarah Lawrence College film workshop in the making of this dopey cut-rate farce about sex, ugly parents, and filmmaking—which may account for its air of self-congratulatory amateurism and its fitful but mostly just irritating charm. With Keith Gordon, Nancy Allen, Vincent Gardenia, and Kirk Douglas (hamming horribly as an egocentric, with-it professor). (5/19/80) (Little Carnegie.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 10.)

In a Year of 13 Moons—With Volker Spengler, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Waverly; starting June 11.)

The Island—Based on the Peter Benchley novel, with Michael Caine and David Warner, directed by Michael Ritchie. (Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Rivoli; starting June 13.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie (1977)—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Rivoli; through June 5. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; starting June 5. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting June 6.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through June 10.)

The Long Riders—A satisfying, intelligently worked-out retelling of the classic movie-Western folk romance about the James brothers (Jesse and Frank; not Henry and William), the Younger gang, and the outlaws-vs.-Pinkertons Missouri skirmishes, culminating in the bloody Northfield Raid. We have seen all this before, but Walter Hill's straightforward direction and the picture's elegant camerawork (by Ric Waite) and design (by Jack T. Collis) make it fresh again and stirring indeed. The cast is full of brothers playing brothers—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy and Dennis Quaid as the Millers; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking Ford boys—and their group efforts are just about the best thing in this American beauty, which droops a bit only in its final scenes. With Savannah Smith, Pamela Reed, Fran Ryan, and James Whitmore, Jr. (5/19/80) (Manhattan 1, 86th St. East, and Forum. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through June 10. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; through June 12.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2. . . . ¶ Waverly; through June 10.)

Meatballs—A summer-camp burlesque, tailgating "Animal House." Bill Murray, an ebullient but underripe comedian, plays the counsellor-in-chief. (7/16/79) (Olympia; June 6-12.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussions of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; through June 12.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when are the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. And, most important of all, it isn't likable. With Irm Hermann and Hanna Schygulla. In German. (Art; June 5-7.)

The Music Room (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 10.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Night of the Juggler—With James Brolin and Cliff Gorman, directed by Robert Butler. (Embassy; June 6-12. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting June 6.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith; through June 5. . . . ¶ Embassy; through June 5. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; June 6-12.)

Our Town (1940)—Despite all one's conscious objections—the sentiment, the stagy techniques that don't really work on film—this movie version of the Thornton Wilder play stays with one. Partly that's because of the beauty of many of the lines, and partly, too, because of the acting. In conception, the play is similar to Dylan Thomas's later "Under Milk Wood," but in Wilder's New England setting the dialogue is laconic, the wit dryly humane. The young William Holden is warm and skillful as the adolescent hero. Martha Scott, who plays opposite him, repeats her stage performance; she never took the camera well, and her readings here are a little too arch and finished, but she gets her laughs. Frank Craven, also from the original cast, is the omniscient spokesman of the piece; if Wilder had to be omniscient, nobody could come as close to getting away with it as Craven. With Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Thomas Mitchell, and Guy Kibbee. Sam Wood, who did another view of small-town life in "Kings Row," directed; he can't be blamed for the Hollywoodization of the ending. (Thalia; June 10.)

The Outsider—With Craig Wesson and Sterling Hayden, directed by Tony Luraschi. (Baronet.)

Pandora's Box (1929)—Louise Brooks, a great—almost impersonal—beauty who set styles in the flapper period, and whose straight hair and bangs were imitated all over the world (and were used as the model for the Dixie Dugan comic strip), left Hollywood in 1928 at the height of her career and went to Germany for the role of a lifetime. G. W. Pabst had selected her to play Lulu in this film, adapted from the Wedekind plays "Erdgeist" and "Die Büchse der Pandora" (the same source material that Alban Berg used for his opera "Lulu"). Pabst, one of the giants of the screen, is perhaps most famous for his treatment of sex, violence, and abnormal psychology, and Wedekind's sex tragedy provided startling material. Lulu is the sexually insatiable female, the archetype of voracious, destructive woman. She has no moral sense and no interests beyond sensuality; when a man is exhausted, she leaves him. The film is episodic; it's in an expressionist style, with rapid cutting and surprising kinds of almost violent visual tension. For sheer erotic dynamism, the backstage scenes on the opening night of the show Lulu is in have never been equalled. Moving through the chiaroscuro, Louise Brooks, with her straight back and strong shoulders, seems to have her own form of sexuality—preconscious yet intuitively all-knowing. She's like a cool, beautiful, innocently deadly cat that people can't keep their hands off. With Fritz Kortner as Dr. Schön, Francis Lederer as his son, Alice Roberts as the lesbian Countess Geschwitz, and Gustav Diessl as Jack the Ripper. Adaptation by Ladislaus Vajda. (The Wedekind material was first filmed in 1919 with Asta Nielsen; the most recent version was probably the 1962 "Lulu" with Nadja Tiller.) (Thalia; June 8.)

Prophecy—John Frankenheimer directed this misshapen horror movie with its heavy-footed score. Talia Shire is a pregnant cellist married to a medical man investigating the ecological aspects of a land dispute between a lumber mill and some Indians. The beast de résistance, a product of mercury-polluted waters, pursues all concerned and catches up with nearly everyone. (7/2/79) (Olympia; starting June 13.)

Rain and Shine (1978)—Directed by Ferenc András. In Hungarian. (Art; June 12-14.)

The Red Inn (1951)—A popular macabre comedy, rather like a more refined French equivalent of "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "The Old Dark House." Set in 1833 in the Ardèche Mountains, the story is about a group of travellers in a public carriage who take refuge in a remote inn. The innkeepers (Françoise Rosay and Julien Carette) plan to rob and murder them; Fernandel plays the licentious monk who attempts to rescue the group. This Claude Autant-Lara film, from a script by Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, is generally considered to be a highly sophisticated satire, but it isn't really as funny as one might wish. With Grégoire Aslan. In French. (Thalia; June 11.)

Roadie—With Meat Loaf, Kiki Hunter, and Art Carney; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Beekman, Quad Cinema, Guild, and Embassy; starting June 13.)

Saint Jack (1979)—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 5.)

Serial—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. (4/14/80) (72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 5.)

The Shining—With Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall, directed by Stanley Kubrick (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, Loews Orpheum 2, and Criterion Center.)

Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at the Institute for Advanced Concepts almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Other fine comic perform-

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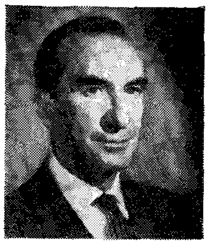

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ances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 5.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City (1978)—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn), who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News*. This is a feminine fantasy (written by Barra Grant), yet it's inspired by the tough-guy-with-a-soft-heart school of journalism, and the film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner. It never once lands on target, and almost all the actors seem to be impaled by the camera. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture *was* "Rocky"), are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. The ballerina, who has a prissy little-girl voice, talks to her parakeet, whose name is Orville Wright, and when she's loosening her muscles she thrashes around passionately to Carole King's "I Feel the Earth Move Under My Feet"—she's the Patti Smith of ballet, pouring sweat and suffering ecstatically for her art. You don't get scenes like this in every movie. (11/20/78) (Olympia; through June 5.)

Soupçon—Married love and some unmarried lovemaking in contemporary Paris, with Jean Carmet and Marie Dubois. Amusingly written and directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, who gained fame with "Cousin, Cousine." In French. (4/21/80) (New Yorker 2.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Yet, with all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (1), by Miklos Rozsa. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 9.)

Splendor in the Grass (1961)—William Inge wrote the baroque primer-Freud screenplay about the frustrations of adolescent sexuality, set in a small town in Kansas in the twenties, and Elia Kazan whipped it up. The picture is hysterically on the side of young love, and this hysteria seems integral to the film's moments of emotional power, its humor, and its beauty. Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty are high-school sweethearts whose parents think they are too young to marry. And so, deprived of love together, the boy turns to a floozy and the girl, maddened by loss of him, goes to a mental institution. The parents are the mean, hypocritical monsters you expect in this sort of youth-slanted picture that pretends to deal with real adolescent problems but actually begs the issue by having the two kids tenderly in love; the movie doesn't suggest that adolescents have a right to sexual experimentation—it just attacks the corrupted grownups for their failure to value love above all else. It's the old corn, fermented in a new way, with lots of screaming and a gang-bang sequence and girls getting pawed on their twitching little schoolgirl behinds; Natalie Wood probably has the most active derrière since Clara Bow. The extraordinary cast includes Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, Pat Hingle, Martine Bartlett, Audrey Christie, Fred Stewart, Gary Lockwood, and Phyllis Diller as Texas Guinan, and Inge himself as the Reverend. Cinematography by Boris Kaufman; production design by Richard Sylbert; music by David Amram. (Cinema Village; June 13-14.)

El Super—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto, a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle-age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. Roberto is played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. In Spanish. (7/23/79) (Art; June 4.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in Louis Malle's slow-paced, romanticized view of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. This thief hates the bourgeoisie, yet is so successful he becomes part of it. Malle shows none of the seaminess of thievery; this is a study of compulsion, and though it's well shot by Henri Decae, it lacks substance and is tedious. With Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Thalia; June 11.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part (1974)—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Cinema 3; through June 5.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema 1.)

To Catch a Thief (1955)—The suspense plot (reprised in "The Return of the Pink Panther") isn't much, but the Riviera scenery, Cary Grant, and Grace Kelly are at their most luscious. It's a romantic comedy-thriller about a retired jewel thief—a pleasant minor diversion by Alfred Hitchcock. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber. (Regency; June 12-14.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Art; June 4.)

Tom Horn—A handsome, vapid Western starring Steve McQueen as a worn-down gunslinger hired by some Wyoming cattlemen to solve their "rustler problem," who does his work with such gory efficiency that he himself becomes the problem. The title role is roughly based on the life and later times of a famous government scout, but the script (by Thomas McGuane and Bud Shrake) offers little more than some pseudo-historical ironies and moral tableaux that form a backdrop to McQueen's effortless, entertaining portrayal of another hero-mechanic who is too laconic and pure of heart to survive. Directed by William Wiard, with Slim Pickens, Richard Farnsworth, and Linda Evans. (6/2/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Paramount, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 5.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Art; June 8-9.)

Up the Academy—With Wendell Brown, directed by Robert Downey. (Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 2; starting June 6.)

Urban Cowboy—With John Travolta, directed by James Bridges. (Bay Cinema, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 1; starting June 11.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Festival.)

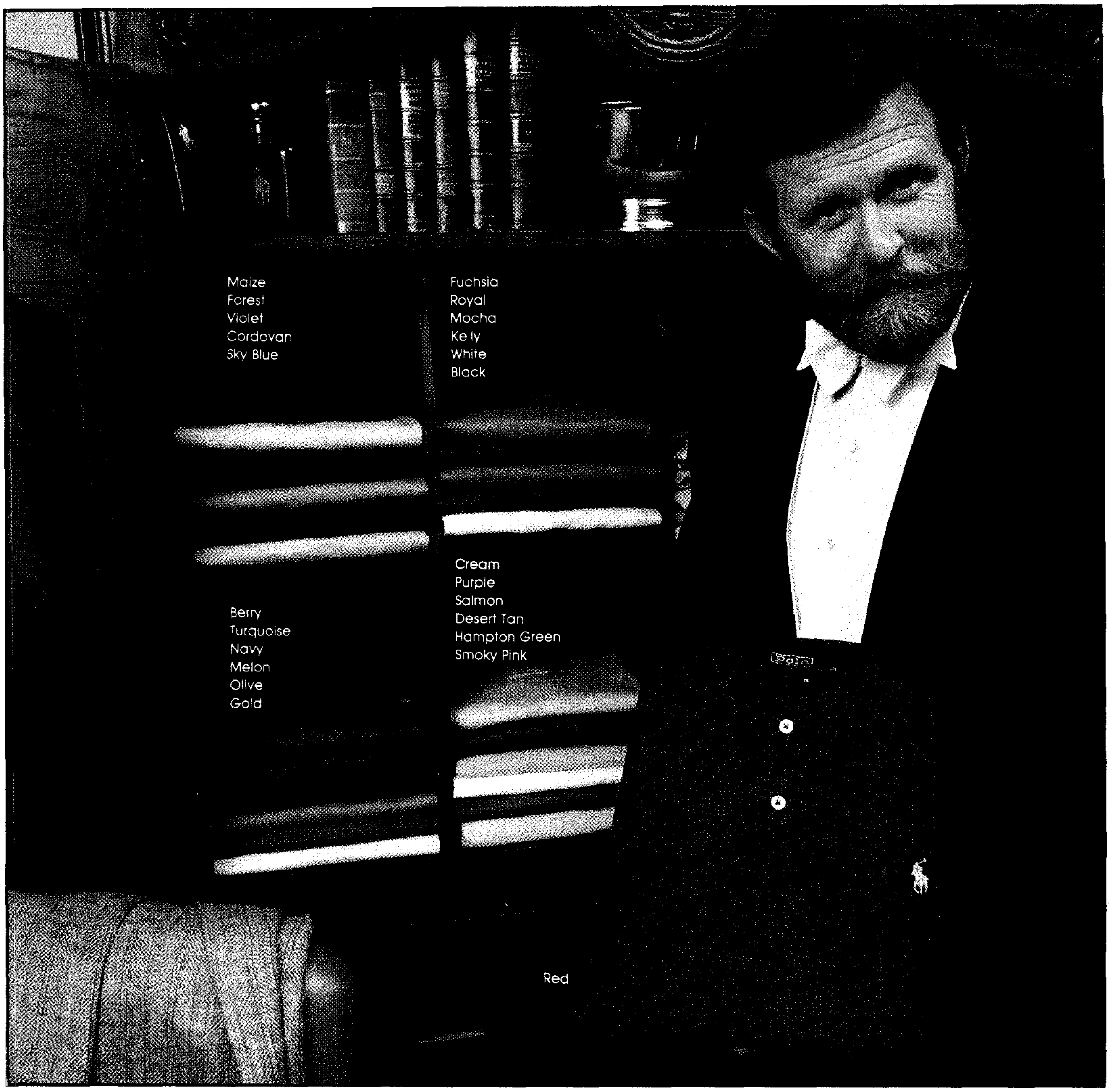
Where the Buffalo Roam—A raunchy, childlike comedy based on the writings and exploits of "gonzo journalist" Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, whose defense against the Nixon years was to sustain a condition of personal freakiness that matched or exceeded the depressing weirdness of those times. The picture is extremely uneven, often resembling an "Animal House" of politics, but a lot of Thompson's stoned, satiric style comes through, thanks to fine comic performances by Bill Murray as Thompson, and Peter Boyle as his lawyer and fellow-narcissist-provocateur. (5/12/80) (St. Marks Cinema; June 6-12.)

Wifemistress (1979)—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (57th St. Playhouse. No evening performances on Monday and Tuesday, June 9-10. . . . ¶ New Yorker 1; through June 5. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 12.)

Winterset (1936)—Maxwell Anderson's most famous verse drama—a blend of "Romeo and Juliet" and the Sacco-Vanzetti case—was widely held to be the supremely eloquent last word on the unconquerable soul of man. Burgess Meredith, who mastered the cadences for Broadway, made his first screen appearance as Mio, giving fine voice and excellent interpretation to the soaring banalities that one might—in a romantic mood—mistake for poetry. Even with Anderson's poetics slightly trimmed by the adapter, Anthony Veiller, the play is still in a grand manner that just won't do on the screen. But there are fine moments in the performances, and there's something childishly touching in the florid dramatic effects. With Edward Ellis as Judge Gaunt, Margo as Miriamne, Eduardo Ciannelli as Trock Estrella, Stanley Ridges as Shadow, Maurice Moscovitch as Esdras, Paul Guilfoyle as Garth Esdras. It's a clue to Anderson's popularity at the time that the actors have been forever identified with the characters they play here. Also with Mischa Auer, Myron McCormick, and John Carradine. Directed by Alfred Santell. (Thalia; June 10.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Quad Cinema; through June 5.)

"Shall We Wear A Polo After Polo, Sir?"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Forest
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Sky Blue
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Purple
Salmon
Desert Tan
Hampton Green
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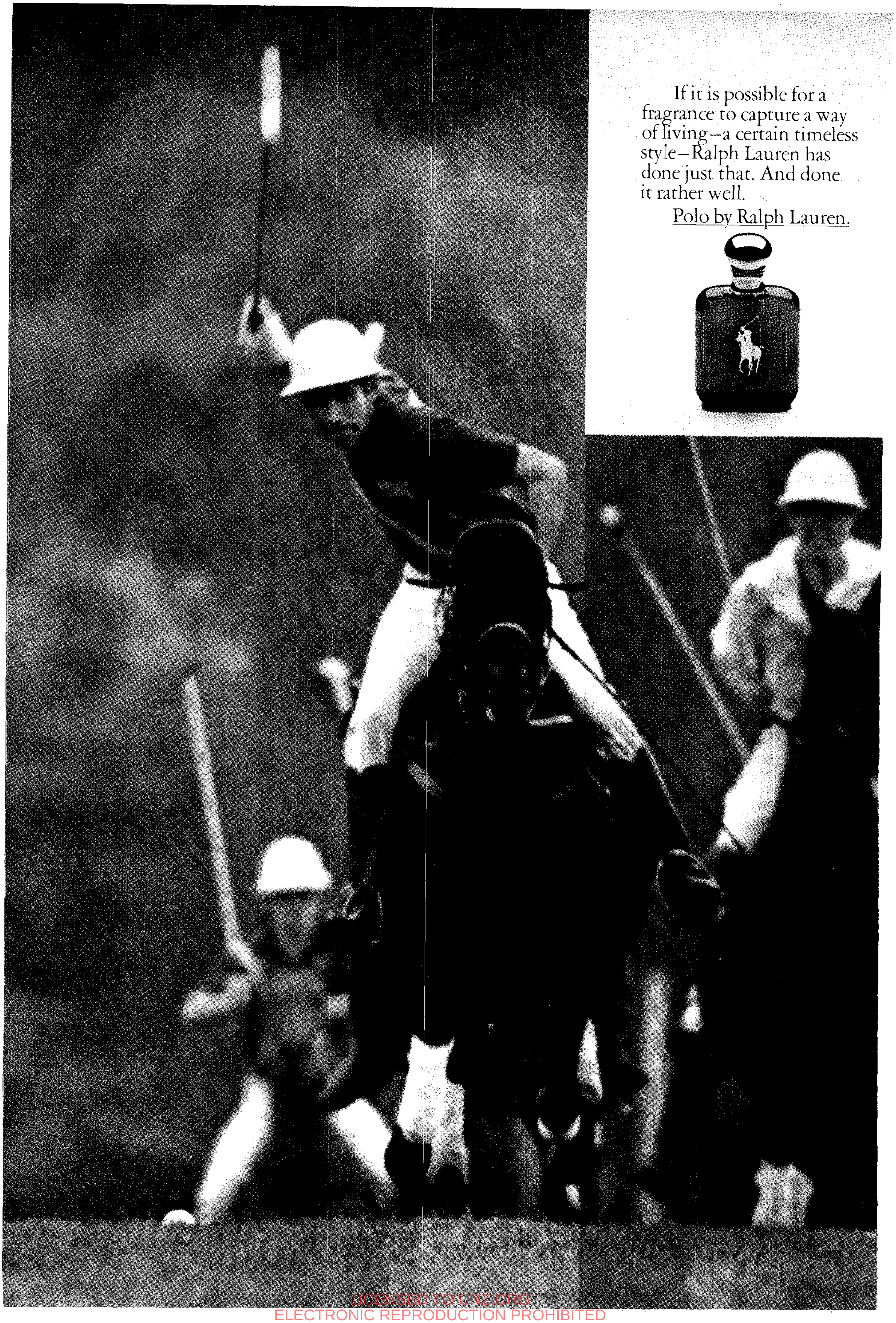


If it is possible for a fragrance to capture a way of living—a certain timeless style—Ralph Lauren has done just that. And done it rather well.

Polo by Ralph Lauren.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A HARVARD student with a special interest in animal behavior and with summer plans to do some field work has sent this note of apology to a family friend who tried for two days, without success, to find him in his room at Currier House and invite him to lunch:

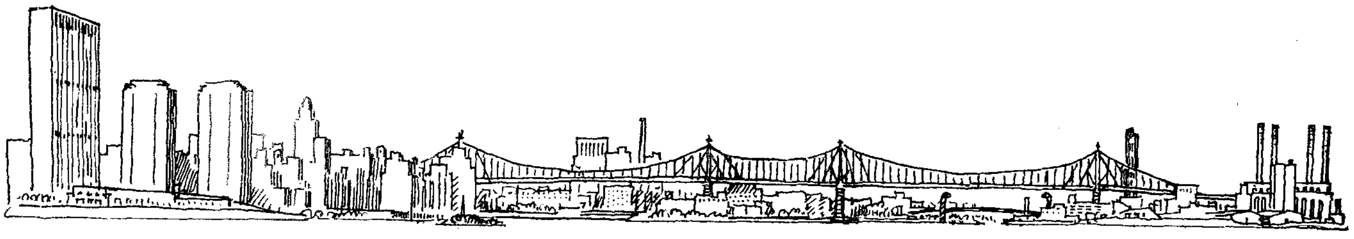
> I am sorry for my elusiveness and my general obduracy. To prove that I miss you, here are some diverting facts about armadillos. Armadillos are relative newcomers to the North American continent. Texas and Louisiana farmers have claimed that the armadillos have damaged crops and poached on poultry, but their habits, predominantly insectivorous, probably help agriculture more than they hinder it. Armadillos are sought as participants in research on leprosy, as they are the only animals known besides man which contract the disease. They can run as fast as a man, despite their awkward, shambling gait, and if running won't work, they can bury themselves in two minutes in soil a man would need a pickaxe to crack. If an armadillo wants to cross a river, it has two choices: it can hold its breath and walk across the bottom or it can gulp air and dog-paddle. The armadillo is the yogi of quadrupeds: it can hold its breath for up to ten minutes; when it is foraging, it is very difficult to distract, but may jump vertically if its trancelike concentration is interrupted. At seventy-two degrees, an armadillo will shiver with cold and retreat to the insular comfort of its burrow, which it may share with a rabbit or a comrade. The only known method of extricating an armadillo from its burrow, aside from using a backhoe, is by tickling it on the stomach. After nine months of pregnancy, a female gives birth to four young, and they all look the same—even to her—because they all come from the same egg. The armadillo seems an interesting candidate for study, but then you probably can't really tell if you like armadillos until you meet one. This I hope to do.

• •

In the Theatre

A FEW weeks ago, Yoji Aoi's flight from Tokyo touched down at Kennedy at 6:32 P.M., so he had just enough time to hop a fast cab to a friend's apartment in Manhattan and pull up a chair to the TV to watch Mikhail Baryshnikov and Liza Minnelli in "Baryshnikov on Broadway." The next day, he attended the first of a series of jazz-dance classes, the film "All That Jazz," the play "Peter Pan," and a Village cabaret. On his last day in the city, three and a half weeks later, he caught "Fame" in the morning, "Gemini" in the afternoon, and "Tintypes" in the evening, and closed with the midnight pageant of "The Rocky Horror Picture Show." When he left for home, in time to see a Village People's concert in Tokyo, he had under his belt twenty-three Broadway shows, thirteen Off Broadway shows, one Off Off Broadway show, five concerts, four dance programs, one Ginger Rogers special at Radio City Music Hall, one circus, ten films, fifteen dance classes in all, with the jazz-dance instructor Charles Kelley, and fifteen meetings with theatrical agents.

We saw Mr. Aoi on Day 22, between Fellini's "Satyricon" and "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" His eyes were clear, his energy high, his enthusiasm undimmed. He was wearing a loose-fitting yellow-and-blue striped T-shirt, blue corduroys, and Japanese Wallabees—an outfit that, together with shoulder-length hair, fringed across his forehead, made him look very young: like a character in "Hair," a play that he translated into Japanese and in which he took the role of Woof, in Japan. He moved across the room (a hotel lobby full of important, sedentary people), and perched on a big lounge chair, like the dancer he is—all lightness and control. According to Mr. Aoi, who is thirty-two, he is simply "in the theatre," which is not so much a modest way of stating that he is an actor-dancer-singer-translator-playwright as an acknowledgment that he is unable to turn his back on any of the many facets of theatre—especially what is going on in New York. Over the past several years, by grace of Mr. Aoi's translations and his knowledge of the theatre, Japanese audiences have seen "Applause," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "West Side Story," "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," "Godspell," "Grease," "Dames at Sea," "The Rocky Horror Show," and "A Chorus Line." (Mr. Aoi also played Linus in "Charlie Brown" and Ju-

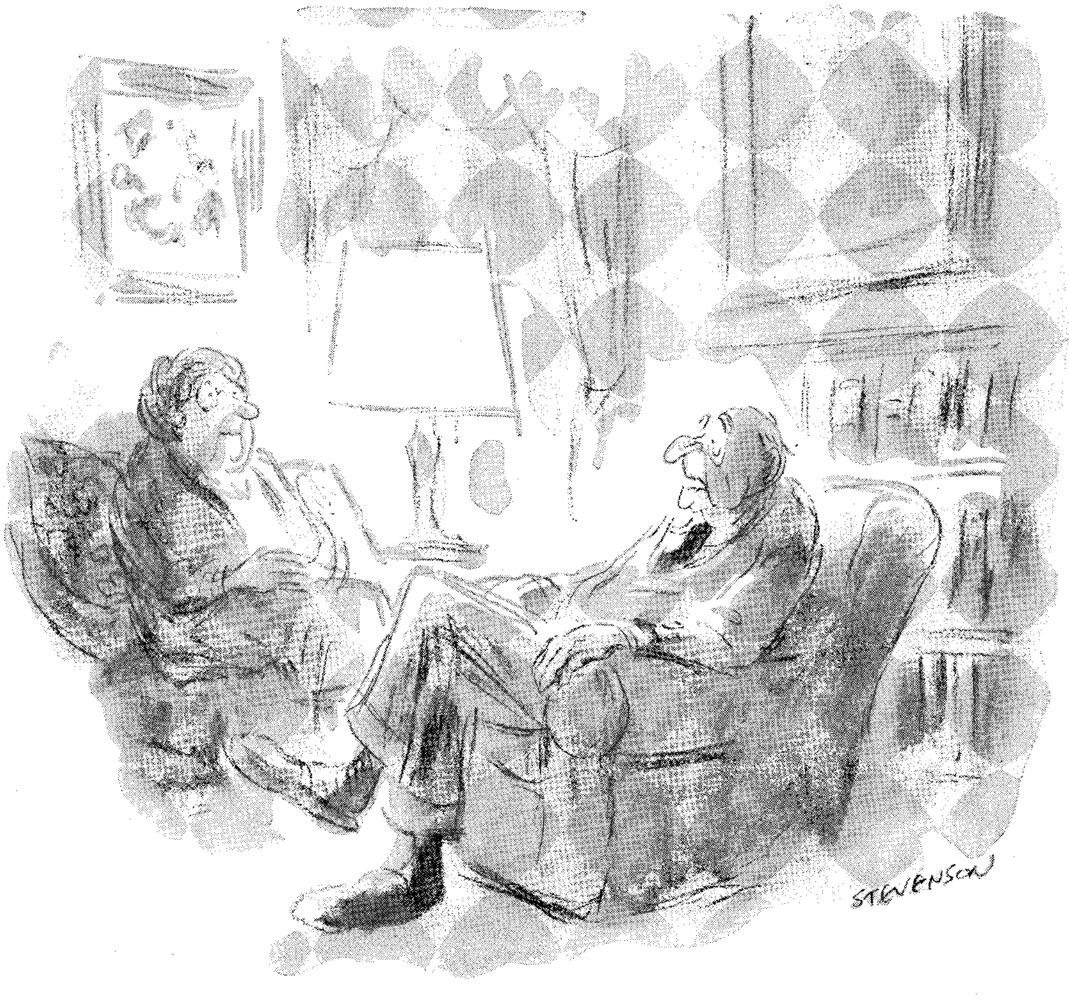


Richard Edes Harrison

das in “Godspell.”) This month, he will assist in directing “Vanities;” in July, “The Club” and “The Elephant Man;” and, next season, “Gemini,” “Deathtrap,” and “I’m Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road.” He has already assisted in the translation of all six.

The Tokyo stage, however, is not exactly a mirror image of Broadway. Mr. Aoi ironed out some of the complexities of Japanese theatre for us by explaining that the system is dominated by the traditional theatre, which controls most houses and draws large, very partisan audiences. The contemporary theatre is mounted by a number of large companies, including one called Shiki, in which Mr. Aoi is active. There is also a third category, Shingeki, meaning “new plays” (it is analogous to Off Broadway in its experimental content and sometimes makeshift stages). Mr. Aoi studied dance and drama at the Shiki Institute and then joined its repertory company. Most of the plays he has translated or acted in, or written himself (seven musicals and four straight plays), have been Shiki. Mr. Aoi further explained that in Japan a play’s running time is limited to a month, because of the theatre-lease structure, and that a hit may vanish and reappear several times at short intervals; “A Chorus Line,” for instance, played last September and will crop up again in July and in November. “When a house is full, it is very full, but it is very quiet,” he said. “What I envy and enjoy most in New York is the audible appreciation of audiences.” With a small, graceful arc of his hand from head to chest, he fashioned a polite bow. “We don’t show emotion easily. The atmosphere of the theatre is formal and studious, like that of a lecture or a library. When Western actors come to Japan, they always say, ‘There is no audience here.’ Finally, at the end, there is clapping.”

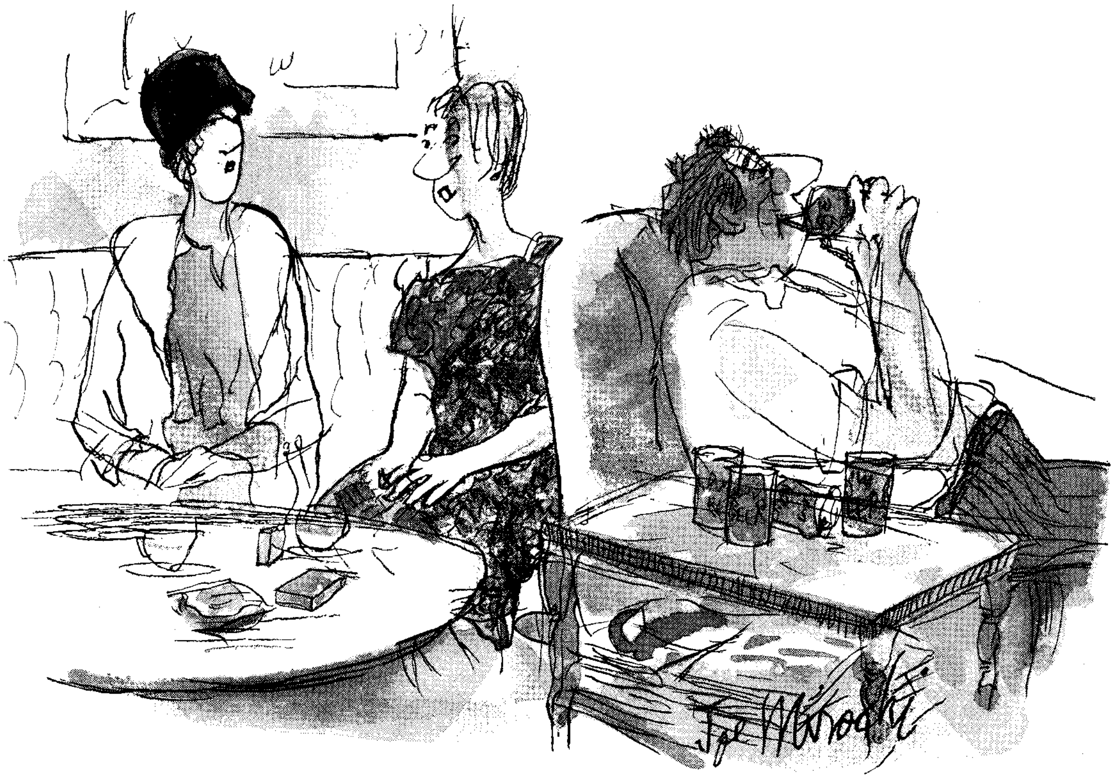
Mr. Aoi made his first trip to New York last year, at the prompting of Michael Bennett, who wanted to discuss the translation of “A Chorus Line,” and he saw twenty-five shows in twenty-one days. “At that time, I was not so good at finding places or getting tickets,” he told us rather apologetically. When we asked him about the details of this year’s tour, he extracted a small diary from his back pocket. Opening it, he consulted what appeared to be a thin horizontal slice of rainbow and was in fact a meticulously ordered, color-coded daily calendar. Each page was a small checkerboard of squares. To each row of squares, marked out in hours from morning to night, he had added a small square, covering the hours from 2 A.M. to 6 A.M., for sleeping, and had shaded it purple. Business appointments, annotated in tiny Oriental scratches, were colored over with blue; studies, like his dance classes, were colored green; shows and films were colored pink, then labelled and, for New York, marked with a star, a triangle, or a circle, for Broadway, Off Broadway, or other. Private time appeared as infrequent slashes of yellow, and health sessions—sauna, massages, and doctors’ visits—as random spots of brown. Mr. Aoi pointed to the time consumed by his trans-Pacific flight—a long yellow rectangle devouring an insignificant central blue square and crossed at one end by a line of brown and at the other by a line of purple. He interpreted: “You see, I worked a little, but I was sick at first, and I fell asleep over California.” Time spent translating was given diagonal stripes of blue and yellow, for it counts as both work and pleasure; a tedious train trip, diagonal strips of blue, yellow, and purple. Consciously or unconsciously, he chose his colors for their connotative powers: a period of intense work materialized like a cold shadow, and an abundance of entertainment like a rosy glow. At a glance, Mr. Aoi could judge the character of his days, and the delicate balance of work and play. Those last three weeks looked like a slow sunrise: blue, green, and a great mushrooming of pink.



“In retrospect . . .”

Recess

WE spent half of our lunch hour last Tuesday—a cool, windy, brightly sunny May day—with some third, fourth, fifth, and sixth graders from P.S. 75 during their recess. We arrived just as the kids were trickling in, class by class, to the playground, which is on Ninety-sixth Street near Riverside Drive, a few doors down from the school building. In charge was a young man standing by the entrance with a transistorized megaphone under his arm. A small boy, probably a third grader, darted off the curb, then started into the play-



"He was left wing, then he was in the middle, then he was right wing. Now he just drinks beer."

• •

ground clutching a dirty tennis ball. The man with the megaphone caught him by the arm. "Hey!" the man said. "You better watch those cars instead of that ball. We can always get you another ball."

The kid nodded, said softly, "O.K., Mr. Wilson," and bounded into the yard.

The man with the megaphone, whose name is Doug Wilson, has been the security guard at P.S. 75 for eight years. He is in his late twenties and has a wispy, Thelonious Monk-type goatee, but, dressed in a black shirt, jeans, and a navy nylon windbreaker, he looked like a big kid. As we stood next to him, almost all the kids who passed by greeted him warmly with "Hi, Mr. Wilson," or "Oh, Mr. Wilson. How are you today?" A couple of giggling third graders took turns trying to leap onto his back and hang on his shoulder. He pretended to ignore them. "I make sure they call me *Mr.* Wilson," he told us. "I think the barrier that that 'Mr.' creates is very important." He gently shook off a clinging third grader and led us inside.

The playground, a paved trapezoidal yard about half as big as a football field and surrounded by a tall, heavy-duty chain-link fence, now held some two hundred kids. A lot of them were just running around; a few were sitting on the concrete base of the fence; some were playing tag; and some were playing games involving balls. There were at least twenty different balls flying through the air—basketballs (there was only one hoop, so some of the basketballs weren't being used for basketball), tennis balls, dodge balls, softballs, and pink rubber Spaldeens. The basketballs that weren't being used for basketball and the dodge balls, which were red and a little smaller, were being furiously hurled by the kids at each other. Sometimes the kids would dodge the balls—arching their backs out of the way or ducking at the last minute—and at other times they'd stand firm and catch the balls. The action looked like a combination of dodge ball and anarchy. "That's a modified version of a game called Kill the Carrier," Mr. Wilson explained, "Kill the Carrier is an individual sport that can be played by as many as twenty kids at a time. It's different from dodge ball, because in dodge ball you have distinct teams. Last month, it got too rough, so we had the kids tone it down a little." A less violent game, called punch ball, was really stickball without the stick; no sticks or bats were permitted in the congested yard, so the ball was batted with the palm of the hand. Another game was Fliers Up. In Fliers Up, a ball is thrown down hard against a wall so that it will pop up for the kids to shag. Four girls in a corner were playing Freeze Tag, which looked a little like ballet and a little like Statues: when the girl who was "it" tagged one of the others, the victim would be frozen in one of a variety of graceful poses—arabesque, plié, curtsy. Even though not all the games being played were entirely familiar to us, the general ebullient atmosphere was: it was recess.

While the kids played, Mr. Wilson arbitrated three basketball disputes; posed for a photograph with another adult on duty—a grandmotherly school aide named Mrs. Hazel Rosenberg—and two fourth-grade girls (the photographer, a fourth-grade girl in a light-green Pink Panther T-shirt, had trouble with a sticky shutter but finally took the picture, the last on the roll, and then, without rewinding the film, opened the back of her instant camera); agreed to let an out-of-breath fifth-grade girl wearing a maroon sweatshirt with "WANDA" on it hide behind him while her pursuer, a fifth-grade boy, looked for her; was unable to explain to a fifth-grade girl wearing a T-shirt that had "A TOUCH OF CLASS" spelled out in glitter what "Plutonians" were; settled a Fliers Up argument; calmed a tearful ten-year-old boy; sent a fourth-grade boy with a scraped arm back to school to see the nurse; protected his megaphone from at least five kids who sneaked over at one time or another to try to grab it and speak into it; listened when the girl in the "TOUCH OF CLASS" T-shirt came back and said that if Americans came from America and Japanese came from Japan, then surely Plutonians came from Pluto; let Wanda hide behind him again; discussed with a ten-year-old sprinter named Yasu his latest competing times; and asked Nicky, a second grader who tended to fight with the other second graders and so took recess with the older and bigger kids (whom he didn't fight with), how he was doing.

The half-hour play period was almost up. Mr. Wilson said to us, "You know, when I'm not here and some of the teachers have to fill in for me, they don't like this job much. But

I know just what to look for, how to spot impending trouble. I'm not a teacher, but the kids just don't seem to mess up when I'm around."

Mr. Wilson flipped a switch on his megaphone, which thereupon emitted a loud moaning sound. Then, speaking into it, he said, "O.K. Let's go. Line up. Get your coats, your hats, your heads. Let's go. Line up. Mush." The games stopped, and the kids moved toward the street. Mrs. Rosenberg, who had been standing by the fence, walked over and observed to us, "I've been doing this twenty-two years. What you saw today isn't chaos. Chaos is when it rains and we have to keep them inside."

Beach Time

ACCORDING to beach time, which is measured apart from solar, sidereal, standard, or daylight time on certain inner clocks and calendars, Memorial Day leads off a new season, and the weeks that precede it fall at the edge of summer. The Atlantic Ocean just beyond New York City is still icy; Long Island parkways, eastbound, are passable with ease on a sunny Friday; and weekend weather reports are not yet a matter of life and death.

On this Friday morning, at Bay Shore, on the northern rim of the Great South Bay, six white Fire Island ferries sit empty in the water, and another is suspended from a boat lift for a bottom paint job. The ticket booth, plastered with former, revised, and prospective schedules of ferry arrivals and departures, is vacant, and at ten-twenty a handful of stray passengers counting on a ferry to Ocean Beach discover that the next one won't be leaving for nearly three hours:

Spring 1980
FRIDAY
Lvs. Bay Shore
7:05am
10:10am
11:45am ← Starts May 23
1:00pm

Time for a bite to eat at Porky's Clam Bar, across from the ferry dock; time for a ten-minute walk over to the Zee Line dock, on the other side of Maple Avenue, in the hope of an earlier boat to Seaview or Ocean Bay Park (nothing until 1:20 P.M., the Next Ferry clock says); plenty of time to walk back through the parking lot for a leisurely study of the premises. Lucky the sun is shining.

⇐ EXIT
Pedestrians Use Sidewalk
Do Not Walk in Drivewa
Restaurant
Parking
Freight Depot: No Parking
Tow Away Zone
Rest Rooms
Pepsi
Bud
Tommy's Daily Car Service
Take a Schedule

The trapdoor of a green-and orange trash can says "Push."

Hanging on the empty ticket boot is a sign decorated with cloud shape and a picture of seagulls, the word painted in red, blue, and black on yellow:

Fire Is a Hazard Please Extin guish Your Cigarettes Completel
Welcome to Ocean Beach
Please Help Protect Our
Environment & Abide by
Our Village Ordinances
No Eating or Drinking on the Beac
No Eating or Drinking
on the Public Walks
No Changing of Clothes
on the Beach
Use of Radios Regulated
Please Respect Private Property
Enjoy Yourselves, but . . .
For Further Information See Our Loc
Police or Contact Chamber of Comm.

Another large sign, red and blac on white, is attached to the high wi fence at the edge of the dock:

Warning
There Are No Public Restrooms
in Ocean Beach
No Food or Beverages Permitted
on Beach
No Eating or Drinking
on Public Walks
No Changing Clothes Permitted
on Beach
Laws Strictly Enforced
Incorporated Village of of Ocean
Beach

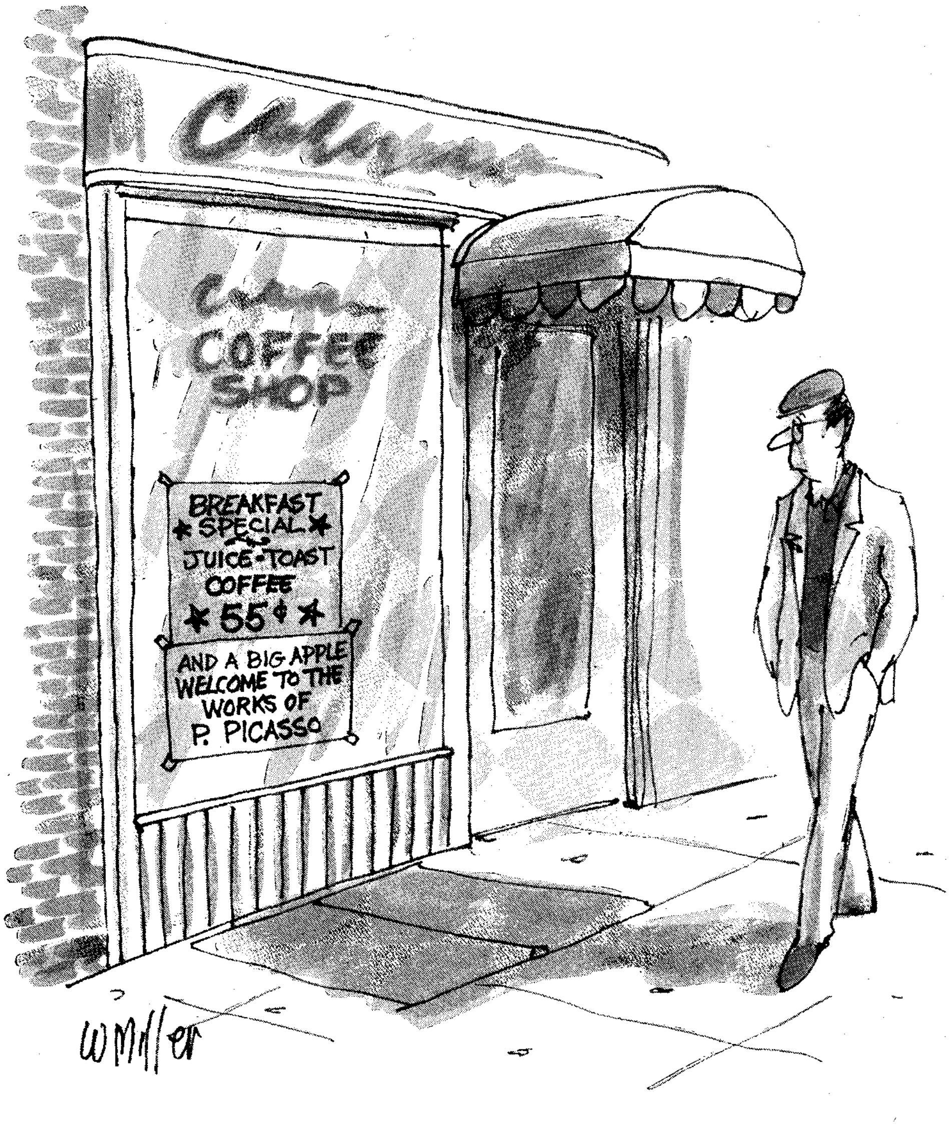
(An emphatic stutter at the en there.)

Nearby on the fence, a sign of sim ilar size and design entitled "Fare offers an intricate list of ticket price elaborated with additional injunctions

No Checks Accepted, Dogs (Any Siz Charged as Children, No Freig Carried on Passenger Boats, Do Must Be on Leash at All Times, N Smoking on Boats, Please Keep You Party Together.

On a smaller plaque—"Atten tion! Fire Islanders" (black prin on yellow metal)—New York Tel phone gives advice about saving mon ey "when you reinstate summer se vice."

A glass-enclosed life-jacket post offers, in words and pictures, "Safe Instructions Pursuant to U.S. Coa



Guard Regulations, Effective 1 April 1980."

Passengers begin to assemble among the benches inside the fence, most of them substantial citizens lugging household necessities in canvas or straw handbags, shopping bags, or cardboard cartons. The benches fill up with baggage, babies, folding chairs, and flats holding lettuce, tomato, or marigold seedlings. One man sits, as he has sat for more than an hour, with a motorcycle helmet beside him and a segment of a fishing rod sticking out of his bag. A child studies the names of the ferries: Fire Island Belle, Fire Island Miss, Fire Island Flyer, Fireball, Firebird, Fire Islander, Capt. Patterson. "I wonder where the water stops," he says, putting down a first baseman's mitt and a copy of "Robin Hood" to kneel at the edge of the dock and peer down.

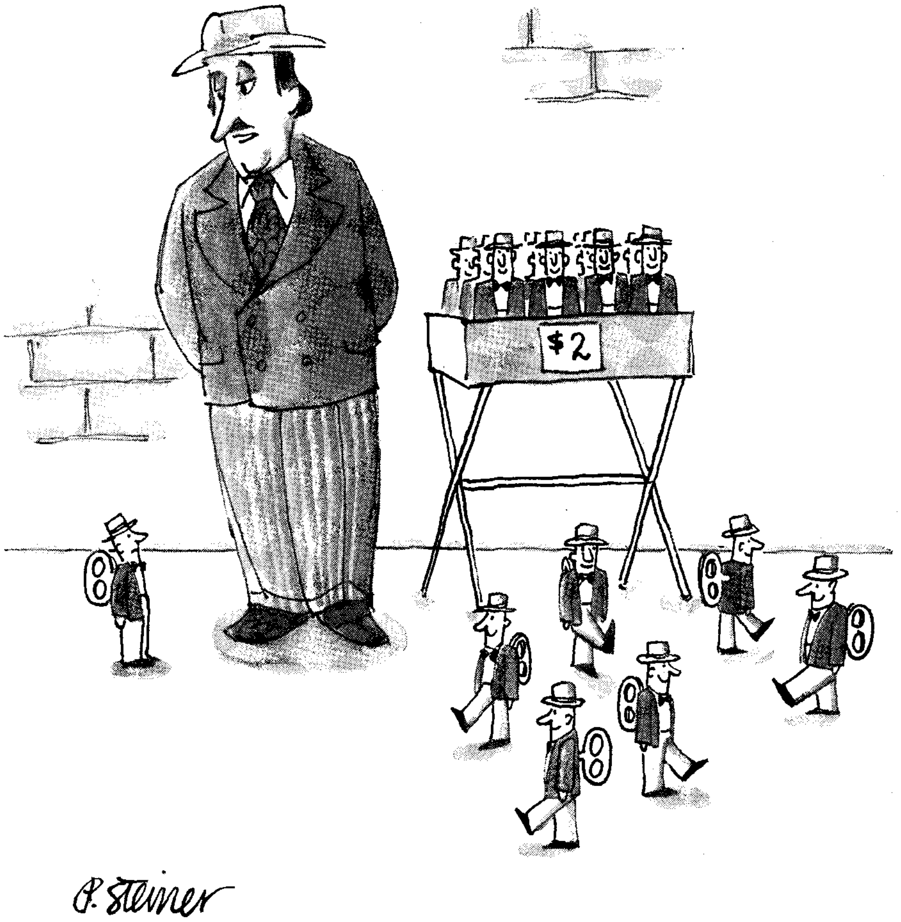
Two teen-age boys in sleeveless black T-shirts are carrying nothing but two big radios with cassette players. A girl with a red plastic radio in one hand and a tiny purse shaped like a desert flask in the other tries to cadge a dollar. "The man at the pawnshop told me the fare was three seventy-five," she says. The sign on the ticket booth says, "ADULT, ROUND TRIP $4.75." Another glance at the schedule there:

> WEATHER AND LOAD CONDITIONS PERMITTING Passengers may carry 2 suitcases, 25 lbs. total, containing personal effects or perishable food for each ADULT fare paid. Any baggage in excess of this limit will be accepted only at the discretion of dock personnel and will be charged for. ALL OTHER ITEMS INCLUDING GROCERIES, cartons, plants, furniture, bikes, wagons, scooters, surfboards, and heavy baggage MUST BE SHIPPED ON THE REGULAR FREIGHT BOAT, which leaves Bay Shore at 10:00am Monday thru Saturday.

"I never knew Fire Island was part of New York," a little boy says to his mother. "I thought it was just a possession."

It is 12:27 P.M. by the square electric clock imprinted with the name of a Bay Shore jeweller, XXXIII minutes before I. "Ocean Beach here, Ocean Beach only," says one of the dock personnel. The Capt. Patterson is ready for boarding.

Half a dozen small white clouds float up from the west into the empty blue sky over the harbor and vanish when they hit the top. The ferry backs out of its berth, turns, chugs slowly out into the bay, and picks up speed and a strong breeze as it crosses through the channel to the dream of summer on the other side. ENJOY YOURSELVES, BUT . . .



"I'm sorry, I don't have anything right now. But I'll keep you in mind, and if anything opens up I'll give you a call."

• •

At Ocean Beach, a quarter of a mile from the landing, beyond a strip of fine beige sand streaked with maroon flecks of garnet and black grains of oxidized iron, the Atlantic stretches smoothly south, east, and west to the edge of the world, stroking the beach with low, soft waves and chilling the toes. The west wind blows steadily all day, stirring up whitecaps on the surface of the water. Three sunbathers flatten themselves out and cling for warmth to the sand in the crooks of the ragged snow fencing meant to hold the dunes in place.

KEEP OFF DUNES

In a house just in back of the dunes, a newly pencilled notice on the kitchen bulletin board anticipates the arrival of an anomalous community of tenants:

> To All Concerned
> Please charge ALL [underlined twice] calls to your home or office number respectfully requested, J.S.

On the sundeck of the house that afternoon, the sun falling toward the west produces a labyrinthine reflection in the half-open sliding glass doors to an unoccupied upstairs bedroom: a woman in jeans and a bathing-suit top lying on a deck chair seems to be curled up on the bed inside; an image of deck floorboards hovers over the sunlit-and-shadowed floor of the bedroom; a long white cloud near the sun is superimposed on a clear sky seen through a window on the far side of the room; a spiral staircase winding up to the roof, the porch railing, a quilt-covered sleeping child, the roof of the house next door have all been made part of the room, the reflected railing cutting through a shining green bottle holding a stalk of feathery beach grass; through the opening in the doors is a view of a bedside table and pillows, and, past them, through the far window, a red-and-white house in the distance.

There are still traces of sunset at nine—a dim rosy light, and dark clouds directly below the crescent moon. Finally, in the darkness, the ocean is only a sound. The reflection of one lamp in all the windows encloses the house. There is sand in the bed already, and a weather report on the radio: fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit, thirteen degrees Celsius, wind west-southwest at six miles per hour; sunny and mild tomorrow. A great day promised. The splash of the waves plays in time with the radio music.

A GIANT STEP FOR MANKIND

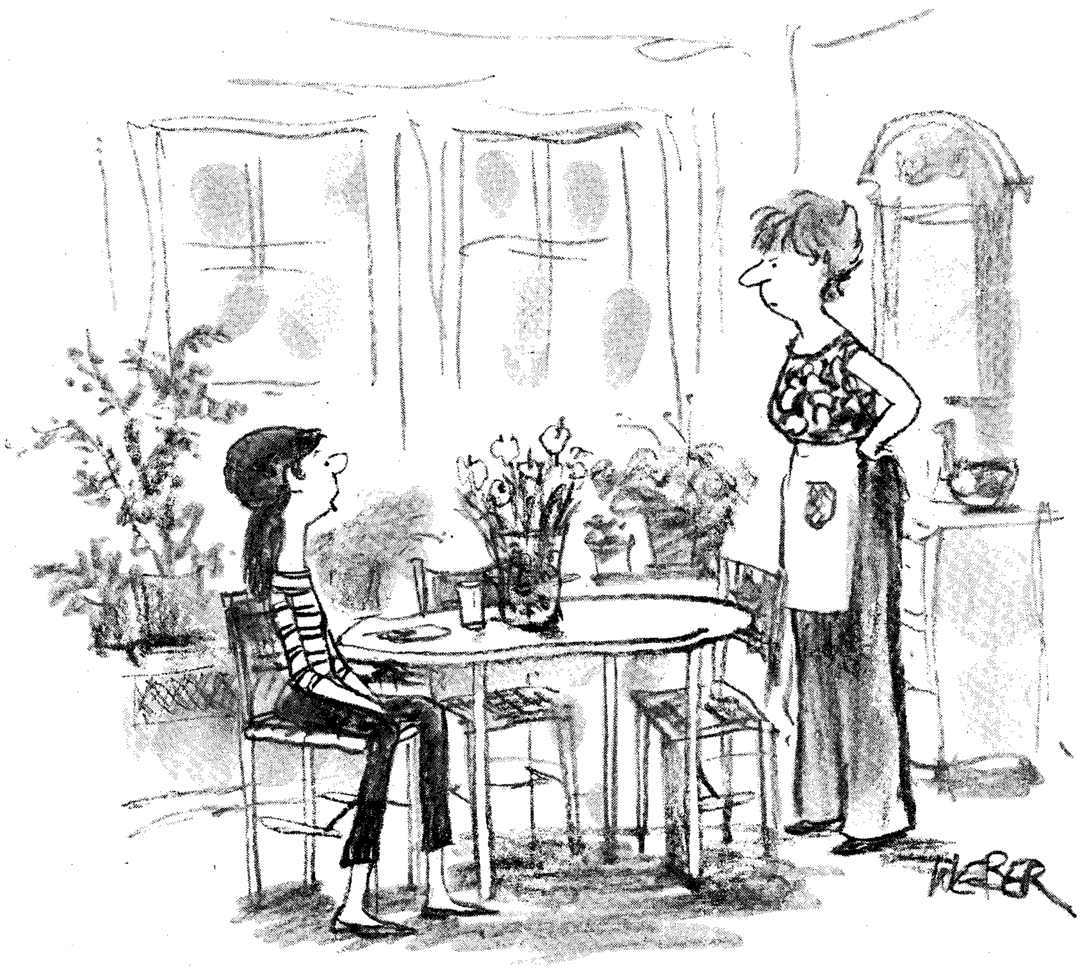
LUNCHING yesterday on chicken *in ichor*—a house specialty at my favorite midtown restaurant—I was forced to listen to a playwright acquaintance defend his latest opus against a set of notices that read like a Tibetan Book of the Dead. Drawing tenuous connections between Sophocles' dialogue and his own, Moses Goldworm wolfed down his vegetable cutlet and raged like Carry Nation against the New York theatre critics. I, of course, could do nothing more than offer a sympathetic ear and assure him that the phrase "a dramatist of zero promise" might be interpreted in several ways. Then, in the split second it takes to go from calm to bedlam, the Pinero manqué half rose from his seat, suddenly unable to speak. Frantically waving his arms and clutching his throat, the poor fellow turned a shade of blue invariably associated with Thomas Gainsborough.

"My God, what is it?" someone screamed, as silverware clattered to the floor and heads turned from every table.

"He's having a coronary!" a waiter yelled.

"No, no, it's a fit," said a man at the booth next to me.

Goldworm continued to struggle and wave his arms, but with ever-diminishing style. Then, as various mutually exclusive remedies were advanced in anxious falsettos by sundry well-meaning hysterics in the room, the playwright confirmed the waiter's diagnosis by collapsing to the floor like a sack of rivets. Crumpled in a forlorn heap, Goldworm seemed destined to slip away before an ambulance could arrive, when a six-foot stranger possessing the cool aplomb of an astronaut strode to stage center and said in dramatic tones, "Leave everything to me, folks. We don't need a doctor—this is not a cardiac problem. By clutching his throat, this fellow has made the universal sign, known in every corner of the world, to indicate that he is choking. The symptoms may appear to be the same as those of a man suffering from a heart attack, but this man, I assure you, can be saved by the Heimlich Maneuver!"

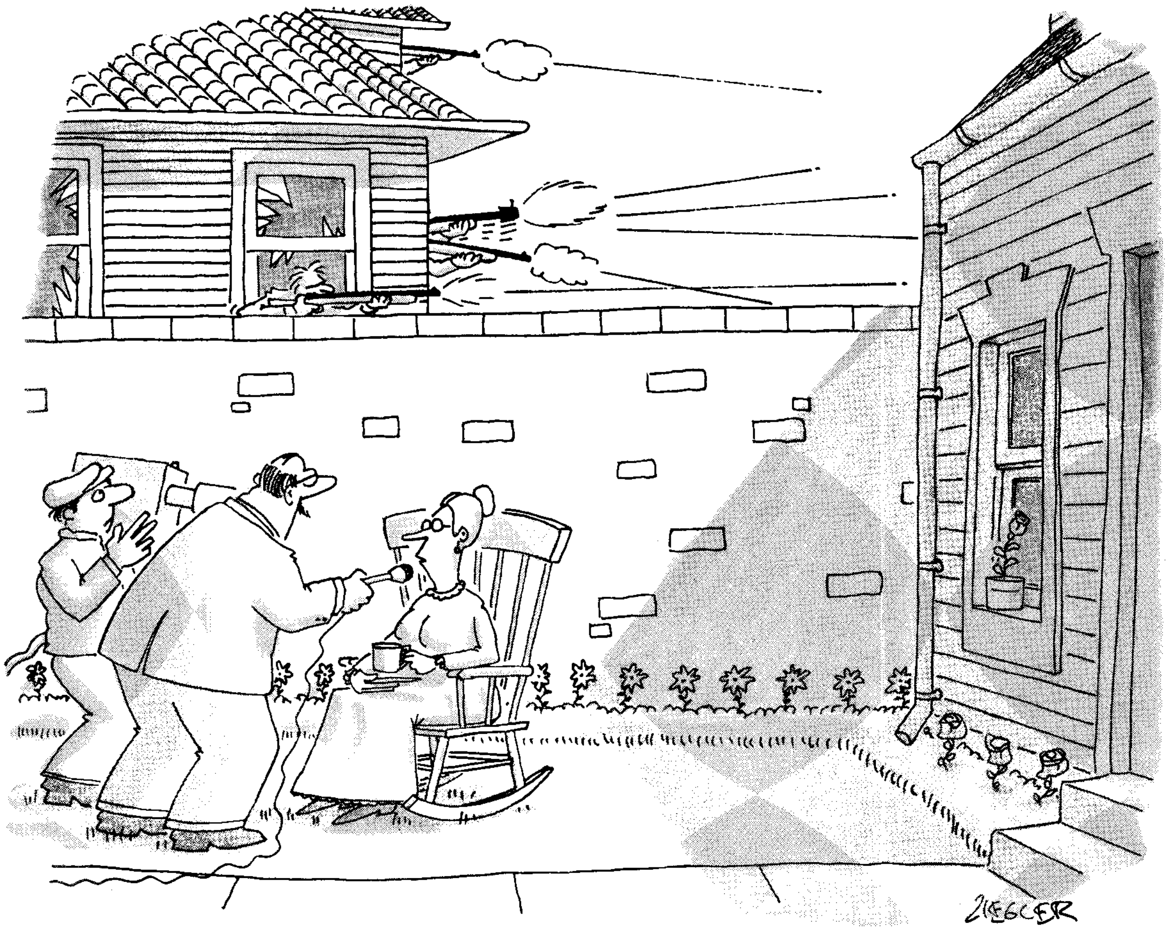


"*Mother, I get enough pressure from my peer group without getting it from you.*"

With that, the hero of the moment wrapped his arms around my companion from behind and lifted him to an upright position. Placing his fist just under Goldworm's sternum, he hugged sharply, causing a side order of bean curd to rocket out of the victim's trachea and carom off the hat rack. Goldworm came to apace and thanked his savior, who then directed our attention to a printed notice, supplied by the Board of Health, affixed to the wall. The poster described the aforementioned drama with perfect fidelity. What we had witnessed was indeed "the universal choking signal," conveying the victim's tripartite plight: (1) Cannot speak or breathe, (2) Turns blue, (3) Collapses. The diagnostic signs on the notice were followed by clear directions on the administration of the lifesaving procedure: the selfsame abrupt hug and resulting airborne protein we had witnessed, which had relieved Goldworm of the awkward formalities of the Long Goodbye.

A few minutes later, strolling home on Fifth Avenue, I wondered if Dr. Heimlich, whose name is now so firmly placed in the national consciousness as the discoverer of the marvellous maneuver I had just seen performed, had any idea of how close he had once come to being scooped by three still utterly anonymous scientists who had worked for months on end in search of a cure for the same perilous mealtime trauma. I also wondered if he knew of the existence of a certain diary kept by an unnamed member of the pioneer trio—a diary that came into my possession at auction quite by mistake, because of its similarity in heft and color to an illustrated work entitled "Harem Slaves," for which I had bid a trifling eight weeks' salary. Following are some excerpts from the diary, which I set down here purely in the interest of science:

JANUARY 3. Met my two colleagues today for the first time and found them both enchanting, although Wolfsheim is not at all as I had imagined. For one thing, he is heavier than in his photo (I think he uses an old one). His beard is of a medium length but seems to grow with the irrational abandon of crabgrass. Add to this thick, bushy brows and beady eyes the size of microbes, which dart about suspiciously behind spectacles the thickness of bullet-proof glass. And then there are the twitches. The man has accumulated a repertoire of facial tics and blinks that demand nothing less than a complete musical score by Stravinsky. And yet Abel Wolfsheim is a brilliant scientist whose work on dinner-table choking has made him a legend the world over. He was quite flattered that I was familiar with his paper on Random Gagging, and he confided to me that my once skeptically regarded theory, that hiccupping is innate, is now commonly accepted at M.I.T.



"They've always been such nice neighbors—friendly, quiet. Up until today, of course."

• •

If Wolfsheim is eccentric-looking, however, the other member of our triumvirate is exactly what I had expected from reading her work. Shulamith Arnolfini, whose experiments with recombinant DNA led to the creation of a gerbil that could sing "Let My People Go," is British in the extreme—predictably tweedy, with her hair skun in a bun, and with horn-rimmed glasses resting halfway down a beak nose. Furthermore, she possesses a speech impediment so audibly juicy that to be near her when she pronounces a word like "sequestered" is equivalent to standing at the center of a monsoon. I like them both and I predict great discoveries.

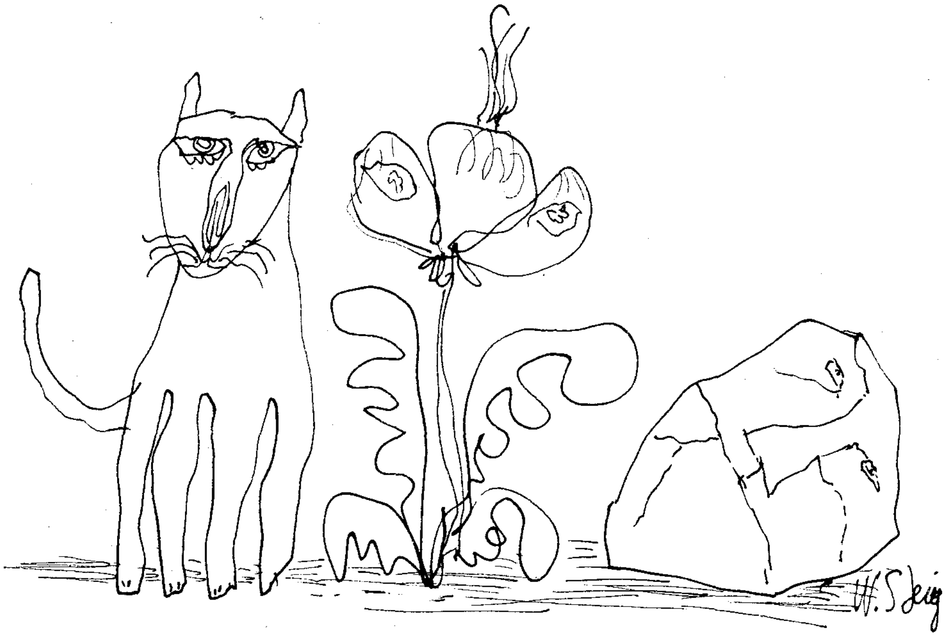
JANUARY 5. Things did not get under way as smoothly as I had hoped, for Wolfsheim and I have had a mild disagreement over procedure. I suggested doing our initial experiments on mice, but he regards this as unnecessarily timid. His idea is to use convicts, feeding them large chunks of meat at five-second intervals, with instructions not to chew before swallowing. Only then, he claims, can we observe the dimensions of the problem in its true perspective. I took issue on moral grounds, and Wolfsheim became defensive. I asked him if he felt science was above morality, and took issue with his equating humans and hamsters. Nor did I agree with his somewhat emotional assessment of me as a "unique moron." Fortunately, Shulamith took my side.

JANUARY 7. Today was a productive one for Shulamith and me. Working around the clock, we induced strangulation in a mouse. This was accomplished by coaxing the rodent to ingest healthy portions of Gouda cheese and then making it laugh. Predictably, the food went down the wrong pipe, and choking occurred. Grasping the mouse firmly by the tail, I snapped it like a small whip, and the morsel of cheese came loose. Shulamith and I made voluminous notes on the experiment. If we can transfer the tail-snap procedure to humans, we may have something. Too early to tell.

FEBRUARY 15. Wolfsheim has developed a theory that he insists on testing, although I find it simplistic. He is convinced that a person choking on food can be saved by (his words) "giving the victim a drink of water." At first I thought he was joking, but his intense manner and wild eyes indicated a definite commitment to the concept. Clearly, he has been up for days toying with this notion, and in his laboratory glasses of water filled to various levels were everywhere. When I responded skeptically, he accused me of being negative, and began twitching like a disco dancer. You can tell he hates me.

FEBRUARY 27. Today was a day off, and Shulamith and I decided to motor to the countryside. Once we were out in nature, the whole concept of choking seemed so far away. Shulamith told me that she had been married before, to a scientist who had pioneered a study of radioactive isotopes, and whose entire body vanished in mid-conversation while he was testifying before a Senate committee. We talked about our personal preferences and tastes and discovered that we were both fond of the same bacteria. I asked Shulamith how she would feel if I kissed her. She said, "Swell," giving me the full moist spray peculiar to her speech problem. I have come to the conclusion that she is quite a beautiful woman, particularly when viewed through an X-ray-proof lead screen.

MARCH 1. I now believe Wolfsheim is a madman. He tested his "glass of



Animal, Vegetable, Mineral

* * *

water" theory a dozen times, and in no case did it prove effective. When I told him to stop wasting valuable time and money, he bounced a petri dish off the bridge of my nose, and I was forced to hold him at bay with the Bunsen burner. As always, when work becomes more difficult frustrations mount.

March 3. Unable to obtain subjects for our dangerous experiments, we have been forced to cruise restaurants and cafeterias, hoping to work rapidly should we be lucky enough to find someone in distress. At the Sans Souci Deli, I tried lifting a Mrs. Rose Moscowitz by her ankles and shaking her, and although I managed to dislodge a monstrous chunk of kasha, she seemed ungrateful. Wolfsheim suggested that we might try slapping choke victims on the back, and pointed out that important back-slapping concepts had been suggested to him by Fermi at a symposium on digestion in Zurich thirty-two years ago. A grant to explore this was refused, however, when the government decided in favor of nuclear priorities. Wolfsheim, incidentally, has turned out to be a rival in my affair with Shulamith, and confessed affection for her yesterday in the biology lab. When he tried to kiss her, she hit him with a frozen monkey. He is a very complex and sad man.

March 18. At Marcello's Villa today we chanced upon a Mrs. Guido Bertoni in the act of choking on what was later identified as either cannelloni or a Ping-Pong ball. As I had foreseen, slapping her on the back did not help. Wolfsheim, unable to part with the old theories, tried administering a glass of water, but unfortunately seized it from the table of a gentleman well placed in the cement and contracting community, and all three of us were escorted out of the service entrance and up against a lamppost, over and over.

April 2. Today Shulamith raised the notion of a pincers—that is, some form of long tweezers or forceps to extract food that falls into the windpipe. Each citizen would carry one such instrument on his person and be educated in its use and handling by the Red Cross. In eager anticipation, we drove to Belknap's Salt of the Sea to remove a badly wedged crabcake from the esophagus of a Mrs. Shana Mendel. Unfortunately, the gasping woman became agitated when I produced the formidable tweezers, and sank her teeth into my wrist, causing me to drop the instrument down her throat. Only the quick action of her husband, Nathan, who held her above the ground by her hair and raised and lowered her like a yo-yo, prevented a fatality.

April 11. Our project is coming to a close—unsuccessfully, I am sorry to say. Funding has been cut off, our foundation board having decided that the remaining money might be more profitably spent on some joy-buzzers. After I received the news of our termination, I had to have fresh air to clear my head, and as I walked alone at night by the Charles River I couldn't help reflecting on the limits of science. Perhaps people are *meant* to choke now and then when they eat. Perhaps it is all part of some unfathomable cosmic design. Are we so conceited as to think research and science can control everything? A man swallows too large a bite of steak, and gags. What could be simpler? What more proof is needed of the exquisite harmony of the universe? We will never know all the answers.

April 20. Yesterday afternoon was our last day, and I chanced upon Shulamith in the Commissary, where she was glancing over a monograph on the new herpes vaccine and gobbling a matjes herring to tide her over till dinnertime. I approached stealthily from the rear and, seeking to surprise her, quietly placed my arms around her, experiencing at that moment the bliss that only a lover feels. Instantly she began choking, a portion of herring having lodged suddenly in her gullet. My arms were still around her, and, as fate would have it, my hands were clasped just under her sternum. Something—call it blind instinct, call it scientific luck—made me form a fist and snap it back against her chest. In a trice, the herring became disengaged, and a moment later the lovely woman was as good as new. When I told Wolfsheim about this, he said, "Yes, of course. It works with herring, but will it work with ferrous metals?"

I don't know what he meant and I don't care. The project is ended, and while it is perhaps true that we have failed, others will follow in our footsteps and, building upon our crude preliminary work, will at last succeed. Indeed, all of us here can foresee the day when our children, or certainly our grandchildren, will live in a world where no individual, regardless of race, creed, or color, will ever be fatally overcome by his own main course. To end on a personal note, Shulamith and I are going to marry, and until the economy begins to brighten a little she and Wolfsheim and I have decided to provide a much-needed service and open up a really first-class tattoo parlor.

—Woody Allen

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Due to a typographical error, the meaning of Gail Sheehy's final assessment of Phyllis Schlafly's leadership style in Monday's People section was inadvertently altered. The final paragraph should have read: "Today, unencumbered by empathy on a personal level or by the democratic process on a political level Phyllis Schlafly is brilliantly successful as a moral boss. There is but one fatal flaw in her style of leadership. If she is run over by a truck, there are no survivors."

In Monday's edition, the word "no" was omitted in the final sentence.—*Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel Star.*

Either way, it's great writing.

THE JUBILEE BOY

TALLINN is a small city—intimate. You meet a friend on the street and hear, "Hi, I was just looking for you," as though you were in a company cafeteria. The point is, I was surprised to learn just how many people live in Tallinn.

It was like this. Turonok, the editor, called me in and said, "A constructive idea has turned up. It might make for some effective reporting. Let's discuss the particulars. Just don't get crude with me."

"Why should I be crude? It's useless . . ."

"Actually, you've been crude already," Turonok said, turning gloomy. "You're always being crude, Dovlatov. You're even crude at general meetings. The only time you're not crude is when you're not around for a long time. You think I'm so dull? Think I read nothing but newspapers? You should drop in on me at home sometimes. You should see my library. By the way, I've got some pre-Revolutionary editions—"

"Why," I asked, "did you call me in?"

Turonok was silent for a moment. Then he straightened up sharply, as if to change a lyrical pose to a businesslike one. He began to speak with confidence and precision. "Next week is the anniversary of Tallinn's liberation. The day will be widely observed everywhere, including the pages of this newspaper. We'll cover all its various aspects—economic, cultural, human-interest . . . Every department is working something up. There's a job for you, too. I.e., this: According to the data issued by the Bureau of Statistics, the city has around four hundred thousand inhabitants. This figure is somewhat relative, just as the city limits are. So here's what it comes down to. We talked it over and decided: the four-hundred-thousandth inhabitant of Tallinn is about to be born on the eve of the jubilee."

"There's something here I don't quite understand."

"Go to the maternity hospital. Wait for the first newborn. Get the measurements. Interview the happy parents, the doctor who delivered the baby. Naturally, get photographs. The story will run in the jubilee issue. The pay—I know this is not without significance to you—is double."

"You should have said so in the first place."

"Mercantilism is one of your more unpleasant traits," Turonok said.

"Debts," I said. "Alimony."

"You drink a lot."

"It happens."

"Let's cut this short. The general idea is, a happy man has just been born. I'd even put it this way—a man condemned to happiness!" This foolish phrase pleased the editor so much that he repeated it twice. "A man condemned to happiness! In my opinion, not bad. Maybe we'll use it as a headline: 'A MAN CONDEMNED TO HAPPINESS.' "

"We'll see," I said.

"And remember"—Turonok stood up, closing our conversation—"the infant has to be publicizable."

"Which means?"

"Which means meeting all requirements. No damaged goods, nothing gloomy. No cesarean sections. No unwed mothers. A complete set of parents. A healthy boy meeting all the social requirements."

"It has to be a boy?"

"Yes, a boy is somehow more symbolic."

"Henry Franzovich, about those photographs. If you think about it, newborns can look pretty lousy."

"Choose the best one. You can wait. There's time."

"We'd have to wait at least four months. Any earlier, it will hardly look human. Some people still don't after fifty years."

"Listen," said Turonok, turning angry, "don't give me that demagoguery! You have an assignment. The material has to be ready by Wednesday. You're a professional journalist. Why are we wasting time?"

He's right, I thought. Why indeed?

I WENT down to the bar and ordered a gin and a sandwich. I noticed Zhbankov, the photographer, not very sober, and I waved to him. He sat down next to me with a wineglass of vodka and broke off half of my sandwich.

"You should go home," I said. "The office is full of bosses." Zhban-

"It's a real Horatio Alger story—from company goon to vice-president in charge of operations."

kov emptied the wineglass and said, "You know, I've already messed up anyway. Did you see the shot I took for Fedya's piece?"

"I don't read newspapers."

"Fedya had a piece in *Youth*. More exactly, a sketch. 'THREE AGAINST THE STORM.' About divers. How they search, you know, for valuable sunken cargo. With a storm moving in, no less. So that was my photograph. Two big guys sitting on a log. And a hose sticking up out of the water—that's one of their buddies keeping busy on the bottom. So naturally I go out and shoot it, tie up the rowboat, and forget the whole thing. But then, as I walk through the port, I hear laughing. What's going on, you know? It turns out to be quite a story. It seems there's a fellow down there named Mironenko, chief of the auxiliary shop. Earlier that day he happens to walk out of the lunchroom and light up a cigarette by the third mooring. Et cetera, et cetera. Throws away the cigarette. Gets ready to spit, pardon the expression. And spits out his teeth. His false ones, naturally. And he's got about eight hundred rubles' worth of gold in them. So he runs to the divers. 'Comrades, help!' And they yell back, 'We'll get them after work.' 'I'll make it worth your while.' 'Stand us a bottle each?' 'What a question!' So they finish work and start diving around. And now Fedya comes by from another assignment. Takes in the scene. 'What are you doing there?' he says. Makes himself important, you know. And the divers get a little shy. 'Your mother, such-and-such,' they answer, 'some valuable cargo has sunk.' And Fedya asks like an idiot, 'What's your name? What's your name?' And these guys give him all the right answers. 'What do you like to do in your rare moments of leisure?' 'Music,' they say, 'painting . . .' 'And why are you working so late?' 'A storm is coming in, we're in a hurry,' they say. Fedya calls me at the newspaper. I show up and shoot some pictures without asking around. The main thing was, it was some kind of man-made harbor. No storm could ever get there."

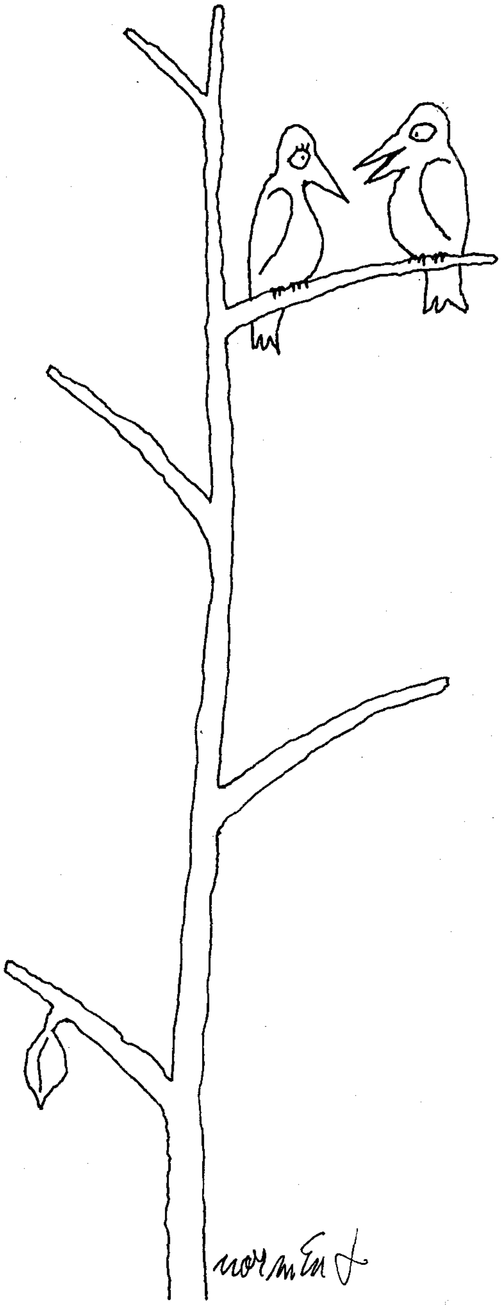
"You should go home," I said.

"Wait, the main thing wasn't even that. Later I found out how the whole business ended. The divers did find the guy's dentures. Mironenko was in bliss up to his eyebrows. So he herds them all to a tavern. Orders vodka. Has a few shots. Starts to demonstrate his dentures to everybody. 'I want to thank these kids,' he says, 'who saved my life and found them. Eagles,' he says, 'heroes of labor, Stakhanovites.' Shows them his dentures at one table, then another. The doorman comes up to take a look, the trombonist from the band. The waitresses shake their heads in amazement. And Mironenko opens the sixth bottle with the divers. Suddenly he does a double take—no dentures. Somebody took them. He yells, 'Give them back, you bastards!' Fat chance. Now even the divers can't help."

"Fine," I said. "I've got to go."

I didn't feel like going to the maternity ward. I find the atmosphere in hospitals depressing. The rubber plants get me down.

I dropped by the office to see Marina. She said, "Oh, it's you. Sorry, I'm busy."



"How would you like to become my fine feathered friend?"

"Has something happened?"

"What could happen? There's a lot of work."

"What kind of work?"

"The jubilee and all that. After all, we're dull people. We don't write novels."

"Why are you in such a bad mood?"

"And why should I be in a good mood? You're always disappearing somewhere. One moment you're madly in love, then you're gone for a week, playing around."

"What do you mean, playing around? I was on assignment near Saaremaa. I'm all bitten up from the bedbugs in the hotel."

"Those aren't bedbug bites," Marina said, squinting suspiciously. "Those are from some woman. Some revolting little tart. What do they see in you, I wonder. Never any money, always with a hangover . . . I'm amazed you haven't caught some infection already."

"What can you catch from a bedbug?"

"If only you'd stop lying! Who was that tall, flighty redhead? I saw you from the bus this morning."

"That was no flighty redhead. That was the metaphysical poet Vladimir Erle. He's letting his hair grow."

Suddenly I realized that she was about to burst into tears. Marina always wept despondently, bitterly, with little yelps, holding nothing back—like an actress after a performance.

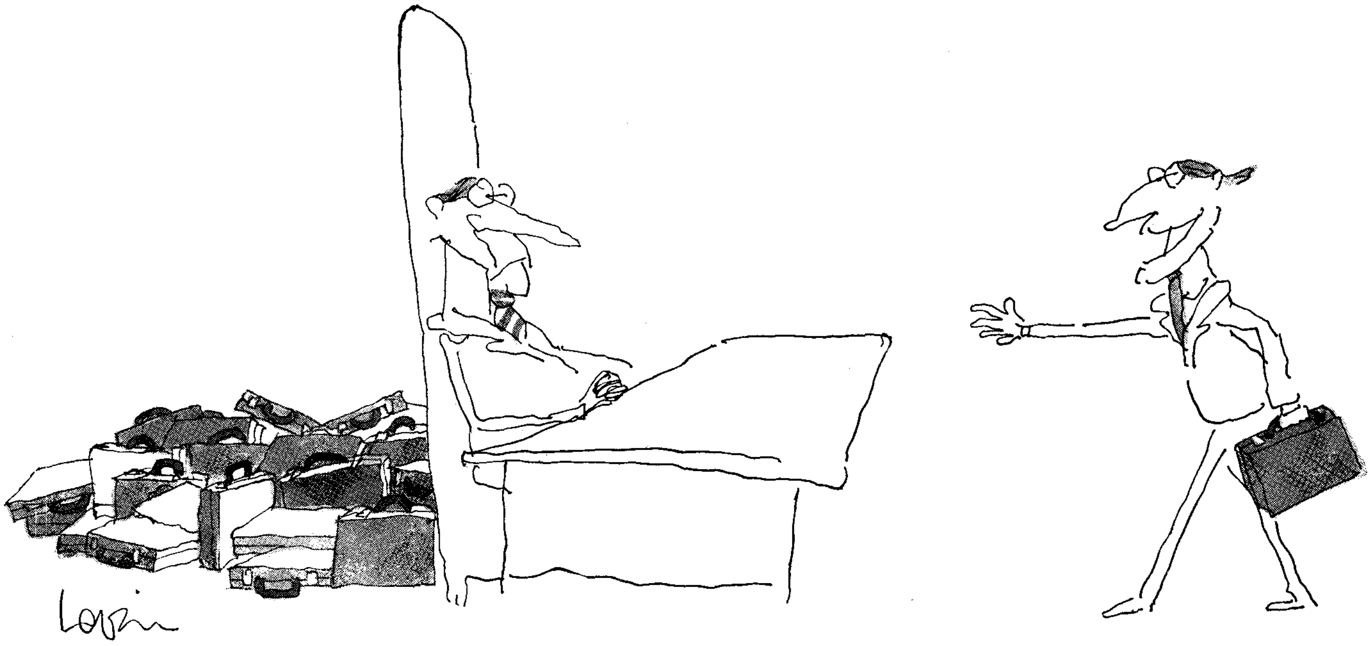
"I beg you, calm down. Everything will be all right. Everyone knows how attached I am to you."

Marina got out a tiny rose-colored handkerchief and wiped her eyes. She began to speak more calmly. "Can you be serious for a moment?"

"Of course."

"I'm not so sure. You're completely irresponsible, like a skylark. You have no address, or possessions, or ambitions. You have no deep attachments. I'm just a random stopping point in space. But I'm already pushing forty. I have to put my life in some kind of order."

"I'm also pushing forty. More exactly, I'm over thirty. And I don't know what that means, to put your life in order. You want to get married? But what will that change? What will that idiotic stamp give us? It's a horse brand.



While things are good, I'm here. When I get tired of them, I'll go. That's the way it will always be."

"I don't plan to get married. Anyway, what kind of husband would you make! It's just that I want to have a child. Otherwise it will be too late."

"So have a child. But think of what's in store for him."

"You always paint things in such dark colors. Millions of people live and work honestly. Anyway, how can I have a child alone?"

"Why alone? I'll . . . participate. And as for the material side of the question, you earn three times as much as I do. Which means, practically speaking, you don't need me to support you."

"I was talking about something else."

The telephone rang. Marina picked it up. "Yes? . . . Well, that's great. He's right here."

I waved my hands no.

Marina nodded understandingly. "I mean, he just left. . . . No, I have no idea. He's probably off drinking somewhere."

Well, I thought, the little bitch.

"Stekhanovsky is looking for you. He wants to pay you back some money you loaned him."

"What's wrong with him?"

"He got paid for his book."

" 'A Caravan to the Skies'?"

"Why 'Caravan'? The book is called 'To Be Continued.' "

"It's the same thing," I said. "Fine. I've got to go."

"Where are you off to? If it's no secret."

"Picture this—the maternity hospital."

I glanced at the tables heaped with newspapers, caught a smell of cigarette smoke and glue, and felt such a strong pang of boredom and bitterness that even the hospital didn't seem so bad.

Outside the door I realized that Marina had shouted out, "Well, get lost, you pitiful drunk!"

I GOT on a bus and headed for Karl Marx Street. In the bus, I fell asleep unexpectedly and woke up, after a minute, with a headache. Crossing the hall of the maternity hospital, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and turned away.

A woman in a white smock came toward me. "Unauthorized visitors are not permitted."

"How about authorized authors?" I asked.

The nurse froze in confusion. I held out my press pass and climbed to the second floor. A few women in shapeless white coats were smoking on the landing.

"Where can I find the doctor?"

"One flight up, across from the elevator."

Across from the elevator means that the doctor is a modest man. Across from the elevator it must be noisy—doors slamming.

I walked in. An Estonian of about sixty was standing in front of an open window doing exercises.

I can spot an Estonian right away, and I'm never wrong. Nothing raucous or flamboyant about them. Invariably, the tie and the crease in the pants. A rather poor line to the chin and a calm look in the eyes. Anyway, what Russian does exercises alone?

I held out my ID.

"Dr. Mikel Teppe. Please have a seat. How can I be of help?"

I told him what I was there for. The Doctor was not surprised. In general, no matter what the press comes up with, it's hard to surprise the average reader. He's used to everything.

"I don't think it should be difficult," Teppe said. "The clinic is enormous."

"Are you notified about every birth?"

"It can be arranged." He picked up the receiver, said something in Estonian, then turned to me. "Are you interested in the actual labor?"

"God forbid! All I want to do is write up the data, take a look at the baby, and talk with the father."

The Doctor made another call and once again said something in Estonian. Then he said to me, "There's a woman in labor right now. I'll check again in a few minutes. I'm sure everything will be all right. The mother is such a big, healthy blonde." The Doctor was getting carried away.

"And you yourself," I asked, "are you married?"

"Of course."

"Do you have any children?"

"One son."

"Do you ever wonder what's in store for him?"

"Why should I wonder? I know exactly what's in store for him. He's in for a strict-regime labor camp. I consulted a lawyer. They've already got from him a written promise that he won't leave town, which means they must be about to arrest him." Teppe spoke calmly and simply, as though we were talking about the most natural thing in the world.

I lowered my voice and asked in

a confidential tone, "The Soldatov case?"

"What?" the Doctor said, not understanding.

"Your son—did he take part in the Estonian Spring?"

"My son," Teppe said distinctly, "is a black marketeer and a drunk. And I can only stop worrying about him somewhat when he's locked up."

We were both silent.

"At one time I worked as a medic on the islands. Then I served in the Estonian Army corps. I was given a high position. I don't know what we did wrong. His mother and I are people with a positive outlook, while our son has a negative one."

"I wouldn't mind hearing his side of the story."

"It's impossible to listen to him. I say to him, 'Yura, why do you despise me? I've obtained everything I have through hard work. I haven't had an easy life. Now I have a high position. Why do you think they made me—a humble medic—a chief physician?' And he says, 'Because all your smart colleagues were shot.' As if I shot them."

The telephone rang.

"Speaking," Teppe said. "Excellent." Then he changed to Estonian. The conversation was about centimetres and kilograms.

"There we are," he told me. "A birth in the ninth ward. Four kilos two hundred grams and fifty-eight centimetres. Want to see it?"

"No, thanks. Babies all look the same."

"The mother's last name is Okas. Khilia Okas. Born 1946. Works as a regulator in the Punane factory. The father's is Magabcha."

"What does that mean—Magabcha?"

"That's his last name. He's from Ethiopia. He's studying at the Merchant Marine Academy."

"Black?"

"More like chocolate."

"Listen," I said, "this is interesting. We could play up internationalism. The friendship of nations. Are they married?"

"Of course. He writes her notes every day and signs them, 'Your carob bar.'"

"Can I use your telephone?"

"Help yourself."

I called the office. Turonok came to the phone.

"Yes? Turonok speaking."

"Henry Franzovich, a little boy has just been born."

"What? Who is this?"

"It's Dovlatov. From the maternity hospital. You gave me an assignment."

"Oh, yes. I remember."

"Well, a little boy has been born. Big, healthy. Fifty-eight centimetres. Four kilos two hundred grams. The father is Ethiopian . . ."

An uneasy silence.

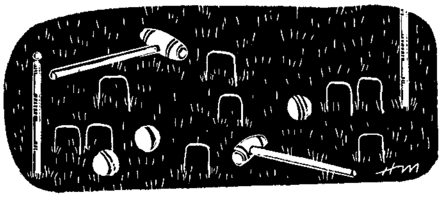
"I don't understand," Turonok said.

"An Ethiopian. He comes from Ethiopia. He's a student here," I said. "A Marxist," I added for some reason.

"Are you drunk?" Turonok asked sharply.

"How can you say that? I'm on assignment."

"On assignment. When did that ever stop you? Who vomited all over the Regional Party Headquarters last December?"



"Henry Franzovich, I can't tie up the line for long. A little boy has just been born. His father belongs to a friendly nation."

"You mean to say he's black?"

"More like chocolate."

"That is, a Negro?"

"Naturally."

"What is there natural about this?"

"Isn't an Ethiopian a human being?"

"Dovlatov," Turonok said, in a voice choked with torment, "Dovlatov, I'll fire you . . . for attempting to discredit the very best . . . Leave me in peace with your rotten Ethiopian! Wait for a normal—do you hear me?—normal human baby!"

"Fine," I said. "I was only asking."

The line went dead. Teppe looked at me with sympathy.

"It won't work," I told him.

A PAUSE BY THE WATER

After the days of walking   alone in mountains
between cities and after the nights   again under dripping trees
coming down I kept seeing   in my mind the ocean
though I knew it would not be   like anything I imagined

after hearing of the old man's   dying and after the burial
between rainy morning and rainy evening   the start of a cold summer
coming down the misted path alone   I kept finding
in my thought the ocean   though I told myself
step by step that it could never   be at all like that

warm simple and there   full of real day
blue and familiar   as far as the sky
breathing softly   beyond the pines and
the white unprinted   sand and I would
surely not be sailing   in that small boat
like the one I wanted   by a lake long ago

and it is true there is   this wind off the ocean
so that I shiver with   my collar up
standing on the splashed cement   of the seawall
and through the foggy field glasses   from before the war
I can make out several   channel markers leaning
and a brace of freighters   a tug with brown barges
the faint domes of gas tanks   on the distant shore

if I did not know where I was   I could be anywhere
with that one sail   crossing the lenses
heeled over so that I   can watch the gleam of the hull
white but for one black patch   recurring between waves
as it passes in the cold of my hands   while behind me
I feel the dusk   surfacing on the swimming pool
and from the far end the eyes   of the muffled couple
in deck chairs under the petals   of frosted glass

who have been coming here   every year for years
soon we will eat our fish   in the lighted room
and later they will show me   pictures of children

—W. S. MERWIN

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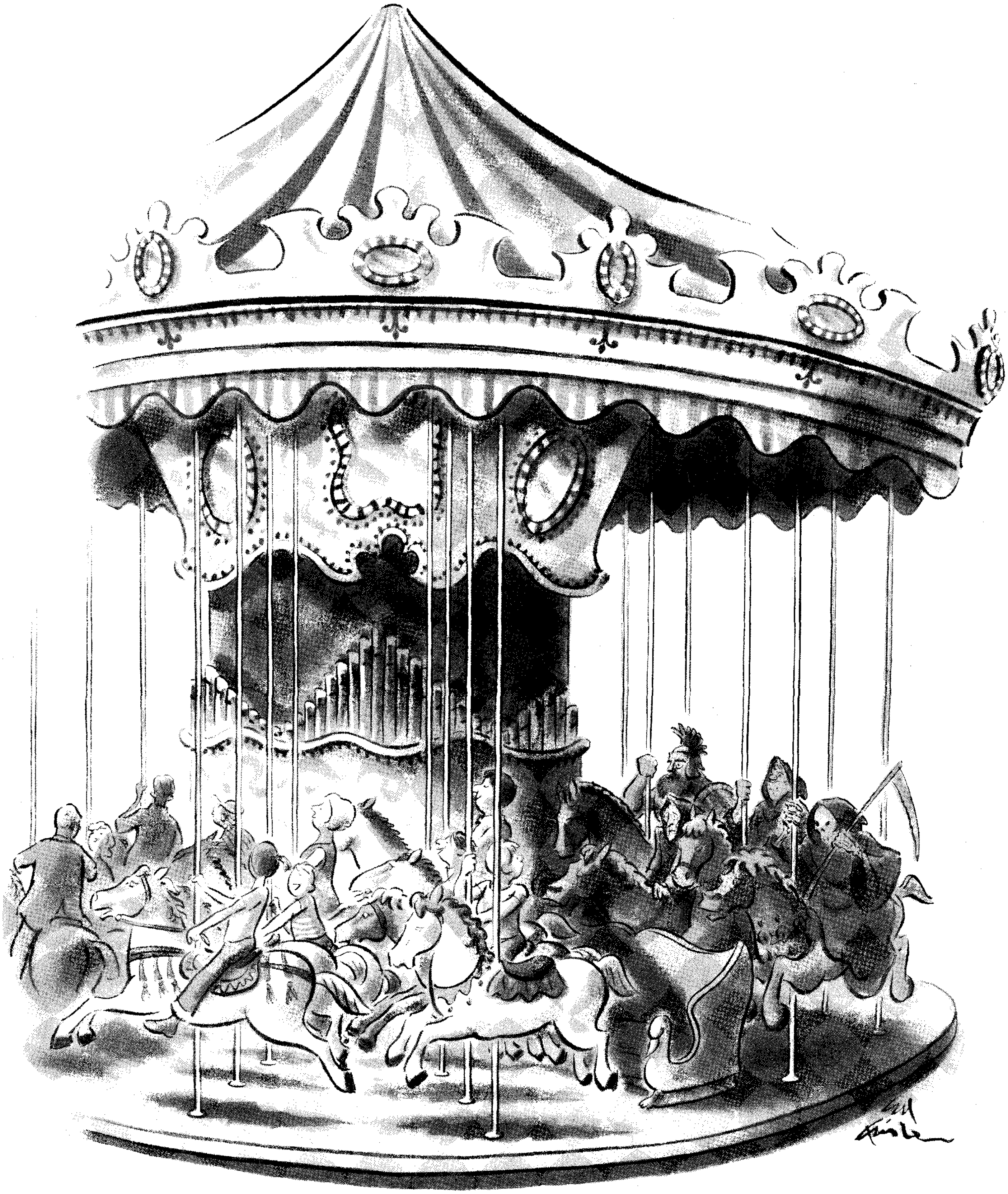

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"I had doubts right away, but I didn't want to say anything."

"Well, fine."

"Would you like some coffee?" He took a brown jar out of a cabinet. The telephone rang again. Teppe talked for a long time in Estonian. Obviously it had nothing to do with me.

I waited till he finished and then unexpectedly heard myself ask, "Could I use your cot to take a nap?"

"Of course," Teppe said without surprise. "Would you like to put my raincoat over you?"

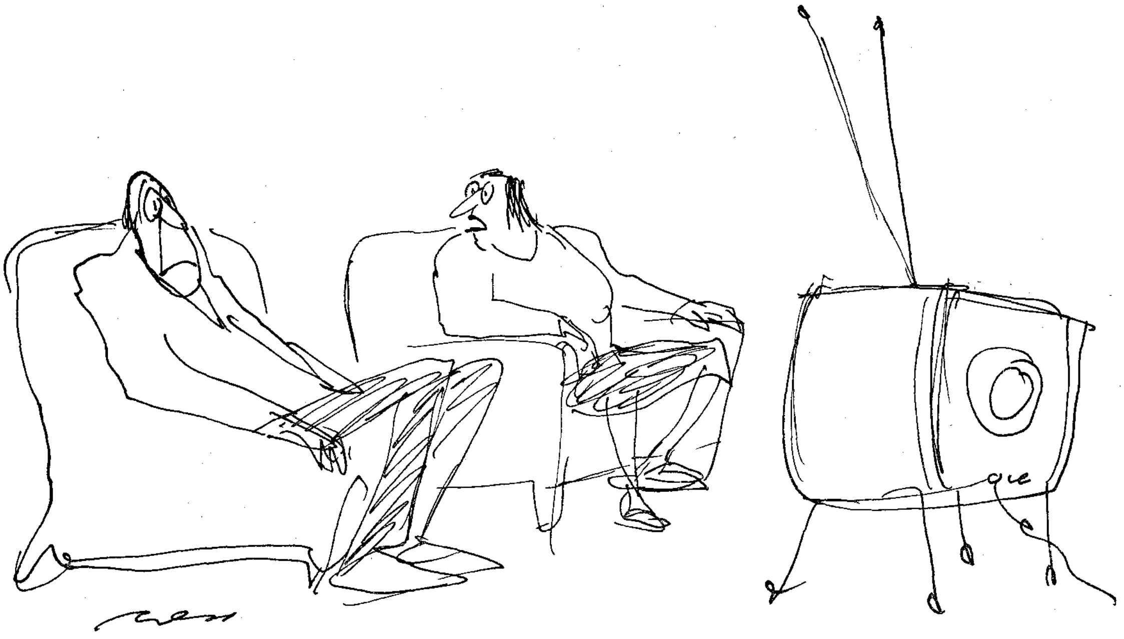
"This is all right."

Behind a screen I took off my shoes and stretched out on the cot. I had to concentrate. Otherwise the contours of reality might become hopelessly lost. Suddenly I saw myself from the outside, distracted and absurd. Who am I? What am I doing here? Why am I lying behind a screen waiting for God knows what? And how stupidly my life is going.

When I woke up, Teppe was standing over me.

"Excuse me, I'm sorry if I startled you, but a lady you know has just given birth."

Marina, I thought with a light flash of terror. (As everyone knows, fear can be felt in even slight degrees.) Then,



"Thirty-one years of television together. Surely that means something."

pushing this crazy thought aside, I asked, "What do you mean, a lady I know?"

"A journalist from *Youth* magazine. Rumiantseva."

"Ah, Lena, the wife of Borya Shtein. Of course, that's why I haven't seen her since May."

"She gave birth five minutes ago."

"This has possibilities. The editor will be happy. The father is a famous Tallinn poet. The mother is a journalist. Both are in the Party. Shtein will undoubtedly write a ballad for the occasion."

"Very glad for you."

I called Shtein. "Greetings," I said. "You're to be congratulated."

"It's still early for that. I get the answer on Wednesday."

"What answer?"

"About whether I'm going to Sweden or not. They tell me I have no experience travelling in capitalist countries. But how can I get experience if they won't let me out? Have you been to any capitalist countries?"

"No. I couldn't even get permission to go to a Socialist country. I applied to go to Bulgaria."

"But I've even been to Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia is practically capitalist."

"I'm calling from the clinic. Your son has just been born."

"Your mother!" Shtein shouted. "Your mother!"

Teppe handed me a scribbled sheet.

"Height," I said, "fifty-six, weight three kilos nine hundred grams. Lena feels fine."

"Your mother!" Shtein could not stop. "I'll be right there. I'll take a taxi."

Now I had to call the photographer.

"Call him, call him," Teppe said.

I called Zhbankov. His wife answered.

"Mikhail Vladimirovich is not well," she said.

"What—drunk?" I asked.

"Like a pig. Was it you who got him drunk?"

"Nothing of the sort. Anyway, I'm at work."

"Well, sorry."

I called Malkiel. "Come over and take a picture of a baby for the jubilee issue. Shtein has a new son. The pay is double, by the way."

"You want to write about that baby?"

"Why not?"

"Why not. Because Shtein is a Jew. And every Jew has to be submitted for approval. You're fantastically naïve."

"I wrote about Kaplan and didn't submit him for approval."

"Tell me more. Tell me how you wrote about Gliksman. Kaplan is a member of the Regional Party Bureau. He's been written up hundreds of times. Don't start comparing Kaplan with Shtein."

"I'm not comparing them. Shtein is much nicer."

"So much the worse for him."

"I get the point. Thanks for warning me."

I said to Teppe, "It seems that Shtein won't work, either."

"I had my doubts."

"Then who woke me up?" I asked.

"I woke you up. But I had doubts."

"So now what?"

"Very soon another woman will finish labor. She might have given birth already. I'll call right now."

"I'll just take a little walk outside."

CATS were prowling around the dreary hospital courtyard. The leafless poplars made harsh scraping sounds. A skinny, slouching boy in his teens passed by, rolling a serving cart with a coffee urn on it. His faded blue attendant's smock made him look like an old woman.

Shtein appeared from around the corner.

"Ah, congratulations," I said.

"Thanks, old man, thanks. I just dropped off a basket of food for Lenka. I'm in a fantastic mood. We should have a drink to celebrate."

Some drinking one can do with you, I thought. It has to end badly.

I didn't want to disappoint him. I didn't want to tell him that his baby was a reject. But Shtein already knew that something was up.

"You're writing an article about the jubilee?"

"I'm trying to."

"And you want to make my family famous?"

"The trouble is," I said, "we need a worker-peasant family. And you're intellectuals."

"Too bad. I already wrote some lines in the taxi. Here's how the poem ends:

In factories, in the deepest mines,
On planets strange and far,
I see four hundred thousand heroes,
And my firstborn, too, I see there!"

I said, "Why firstborn? You have a grown daughter."

"From my first marriage."

"Ah," I said, "then that's all right."

Shtein thought for a while and suddenly said, "This means that anti-Semitism really does exist, doesn't it?"

"Looks like it."

"How could it appear in our country? Here, in a country where it seems—"

I interrupted him. "In a country where the 'founding corpse' has still not been buried. A country whose very name is a lie."

"You think everything is a lie!"

"There are lies in my journalism and in your lousy poems! When did you ever see an Estonian in space?"

"That was a metaphor."

"A metaphor. There are dozens of euphemisms like that for lies."

"So you're the only honest man left. And who wrote that long article about the Baikal-Amur Main Line? Who praised that old police agent Timofeev?"

"I'm quitting this business. You'll see, I'll quit."

"Wait until then to criticize anyone else."

"Don't be angry."

"You've spoiled my mood. I'll see you."

TEPPE met me at the door.

"Kuzina in the sixth ward has just given birth. Here's the information. She herself is Estonian, a trolley-car driver. Her husband is a turner in a shipyard, Russian, Party member. The child is within all bounds of the norm."

"Thank God. I think this will work. I'd better call in just to make sure."

Turonok said, "Now, that's excellent. Arrange for the child to be called Lembit."

"Henry Franzovich," I begged, "who would call their child Lembit? It's so old-fashioned, you only see it in folklore—"

"Let them call it Lembit. What's the difference to them? Lembit has a good, manly, symbolic ring to it. In the jubilee issue it will catch everyone's eye."

"Could you call your own child Bova? Or Mikula?"

"Don't give me any of your demagoguery. You have an assignment. The material has to be ready by Wednesday. If they refuse to call it Lembit, promise them some money."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five rubles or so. I'll send a photographer. What's the newborn's last name?"

"Kuzin. Sixth ward."

"Lembit Kuzin. Sounds beautiful. Now get on with it."

I asked Teppe, "How can I find the father?"

"There he is. He's sitting down there on the lawn."

"HELLO," I said, "are you Kuzin?"

"I'm Kuzin, all right," he said, "but what good is it?"

Evidently Comrade Kuzin was in a philosophic mood.

"Allow me to congratulate you," I said. "Your baby turns out to be the four-hundred-thousandth inhabitant of our city. I am from the newspaper. I would like to write about your family."

"What is there to write about?"

"Well, about your life."

"What about it? We don't live badly. We work, like everyone else. We broaden our horizons. We use our leadership abilities."

"We should go somewhere to talk."

"You mean, have a drink?" Kuzin brightened. He was a tall man with a granite chin and childlike, innocent eyelashes. He got up from the lawn energetically and brushed off his knees.

We headed for the Kosmos and found a table by the window. The hall was still uncrowded.

"I've got eight rubles on me," Kuzin said, "plus a bottle of poison." He pulled a bottle of Cuban rum out of his briefcase and hid it behind the curtain. "Shall we start with three hundred grams apiece?"

"And beer," I said, "if it's cold."

We ordered three hundred grams of vodka, two salads, and a chopped-meat cutlet each.

"Would you care for a plate of smoked fish?" asked the waiter.

"Relax!" Kuzin said to him.

The hall was deserted. On a raised platform four musicians had taken their places—piano, guitar, bass, and drums. The oak music stands were decorated with tin lyres.

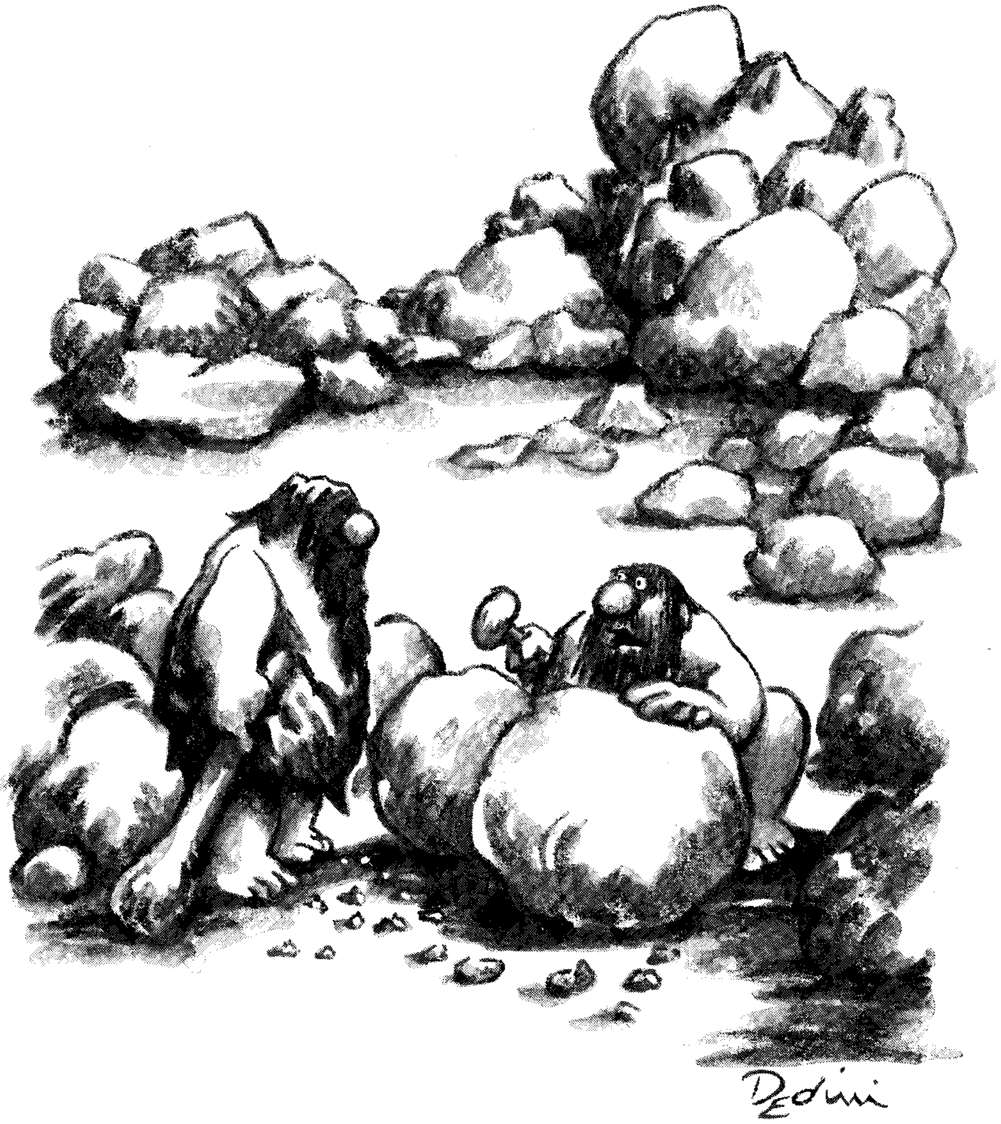
The guitarist furtively wiped his shoes with a handkerchief. Then he walked to the microphone and announced, "By the request of our friends, who have just returned from the resort town of Vasalemma . . ."

A significant pause.

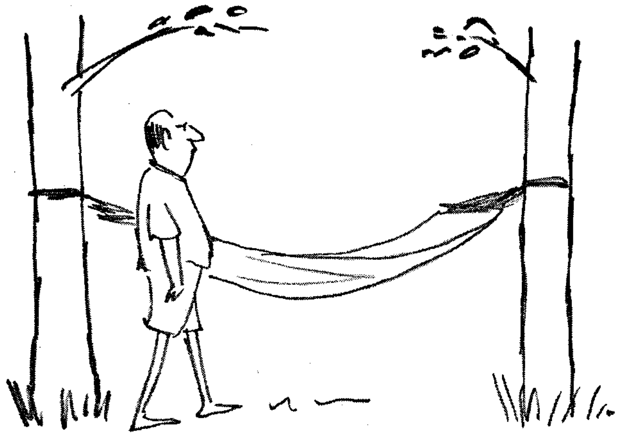
". . . we will now play the lyrical song 'Raindrops Are Falling on My Kisser.' "

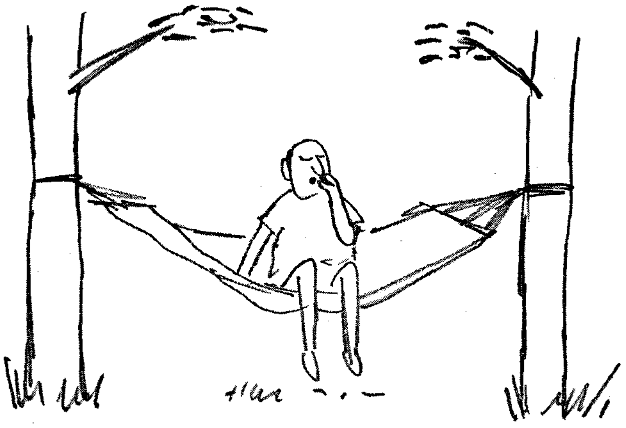
An unimaginable din began, heightened by the amplifier. The musicians shouted something unintelligible in chorus.

"Do you know what Vasalemma is?" Kuzin asked, amused. "It's the biggest prison-camp town in Estonia. Maximum-security prisons, transit sta-



"I'm into stone. There's a hell of a lot of it around."





tions, strict-regime camps . . . Well, let's have one!" He raised his glass.

"To you! To your son!"

"To our meeting! That it may not be our last!"

Two couples danced, aloof, between tables. The hall was filling up. More and more waiters in black-and-white outfits appeared, carrying trays of glasses and carafes and plates of food.

"Another round?"

We drank again.

Kuzin took a few quick bites of food and began to talk. "The way things went with us—it's pure theatre. I was working at the shipyard, living alone. Well, I met this woman, also alone. Not exactly bad-looking, and quiet. She started coming by, doing the laundry, ironing—that sort of thing. We got together around Easter. No, I'm wrong—around Ascension Day. Before that, what did I have after work? A vacuum. How much can you stuff yourself? We lived together about a year. How she happened to get pregnant I don't know. She used to lie there like a codfish. I'd say, 'You can't fall asleep?' And she'd say, 'No, I can hear everything.' 'Not much heat in you,' I'd say. And she'd say, 'There must be a light on in the kitchen.' 'Where'd you get that idea?' 'Listen how the meter's clicking.' 'You could take some lessons from it.' That's how we lived for a year."

Kuzin reached behind the curtain for the bottle of rum and tilted it invitingly. We drank again.

The guitarist straightened his jacket and shouted, "By the request of Tolia B., sitting by the door, we will now sing . . ."

A pause, while the volume became greater.

". . . we will now sing the lyrical song 'What's the Poison You Gave Me to Drink?' "

"Are you married yourself?" Kuzin asked with interest.

"I was."

"And now?"

"Now, it seems, no."

"Do you have any children?"

"Yes."

"Many?"

"Many. A daughter."

"Maybe you'll have some more?"

"I doubt it."

"Too bad for the kids. The kids aren't to blame. I call them Flowers of Life. Shall we have another?"

"I'm all for it."

"With beer."

"Naturally."

I knew that three more glasses and it would all be over. It's nice to drink early in the day with this thought in mind: Once you're drunk, the whole day is free.

"Listen," I said, "call your son Lembit."

"Why Lembit?" Kuzin was surprised. "We wanted Volodya. What on earth is that—Lembit?"

"Lembit is a name."

"What is Volodya—not a name?"

"Lembit is from folklore."

"What's that—folklore?"

"The art of the people."

"What does the art of the people have to do with it? My own private son I want to call Volodya. What he'll be called later is another problem. For example, I was named Grisha, and what happened? Who did I grow up to be? Guzzler. That's what they should have called me in the first place. Bottoms up."

We now drank without bothering to eat anything.

"We could call him Volodya," Kuzin proposed, "and get God knows what. Of course, much depends on upbringing—"

"Listen," I said, "call him Lembit temporarily. Our editor has promised to lay out some dough, and then next month you can change the name when you register him."

"How much?" Kuzin was interested.

"Twenty-five rubles."

"That's two half bottles and some snacks. In a bar, of course."

"At least. Wait here, I'll call."

I went downstairs, found a pay telephone, and called the office. The editor happened to be right there.

"Henry Franzovich! Everything is O.K.! The papa is Russian, the mother is Estonian. Both work at a shipyard."

"Your voice sounds funny," Turonok said.

"It's the pay phone. Henry Franzovich, send Hubert over right away with the money."

"What money? What are you talking about?"

"The bait. So that they name the baby Lembit. The father has agreed to twenty-five rubles. Otherwise he says he'll call it Adolf."

"Dovlatov, you're drunk!" Turonok said.

"Nothing of the kind."

"All right, let's settle it. The material has to be ready by Wednesday. Hubert will leave in five minutes. Wait for him at Town Hall Square. He'll give you the key."

"The key?"

"Yes. The symbolic key. The key of happiness. Present it to the father with the proper ceremony. The key cost three-eighty. I'm deducting it from the twenty-five rubles."

"That's dishonest," I said.

The editor hung up.

I went back upstairs. Kuzin was napping, his head on the tablecloth. Under his cheek a bread dish stuck up sideways.

I shook Kuzin by the shoulder.

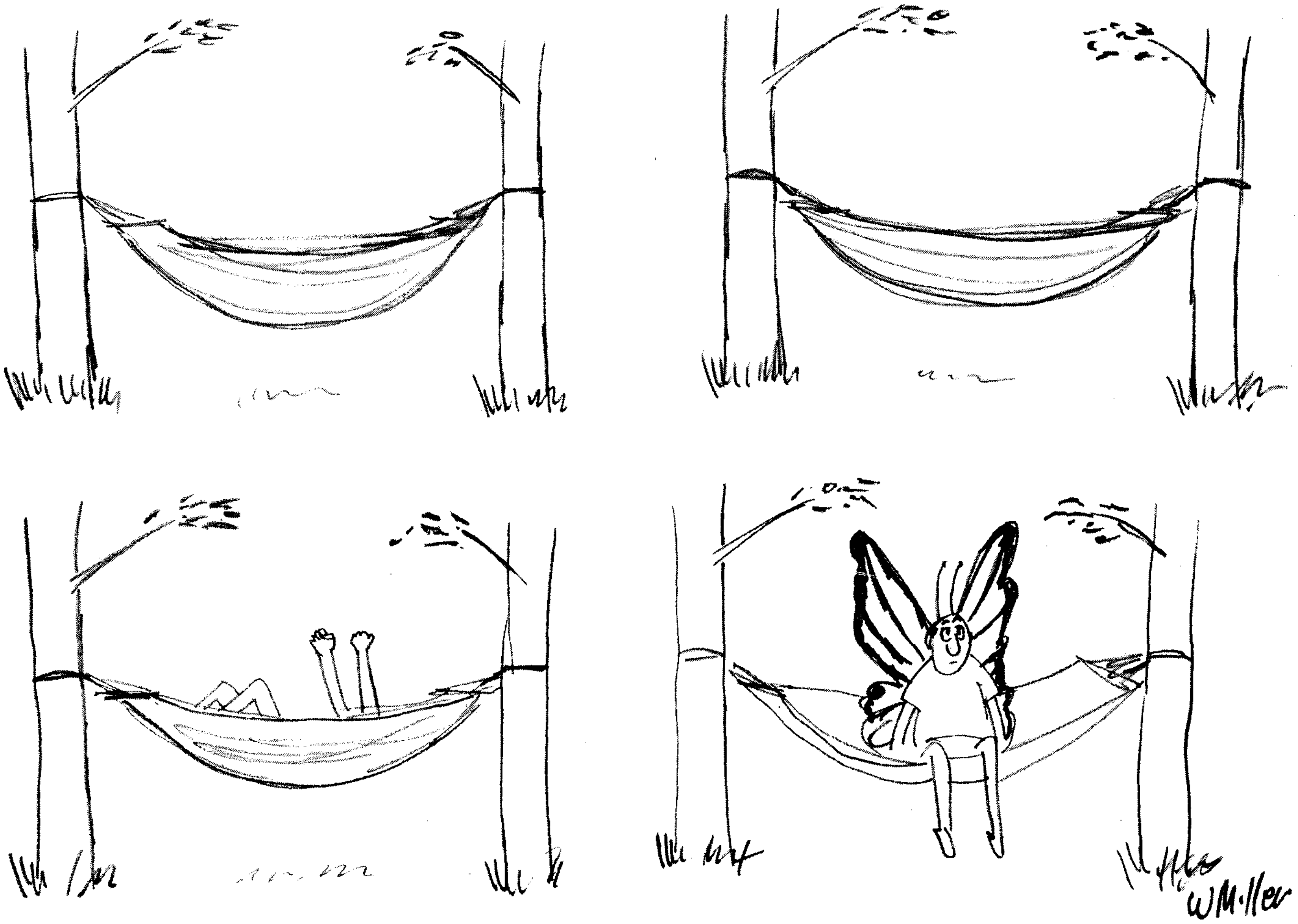
"Allo," I said, "wake up! Hubert's waiting for us."

"What?" he said, startled. "Hubert? You said Lembit."

"Lembit is something else. Lembit is your son. Temporarily."

"Yes, I've had a son."

"His name is Lembit."



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"First Lembit, then Volodya."

"And Hubert is bringing us the money."

"I've got money," Kuzin said. "Eight rubles."

"We have to pay. Where's the waiter?"

"Allo! Smoked fish, where are you?" Kuzin yelled.

The waiter appeared with a dreary expression on his face. "One plate has been broken," he announced.

"Aha," said Kuzin, "that was me hitting my head on the table—bang!" Sheepishly he took some bits of broken crockery out of his jacket pocket.

"And one toilet stall is a mess," the waiter added. "You should have aimed more carefully."

"Get the hell out of here!" Kuzin shouted suddenly. "Do you hear? Or I'll polish your bald spot!"

"I don't advise you to try it while I'm carrying out my duties. You might find yourself in jail."

I slipped some money into his hand. "Excuse us," I said. "My friend here has just had a son. He's a little upset."

"If you have to drink so much, at least conduct yourselves decently," the waiter said, backing off.

We paid and walked out. It was raining. Hubert's car was parked near the Town Hall. He signalled and opened the door. We climbed in.

"Here's the money," Hubert said. "The boss is worried that you might start drinking."

I took some bills and change from him in the dark.

Hubert held out a heavy box.

"And what is this?"

"Something he picked up in Pskov."

I opened the box. Inside was an electroplated key the size of a small balalaika.

"Ah," I said, "the key of happiness!"

I opened the door and threw the key into a trash can. Then I said to Hubert, "Let's go have a drink."

"I'm driving."

"Leave the car and we'll all go."

"I have to take the boss home."

"He can get home himself, the fat slob."

"Look, they promised me an apartment. If it weren't for that—"

"Live with me," Kuzin said, "and I'll send my woman to the country. To Usokhi, near Pskov. They haven't seen margarine there since summer."

"I've got to go," Hubert said.

We went out into the rain again. The windows of the Astoria Restaurant shone invitingly. A street lamp picked out from the darkness a multicolored puddle by the door.

Is it worth going into what happened next? How my companion climbed onto the stage and yelled, "They've sold out Russia"? And hit the doorman so hard that his cap rolled into the closet? And how we were taken to the police station? And how they let us go, thanks to my press pass? And how I lost my note pad with all my notes? And how I then lost Kuzin himself?

I woke up in Marina's room in the middle of the night. A pale light filled the room. The ticking of the alarm clock was unbearably loud. I smelled ammonia and damp clothes.

I touched a swelling scratch on my temple.

Marina sat next to me, sad and a little drawn. She was stroking my hair softly. She kept stroking and saying, "Poor boy . . . poor boy . . . poor boy . . ."

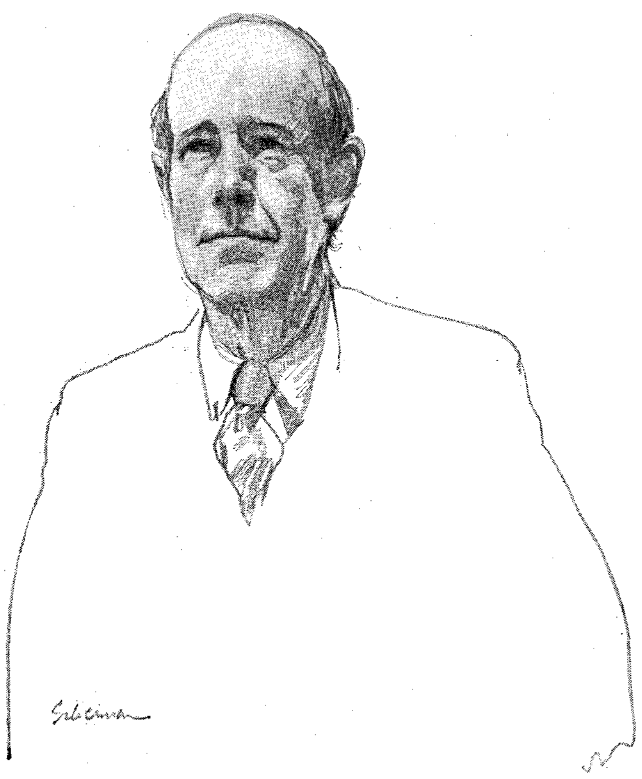
Who's she talking to, I thought. Who's she talking to?

—SERGEI DOVLATOV

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Anne Frydman.*)

PROFILES

EYE OF THE STORM—II



David Dunlop Newsom

THE enormously complicated effort to free the Americans held captive in Iran since November, 1979, which reached a painful climax with the aborted commando raid late in April, not only has been a highly frustrating experience for the many American officials engaged in the protracted diplomatic negotiations but the longer the crisis has lasted the more dramatically it has affected the internal politics and the external relations of both the United States and Iran. In the light of election-year politics here and of the upheaval created by the year-and-a-half-old Iranian revolution, the roles and reputations of President Jimmy Carter and President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr have become important elements in themselves. In the opinion of those who directed the April raid, the chaotic conditions in Iran and the intractable attitudes of Iranian officials—particularly of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, the remote, messianic figure who is the spiritual fountainhead of the revolution—threatened to bring about the political disintegration of Iran and guarantee its domination by the Soviet Union, which made it urgent to try to extricate the hostages by force. While this opinion was not shared by Secretary of State Cyrus R. Vance and others in the State Department, Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's national-security adviser, was especially worried about the Russian threat, feeling that the long-term consequences of any Soviet influence in Iran, direct or indirect, would ultimately destroy the balance of forces in the Persian Gulf region. Those who disagreed with this believed that if the raid had been successful, the Iranians might have become angry enough to move further toward an accommodation with the Russians, despite the Soviet invasion of neighboring Afghanistan, to the east; but Brzezinski and others believed that, beyond the overriding national desire to free the hostages, it was important to resolve the crisis—by force, if necessary—so that the United States could at least try to establish some sort of new working relationship with Iran and help avert a civil war there or a conflict between Iran and its western neighbor, Iraq—either of which would serve the interests of the Russians, who border Iran on the north. Additional factors determined the timing of the raid, including climatic ones; the Pentagon noted that temperatures in the Iranian desert were rising and the Iranian nights were getting shorter—conditions that would soon make helicopter operations difficult and would intensify the risk of detection. Politically, Carter had at first gained the support of the vast majority of Americans for his policy of patience and restraint in dealing with the hostage problem, but by mid-March he was facing rising criticism from his Republican opponents, Ronald Reagan and George Bush; from his Democratic opponent, Senator Edward Kennedy; from the press and growing portions of the public, including the families of the hostages, who felt that the country was being dishonored and euchred by the Iranians. Carter's decision to go ahead with the raid—which led to the resignation of Secretary Vance—is said to have been the most difficult one of the President's Administration and reflected his own deep anguish over the problem. Some of the critics felt that any raid, if it was to be attempted at all, should have been carried out much sooner, and that once Carter had chosen the path of quiet diplomacy, he should have continued to follow that course, taking successive peaceful steps to put pressure on Iran. On April 7th, two and a half weeks before the commando attack was mounted, Carter formally broke diplomatic relations with Iran, and ten days later he announced a ban on all exports to Iran, along with steps to seize more than eight billion dollars' worth of previously frozen Iranian assets in the United States and in American banks abroad for payment of claims against the new revolutionary regime. It was unlikely, as Carter realized, that these mostly symbolic moves would in themselves hasten the release of the hostages—if anything, such economic reprisals promised to make the Iranians more obdurate—but by this time the President was in the position of being damned if he did take stronger measures and damned if he didn't. Publicly, he had all along avoided the use of military force, but in mid-April he went as far as to say that "the only next step available" was "some sort of military action," which was believed to mean a naval blockade or the mining of Iranian harbors. Actually, having privately made up his mind to go ahead with the raid, he had informed the National Security Council of his decision on April 11th, while Secretary Vance was on a four-day vacation in Florida. Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher, who attended the N.S.C. meeting in Vance's place, was aware that the Secretary was one of the few key figures in the Administration who knew about the proposed mission. Christopher did not wish to telephone Vance on an open line about the President's decision, but he made sure that the Secretary, upon his return, would be given the opportunity to register his opposition. Vance got back to Washington on the fourteenth, and the next day, at a private meeting with Carter, he set forth his objections to the raid strenuously, pointing out that even if it succeeded it would be at the risk of the safety of approximately two hundred other Americans still living in Iran, who might also be seized as hostages. Vance also felt that the raid would jeopardize our tenuous relations in the Persian Gulf area as well as our relations with our allies. The following day, Carter called another meeting of the N.S.C., at which Vance expressed his objections, but the other members of the Council, including Brzezinski, knew that Carter had already made his decision, and Vance was simply listened to politely. On the seventeenth, Vance told Carter that, even if the raid succeeded, he would resign. During the following week, the White House sent out a number of conflicting signals, designed to confuse the Iranians and the world at large by making the imminent use of force appear less likely. This happened just as the European Economic Community was voting to support partial sanctions against the Iranians and to institute full sanctions by mid-May unless "decisive progress" was made on the hostage issue. The allies took these steps in an effort to buy more time and to preclude any use of force, which they, too, believed would endanger the larger situation in the Persian Gulf area and pose the threat of a major war there, perhaps further involving the Soviet Union, with which they wanted to maintain some aspects of détente, notwithstanding the invasion of Afghanistan. When the raid occurred, they were dismayed and disturbed, but they rallied behind Carter and agreed to press ahead with their economic restrictions, although they eventually watered them down to include only transactions entered into after the fourth of November. Behind the scenes, they encouraged new diplomatic approaches to the Iranians, but it seemed doubtful, in the light of the raid and the mixed anger and bravado it had provoked in Iran, whether these fresh efforts would soon come anything like as close to producing a solution to the crisis as had some efforts that were made in the period between late February and early April.

Vance's concern for the views of our allies and his opposition to the raid were supported by his principal assistants, among them the Under-Secretary for Political Affairs, David Dunlop Newsom, who, as the highest-ranking Foreign Service officer, is in effect the chief of staff of the Department of State. Working closely with Vance and Christopher, Newsom had for weeks been in touch with the allies in Europe and with Japan, whose support was sought for the continuing American effort to find a peaceful way out of the crisis. Like Vance and others in the Department, Newsom had consistently opposed any use of force. Although Vance, when he resigned, confined himself to the sole issue of principle, it was no secret in Washington that he and Brzezinski had had important philosophical, strategic, and tactical differences over the subject of how to deal with the Russians. In a luncheon conversation I had with Brzezinski the day the news of the raid's failure was disclosed, he told me that he and Vance, whose resignation had not yet been announced, although Brzezinski knew about it, had agreed on ninety per cent of foreign-policy matters, the remaining ten per cent being the policy of détente with the Soviet Union. Brzezinski defined his position succinctly: "I feel that we need reciprocity and restraint from the Russians, and that we have to be assertive in insisting on that, and be punitive if necessary." Vance, while he did not disagree with this broad maxim, had all along disapproved of Brzezinski's confrontational approach to Moscow, which, over and above détente as such, in fact affected a wide range of complicated matters, reaching from the Caribbean to Africa, the Middle East, Southwest Asia, and the Far East. Moreover, Vance's views on détente and the advisability of resuming arms negotiations with the Soviet Union while taking note of the European allies' desire to preserve good relations with the Russians were more generally sanguine than Brzezinski's, which were, in essence, to stand firm and refuse to deal with Moscow on any specific political issues until the Soviet troops were withdrawn from

"Thank you, Paine Webber."

"I'll tell you why these kids are better off than our generation. They're not value-ridden."

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Afghanistan. While Vance and Brzezinski had accommodated each other for a long time and got along well enough personally, their diplomatic styles were altogether different, and in the course of time this aggravated the important policy differences that arose between them, notably on Iran and, ultimately, over the issue of the raid. There were many in Washington who thought even before the raid that, in view of Brzezinski's apparent ascendancy in the formulation of foreign policy, and despite Vance's ability to have Carter's ear whenever he wanted to, the Secretary's resignation prior to the election was inevitable. (He had earlier said that he would quit after the election whether Carter won or lost, because running the State Department was too demanding and tiring a job.)

In Iran, the leading politicians were having problems of a different kind. The efforts of Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, the Foreign Minister, and President Bani-Sadr, both of whom had originally opposed the seizure of the hostages and were eager to get them released so that they could move on to more important matters in the domestic sphere, were being hamstrung by the rigidly conservative Islamic members of Iran's Revolutionary Council; by the student militants, who from time to time threatened to kill the hostages if the United States took any military action against Iran; and, above all, by Khomeini and his small, tight entourage, sometimes described among critical Iranians as "the bureau." Whenever the chips were down and a resolution, or partial resolution, of the crisis seemed possible, Khomeini had refused to budge from his virulent anti-American position and had come out on the side of the militants and of Bani-Sadr's conservative Islamic enemies. The most recent example of Khomeini's stubborn, uncompromising behavior was his refusal early in April to approve transfer of control of the hostages, as tentatively approved by Bani-Sadr and Ghotbzadeh, from the militants to the Revolutionary Council, which itself had at first approved the action but then had been unable to reach a decision after a heated second meeting. Even the militants had tentatively agreed to it, but when Khomeini ruled against it, because the Council lacked unanimity, the transfer deal fell through. Khomeini thereupon repeated what he had said earlier—that the not yet fully elected Iranian parliament would have to decide on the fate of the hostages. The second half of the election took place on May 9th, but there was no guarantee that the parliament, dominated by the Islamic Republican Party, which opposes Bani-Sadr, would back down from what has all along been the demand of the Iranians that the deposed Shah, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, be returned to face trial or that, at least, the billions of dollars he is alleged to have stolen be returned to the revolutionary government. The Shah is now in Egypt, convalescing after his second serious operation within five months, and the Egyptians have no intention of turning him over to the Iranians—with whom they have no formal relations. The attitude of the Iranian parliament is not likely to be any more ameliorative as a result of the failed raid and of Carter's having tightened the economic screws on the country. Whether Carter, notwithstanding strong objections by Vance, should have economically done more sooner and cut off shipments of food and medicines, which he exempted from the initial embargo, is a question that is bound to be debated, along with the decision on the raid, as the American election draws closer. Had he done so, the raid might not have taken place when it did. He might have waited until fall, when the weather would again have been favorable, and by then the renewed diplomatic efforts now under way might have been successful enough to obviate the commando attempt.

The pros and cons of the raid have already become the source of much argument. In Washington, even more than elsewhere, the question that everyone was asking on April 25th, when the failure of the attempt was announced and its details were first disclosed, was "Why now?" Although it was necessary to keep the raid secret, even from the allied leaders, the fact remains that, under pressure from the United States, they had just agreed to sanctions in the belief that force would not be used, and in this sense they were deceived by Carter and the State Department. The cat-and-mouse game played by the White House in an effort to confuse the American public and the Iranians was one thing, but it was something else to exert our diplomatic influence on our allies to further the pretense that we were willing to remain patient and apply continued economic pressure in the interests of a peaceful solution when in reality we

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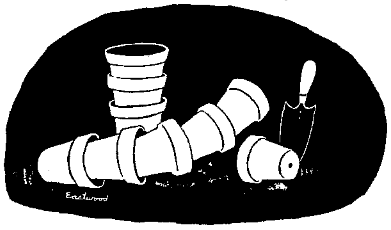
were secretly mounting an armed attack dangerous to all concerned. Our friends abroad had come to feel, as many in this country also had, that while we had every reason to be deeply disturbed about the holding of the hostages against all accepted principles of international law, we had become obsessed by the issue and allowed it to obscure larger common purposes, including the maintenance of peace in the Persian Gulf region. The critics maintained that those purposes might have been better served by simply forgetting about the prisoners, at least publicly, for a time—until the Iranians had sorted out themselves and their untidy revolution and achieved some degree of stability. Despite their awful ordeal, the hostages did not appear to be in any imminent danger, but by constantly attacking the Iranians for holding them so long we simply stoked the revolutionary fires in Iran and further stimulated anti-American passions among the Islamic zealots. Quiet diplomacy, the critics said, would have been likely to achieve more than making a fuss about the hostages and turning the whole affair into a carnival of despair. As a former journalist, Newsom, who played a leading role in the diplomatic efforts to free the captive Americans, was sympathetic toward the press, but he and others at the State Department regretted the tremendous attention paid to the hostages, since it interfered with the secret negotiations in their behalf; constant telecasts of what was happening in Iran, he felt, offered the militants holding the hostages a perfect platform from which to expound and demonstrate their hatred of the Shah and of the alleged duplicity of America, called by Khomeini "the great Satan." Some thoughtful historians remembered the Pueblo, the American intelligence ship that was seized by the North Koreans in 1968, and—while admitting that the two cases were not altogether comparable, since North Korea was a tightly controlled Communist country, with which it was impossible to negotiate through intermediaries—pointed out that President Johnson's patient low-key approach led to the freeing of its crew of eighty-two after eleven months through a succession of tortuous face-saving devices: The crew members, under duress, signed confessions, which they later repudiated; the American government simultaneously signed a statement of apology prepared by the North Koreans, and then immediately disavowed it, having told the North Koreans in advance that it would do so. A number of American and foreign observers felt that an earlier, carefully crafted admission of our powerful role in supporting the Shah for so many years and condoning some of his excesses might have mollified the Iranians and, even though their demand for the Shah's extradition was not met, would have created a better atmosphere for diplomacy to work out a resolution of the crisis. Instead, the raid was undertaken, and when the details were revealed it became clear that if the assault had been fully carried out, and not aborted in the Iranian desert, scores of Iranians might have been injured, or even killed. According to the extremely complicated plan, helicopters were to carry ninety troops the first night to the rendezvous point, outside Teheran, which had been reconnoitred by undercover agents, both American and Iranian. Even if this move had been undetected, the possible use of fighter planes and heavy aerial and ground weaponry to support the commandos if they ran into trouble during the attack on the Embassy the following night, when the troops were to proceed in buses and trucks to the Embassy grounds, would almost surely have caused casualties to numbers of Iranians and might have caused the death of some of the hostages as well. For the commandos to have been able to avoid detection throughout and complete their bold assignment, and then get the freed Americans safely out of the city by helicopters to an airstrip where transport planes were waiting, would have required a vast amount of luck. There was speculation afterward that some Iranian officials had been tipped off to the raid in advance, but the Americans denied this.

Once the raid had failed, the militants announced that the hostages would be dispersed to as many as a dozen cities in Iran. It remains unclear just how many have been dispersed, but in addition to probably reducing the hostages' safety, this would compound the difficulty of negotiating their collective transfer to the custody of the Iranian government as a first step in arranging their freedom. In fact, any fresh diplomatic moves appeared to have been stymied in the immediate weeks following the foiled raid. Now resumed, however, such moves are bound to follow the pattern of earlier almost successful efforts. From the outset, aside from the mutually suspicious American and Iranian officials, the negotiations over the hostages involved a host of other world figures, including Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim of the United Nations and an independent five-man commission of inquiry he appointed to consider Iran's grievances and to visit the prisoners, plus more than a score of other diplomats and private individuals. Foremost among these last were a pair of Paris lawyers representing Iranian interests, who were especially active in getting the U.N. commission to go to Iran late in February and then in trying to arrange the hostages' transfer to the Revolutionary Council in April. Over the past eight months, this unique diplomatic drama, in which the State Department and the White House played key directing roles, was essentially a shadow play; those behind the scenes were as important as the visible figures, and the performance required much offstage maneuvering; indeed, what took place there was often in direct contrast to what appeared to be happening onstage. There the actors providing the dialogue were forced to keep their true purposes and motivations obscure; the script could well have been written by Pirandello. Even if the hostages are eventually released safely, their long ordeal is likely to leave psychological scars on most of them and on members of their families and lesser marks on the professional diplomats who have striven over so many nerve-racking months to arrange their freedom.

A prominent member of the Department's group of Middle East experts, Newsom, at sixty-two, is an undemonstrative veteran of the Foreign Service whose actions and attitudes typify the patient approach that the Administration maintained until the raid was attempted—and to which it must now revert. As one of the diplomats who have been at the center of the complex affair since it began, he was deeply engaged at first in elaborate attempts to persuade the Iranians to forgo their rigidity and forswear their rejection of all internationally accepted diplomatic rules and principles in seizing the hostages. Then, as the senior director of a swiftly assembled Iranian task force at the State Department, he was involved in the tricky evolution of a scenario that required compromises on the part of the Americans over such matters as the appointment and scope of the Waldheim commission, the proposed timing of the hostages' release from the Embassy, and their subsequent evacuation from Teheran.

BEFORE and during all these activities, Newsom was concerned with the Shah's arrival for medical treatment in New York last October 22nd; with his departure, after a brief stay in Texas, for Panama on December 15th; and, subsequently, with efforts to get him to change his mind and stay in Panama instead of going back, on March 23rd, to Egypt, which had been his first haven when he left Iran. The Shah's coming to America was what prompted the capture of the Embassy by the student militants, who demanded that he be returned to Iran for trial and possible execution and that he restore the assets they accused him of stealing. The whole question of the United States' deep, long-term involvement in Iranian affairs, for which the Iranians have all along sought an official American mea culpa, was one more highly delicate matter that Newsom and his associates had to juggle, especially before and during the period—seventeen days in February and March—when the United Nations commission went to Iran to investigate the Shah's repressive acts and the supporting role of the Americans. On the day of the commission's arrival, Ayatollah Khomeini deflated the Americans' expectations of an early release of the hostages by announcing that the as yet nonexistent parliament would have to vote its approval of such a step.

In dealing with the Iranians' grievances, Newsom and other officials in the State Department and the White House—including, in addition to President Carter, Hamilton Jordan, his chief of staff—had to confront not only Khomeini and the militant students but also a mixed group of religious and secular Iranians in, or close to, the government who were in fluctuating positions of power or influence. Moreover, because of Khomeini's order, a week after the seizure of the hostages, that none of the principal Iranian actors in the bizarre drama were to be approached directly by American officials, whom they refused even to acknowledge, Newsom and the Department had to seek out foreign diplomats and influential political leaders, academicians, and lawyers here and abroad—in fact, anyone from whatever walk of life who could make contact with the Iranians—in the hope of working out a compromise whereby the hostages would eventually be freed once Iran had been enabled to air its grievances in some sort of neutral forum. Many of the oblique efforts that Newsom and his associates made produced no results, but some of the individuals they consulted did help create a favorable climate and provided useful suggestions that over the weeks produced the framework for what seemed a possible solution, and their contributions may still prove valid in the weeks ahead. One of these individuals was Sadiq al-Mahdi, a forty-three-year-old former Prime Minister of the Sudan, who visited Teheran early in January, and who, on the basis of talks he had with Khomeini and other Iranians, offered valuable insight into the way they were regarding the problem of the hostages with respect to their complaints against the United States. Sadiq explained that any solution would have to be worked out on a step-by-step basis, and not according to a fully agreed-upon plan, subject to the ill and aged Khomeini and the militant captors of the hostages rendering their approval or disapproval of each successive step. Another man, one of a number of American scholars whom the Department consulted, was on good terms with several of Iran's revolutionary leaders, and, after making one trip to Iran himself, spoke almost daily to them on the telephone, obtaining what Newsom described as "highly useful guidance" about what the Iranians were thinking.



As for the part that the United Nations played in the crisis, a formula very similar to the one that emerged in the new year as a potentially useful means of unravelling the difficulties had been projected back in the third week of November by Waldheim and the Americans, on one side, and Bani-Sadr, then Foreign Minister, on the other. It was not until Bani-Sadr—whose desire to bring about the early release of the hostages caused him to lose his job as Foreign Minister to Ghotbzadeh—was elected President of the Islamic Republic of Iran, on January 25th, that the plan, which had been revamped, was ultimately adopted, with the help of a new set of intermediaries. The vagaries of Iranian politics, obscure and arcane as they often seemed, were not alone responsible for the failure to resolve the crisis, although, as it continued, the multilayered clerical and secular rivalries within the Iranian establishment did increasingly become handicaps. The inability of the Americans to comprehend the realities, or unrealities, of the new Iranian revolution was another inhibiting factor. It was not until the Iranians, in January, showed some willingness to negotiate, and the Carter Administration backed away from its demand that the hostages be released before, and not after, the commission of inquiry went to Iran, that a breakthrough even appeared possible. It was at this point, the critics felt, that Carter should have removed himself from responsibility for obligations to the Shah,

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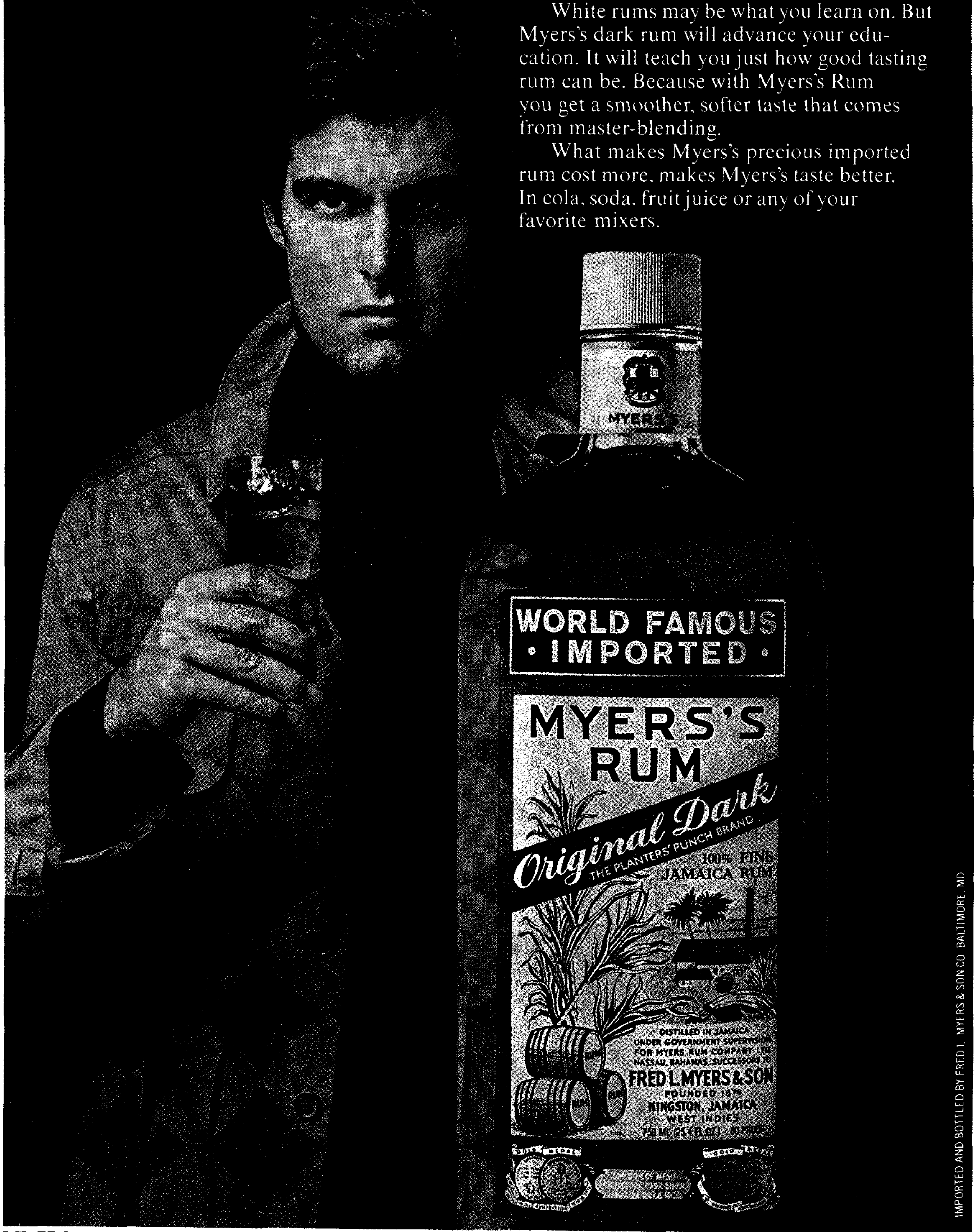
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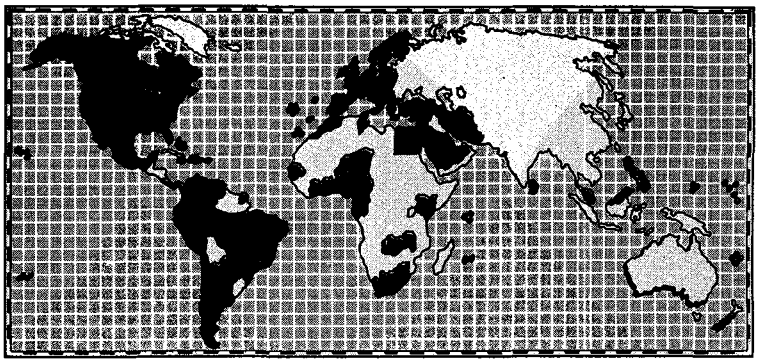

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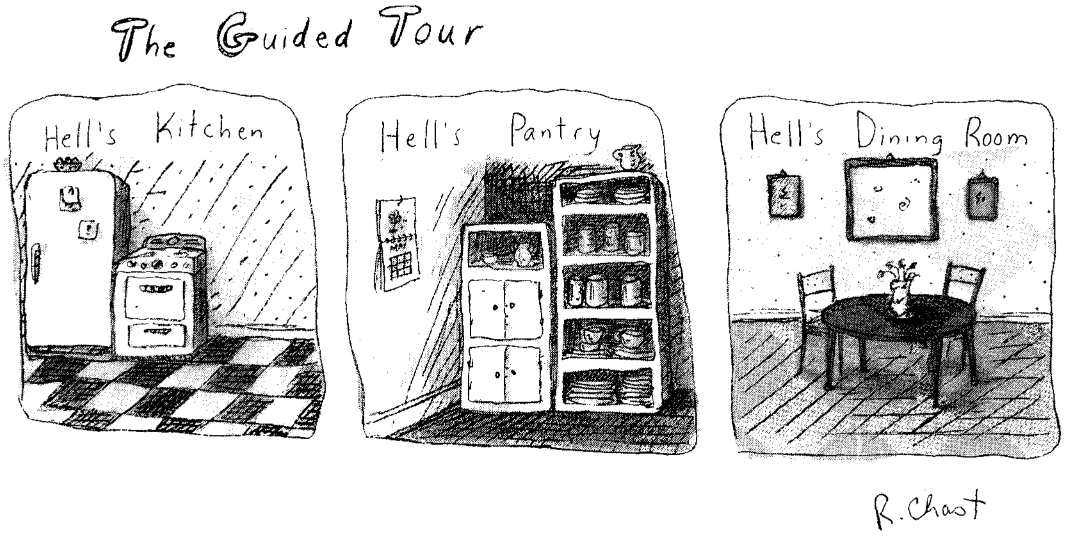
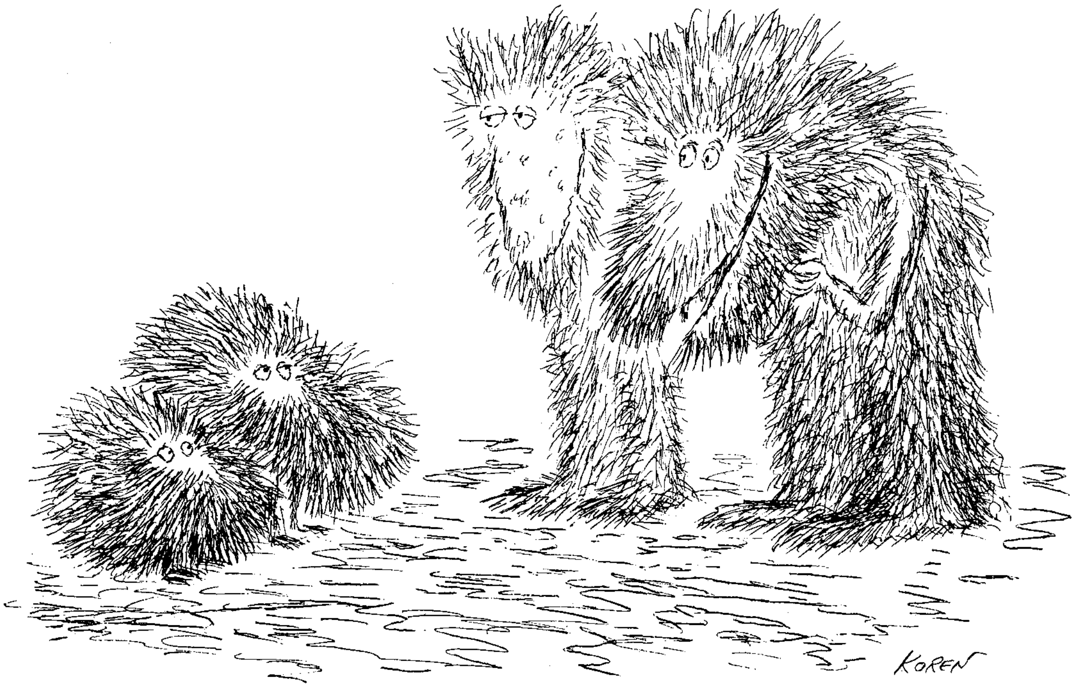
and, in order to defuse the situation, should have acknowledged that the Shah's regime had perpetrated numerous questionable and conceivably criminal acts against the Iranian people—acts that in fact also went against the grain of Carter's own deep belief in human rights.



THE future of the Iranian revolution—caught up, as it is, in a swirling tide of Islamic fundamentalism, facing internal threats from assorted racial and tribal elements, and beset by severe economic and social strains—remains as unpredictable as Iran's relations with the United States, the Soviet Union, and its Middle Eastern neighbors, particularly Iraq. When the hostages were first taken and it became apparent that they were not going to be released quickly, the possibility of our breaking relations with Iran was debated in Washington. But as the affair continued, the break was delayed by other developments, which altered the picture—above all, the Russian invasion of Afghanistan late in December. Overnight, Iran was cast in a new light in the geopolitical and strategic landscape. The Iranians, anti-Soviet as well as anti-American in their confused revolutionary orientation, suddenly faced a greater danger from the north than from the west. The Americans, convinced that a response to the Afghanistan crisis was of paramount importance, adopted new tactics. On January 13th, the Soviet Union had vetoed sanctions against Iran, which the Security Council had voted, whereupon the United States had decided to impose sanctions unilaterally, but now their enforcement was first postponed and then temporarily abandoned, and Washington began to look ahead with some hope to the initiation of a new relationship with the Iranians once the hostages were freed. However, Bani-Sadr indicated that, rather than turn back to the United States, Iran would seek new ties with Europe and Japan and identify itself more strongly with the rest of the Islamic world. The Teheran government continues to be a strange amalgam of inexperienced, disputatious secular leaders and Islamic zealots, and it still seems determined—beyond the compromises it may finally accept in order to rid itself of the embarrassment of the hostages—to blame the Americans for refusing to extradite the Shah and to expedite the return of the billions of dollars it says he and his family took out of Iran illegally. Any accounting of the Shah's fortune will prove to be an extremely laborious process, which could take years, as various actions progress through the courts of a number of nations, including the United States. In this country, given the American predilection for elaborate reviews of governmental conduct, the Iran affair—how it took place and how it evolved—will doubtless remain a political issue even after this year's Presidential campaign, to be examined and dissected by congressional committees and the press for many months to come. Newsom, who, as a key player, is certain to be involved in any such process, is fully aware of the implications. "There will undoubtedly be numerous post mortems on the whole Iranian matter," he says. "Why did we keep our people in Iran, particularly after the Embassy had been previously attacked? Why was the Shah permitted to enter this country? Why did we take so long to resolve the issue? There are what I regard as understandable answers to all these questions. Conscientious people did what they felt was right each step of the way. There might have been other outcomes of what was done, which would have been equally subject to criticism and comment."

NOT all of our policymakers by any means, let alone historians, politicians, and other outside critics, have been in agreement over the various aspects of our convoluted relations with Iran, which have heavily involved oil—Iran is the world's fourth-largest producer—and a number of strategic considerations deriving from Iran's geographic location at the top of the Persian Gulf and at the bottom of the Central Asian landmass. In the uncertain arc of crisis that stretches from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean—an area that over recent decades has been swept by all sorts of violent forces and counter-forces—the Iranians, under the Pahlavi dynasty, established in the mid-twenties by Reza Pahlavi, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi's father, came to be regarded as among America's staunchest and most consistent friends. When Reza Pahlavi abdicated in favor of his son, in 1941, the young Shah was confronted by severe wartime inflation and by a gathering struggle for political power between the throne and wealthy landowners who had regained considerable control over the Majlis, the nation's parliament. Then, after the war, the Russians threatened to annex Azerbaijan, the populous northwestern province of Iran, and only withdrew in May, 1946, after the Iranians appealed to the United Nations and received strong support from the United States, in what was one of the first important American-Soviet diplomatic confrontations of the postwar period. Next, the Shah's attempts to consolidate the shaky Iranian regime were threatened by the ascendancy of a radical Prime Minister, Mohammed Mossadegh, who in 1951 nationalized the Iranian oil industry and in 1953 forced the Shah out of power. The Shah was restored shortly afterward in a countercoup engineered in part by the American Central Intelligence Agency, and thereafter the Americans became the dominant influence in Iran. Over the last decade and a half, the Shah, encouraged by the United States, introduced a number of



"Ooh! How cute!"

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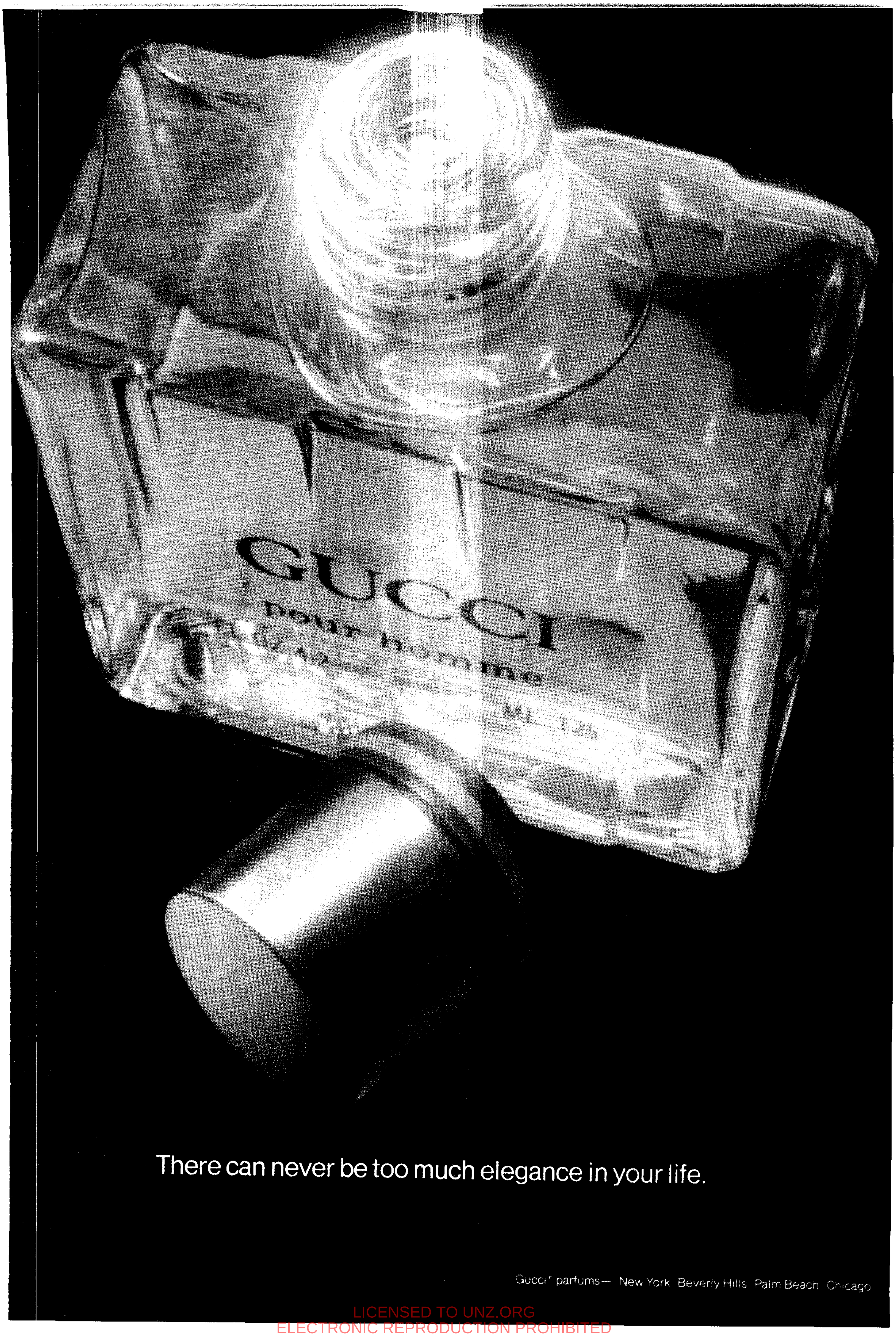
reforms designed to redistribute land, diminish illiteracy, and promote the liberation of women, but these benefits were offset by the repressive tactics he adopted, which led to the subjugation of all opposition elements, including the Communists and the active, politicized Muslims. His secret police, SAVAK, which was set up and trained by the C.I.A., is said to have tortured or killed as many as a hundred thousand people—a figure that the Shah, in a recent television interview, declared to be vastly exaggerated. The numbers, however, were certainly in the thousands. By mid-1978, the momentum was building for a new Muslim revolution against the Pahlavis, and huge demonstrations were taking place in Teheran and other cities. Out of touch with his own people—particularly the prospering middle class and the commercial *bazaaris* who dominated trade—the Shah became more and more isolated and withdrawn, and it was apparent that his days as ruler were numbered. Some of his American friends, including former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, supported him to the end, but there was considerable division within the Carter Administration over whether to continue to back him militarily and in other ways as our chief Middle East ally or to find an alternative short of the fundamentalist Muslim movement led by Khomeini. Exiled to Turkey in 1964 for having led demonstrations against a law giving American military advisers immunity from prosecution in Iran, Khomeini soon went to live in Iraq, and then, in 1978, he moved to France, where he established revolutionary headquarters in a suburb of Paris. Two weeks after the Shah fled Iran for Egypt, in mid-January, 1979, Khomeini triumphantly returned to Teheran and assumed direct leadership of the revolution he had been conducting by remote control. But the revolution soon began to run out of steam, and it was partly for this reason that the student militants, with encouragement from Khomeini, seized the American Embassy.

Under the circumstances of America's long friendship with the Shah, it was inevitable that anti-American feelings were running high in Iran, and they had been expressed in a series of rallies and demonstrations leading up to an attack on the Embassy on February 14, 1979, by a random mob of students and workers. (According to Ambassador William Sullivan, the attackers included some young men wearing scarves that resembled those worn by members of an extreme group of Palestine terrorists commanded by a radical anti-Zionist leader named George Habash.) Iranian troops were sent to the scene, and after several hours the rioters were dispersed. In the days and weeks that followed, nearly all of the Americans still living and working in Iran (some forty-five thousand) were evacuated, and the Embassy staff was cut from a total of about a thousand, including Iranian assistants, to forty American officials and secretaries—a number later increased to seventy. United States military aid to Iran was curtailed, and most economic ties between the two nations were cut. When Sullivan left, in early April, no new ambassador was immediately appointed, but later that month a career diplomat named Walter Cutler was designated to succeed Sullivan; in June, the Iranians rejected him, citing alleged American intervention in Zaire, where he had served as ambassador. A new chargé d'affaires, L. Bruce Laingen, was sent to Teheran in June. By then, the armed forces had disintegrated; virtually all their former commanders were among more than eight hundred people, most of them identified with the old regime, who were eventually executed, and, despite Khomeini's exhortations, the revolution seemed to offer neither stability nor economic security for most classes of the society.

EACH year, when the General Assembly of the United Nations meets, Newsom spends a week or so in New York to maintain and broaden his diplomatic contacts. One day early last October, a month before the hostages were captured, he and Secretary of State Vance, with the Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, Harold Saunders, and our United Nations Ambassador, Donald McHenry, met in Manhattan with the Iranian Foreign Minister, Ibrahim Yazdi, who had been a member of Khomeini's inner circle since the Ayatollah's early days in exile. In this first high-level meeting between the two governments, the Americans found Yazdi, who had taught at a Texas college and had afterward held American citizenship papers, at least for a time, in a prickly, provocative mood. In a long conversation that covered the whole confused range of American-Iranian relations, Yazdi insisted that the revolution in Iran had been "the cleanest in world history"—though he admitted that many opposition leaders and leftist extremists had been killed, and also stated that more would be killed. Above all, he bluntly told the Americans, Iran would no longer condone "a big brother attitude" on the part of the United States. "We cannot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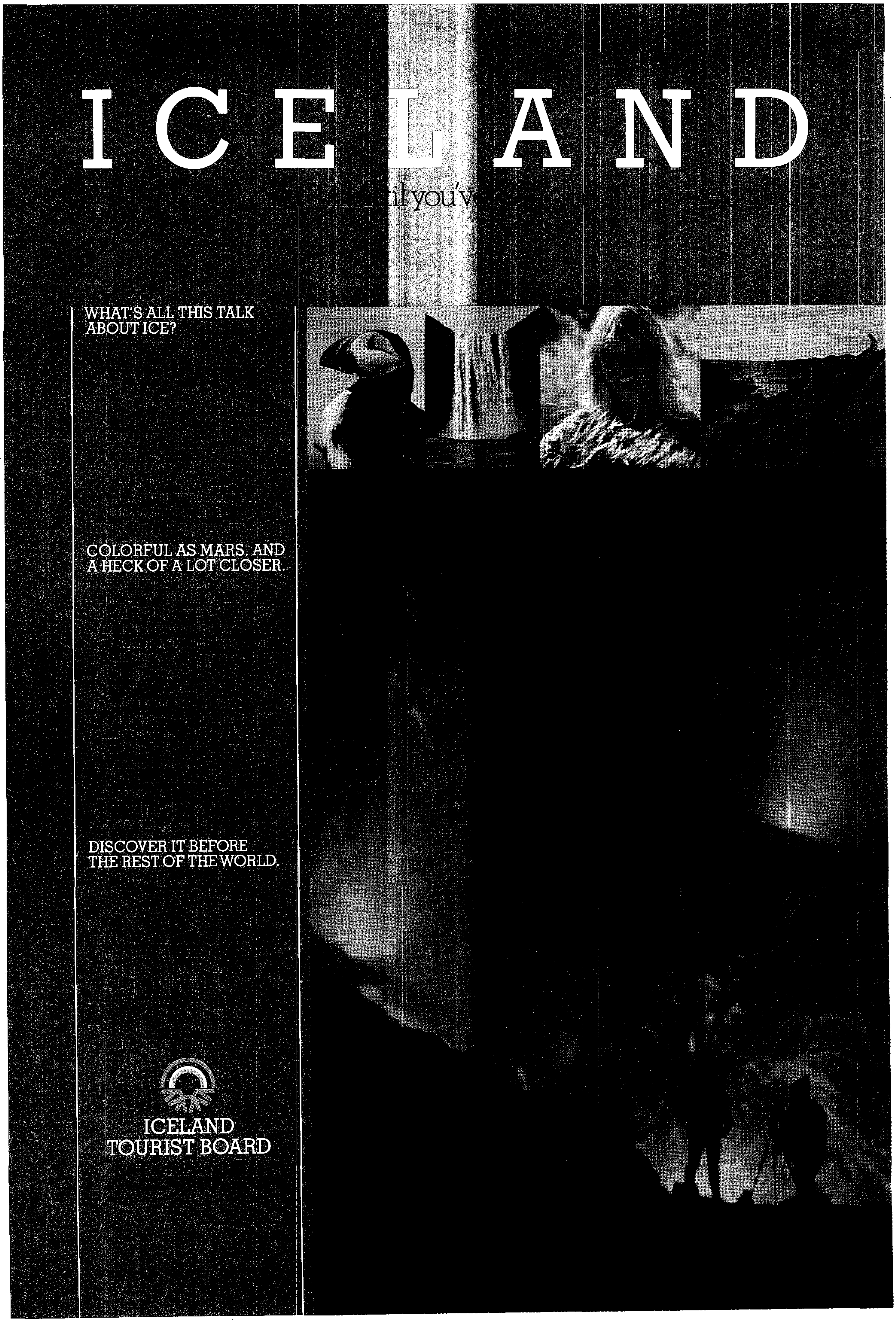

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tolerate your attitudes from the past. Your acceptance of the revolution must be translated into some tangible action," he said. "We have fought for our position, and we are not going to change our attitude." Following a discussion of a number of complicated questions—the disposition of military contracts signed by the Shah's regime, involving a series of private commercial as well as government agreements, whose settlement still had to be determined by American courts; the status of Iranians who had committed crimes in Iran and then fled to the United States and whom the Iranians wanted returned; and, most important, the American attitude toward the Shah—Yazdi asked if we had accepted the changes that had taken place in Iran. Vance replied that we had made that clear in a number of public statements. Yazdi inquired about the purpose and intent of American naval deployments in the Middle East, and his questions were turned aside by the Americans, who said the deployments were not directed against Iran but were simply meant "to defend United States interests whenever necessary." Newsom made a point of telling Yazdi that "we have absolutely no intention of becoming involved in Iran's internal affairs." Newsom felt, after seeing Yazdi, that the Iranian suspicions of us were only natural in the post-revolutionary situation but that after a transition period common interests could provide a basis for future coöperation—"not on the scale of before but sufficient to demonstrate that Iran has not been 'lost' to us and to the West."

Yazdi undoubtedly had no idea that the student militants were about to launch another attack against the American Embassy in Teheran, but in retrospect his comments seem an omen of what was about to happen. At the time of the meeting with Yazdi, contingency plans to bring the Shah to America were well under way. In fact, according to Henry Kissinger, they had had their inception in the first week of January—before the Shah left Iran—when Vance asked Kissinger, with whom he has always been on good terms, to help find a place for the Shah to live in the United States. The State Department felt then that if the government, at the time briefly headed by Shahpour Bakhtiar, was to have any chance of avoiding or surviving a takeover by Khomeini, the Shah would have to leave. Kissinger turned to David Rockefeller, the chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, but Rockefeller refused to help, although he was a friend of the Shah and although the bank had a close financial relationship with the Iranian government and the Pahlavi family. Rockefeller's brother Nelson came to the rescue, and procured the Beverly Hills estate of Walter Annenberg, our former ambassador to Great Britain, for the Shah at just about the time the latter left Iran for Egypt—and just two weeks before Nelson Rockefeller died of a heart attack. In mid-March, by which time the Shah had moved to Morocco, the State Department had second thoughts about the wisdom of his coming here. Khomeini had taken over, and, as Newsom subsequently said, "the Iranians' suspicion of the United States and our intentions included a feeling on their part that we were plotting to restore the Shah to power." But when Kissinger was asked to dissuade the Shah from seeking an entry visa to the United States until the situation in Iran quieted down Kissinger indignantly refused. When our government would not consent to help find the Shah a new home elsewhere, Kissinger and Rockefeller took it upon themselves to arrange for him to go temporarily to the Bahamas. He arrived there at the end of March. Between April and July, Kissinger, by his own account, made several more attempts to persuade the State Department—meaning Vance himself, on two occasions—to let the Shah come here, but he was told that the situation in Iran was still too tense, and at one point President Carter sent him a message explaining that, despite a statement by Carter at a January press conference that the Shah would eventually be given sanctuary in the United States, the time was not right. In a speech in April, Kissinger declared that it was morally wrong to treat the Shah "like a flying Dutchman who cannot find a port of call." That same month, and again in May, Kissinger travelled to Mexico to try to persuade the Mexican government to let the Shah come there, and in June the Mexicans finally agreed to give him a three months' temporary visa. He arrived in Mexico City on June 10th, and went to live in a house in Cuernavaca.

Kissinger and Rockefeller, with the help of John McCloy, a lawyer, investment banker, and former government official, thereafter arranged, through Newsom, to obtain permission for the Shah's wife, Farah, and four children, including Crown Prince Reza, to come to the United States; the Crown Prince had previously been here for education and military training, in Texas, and had then rejoined the family in Mexico, but now the Shah and his wife wanted all four children to go to school in this country. Accordingly, arrangements were made, with Newsom's help, for the Crown Prince to attend Williams College; for two of the other children to attend school in New York City, where they would live with one of the Shah's sisters, Princess Ashraf; and for the fourth to go to school in Connecticut. The Shah himself still posed a more difficult problem. Since the Mexican visa was temporary, Kissinger, Rockefeller, and McCloy, and a number of senators and other influential people as well, kept pressing for him to be given an American visa, but the State Department demurred—the more strongly after making inquiries of Bruce Laingen in Teheran, who cabled back that, given the unstable conditions in Iran and the lack of sufficient security at the Embassy, it would be unwise to accept the Shah. The Americans had increased their complement of Marine guards there from eight to thirteen and had installed two new steel doors inside the chancery, but this was still not very much, and the degree of protection afforded by the Iranians was neither sufficient nor dependable. After the 1979 St. Valentine's Day attack, three groups totalling about seventy men had been sent by Yazdi to guard the Embassy. One group was composed of Khomeini's Revolutionary Guards, the Pasdaran, and this was scarcely a reliable force; another was composed of Air Force technicians called Homofars; and the third involved members of a semireligious organization called the House of Strength, which was known for physical-training activities, such as weight lifting. According to Henry Precht, the State Department's Country Director for Iran, all three engaged mostly in private racketeering of one kind or another and competed against one another. Ultimately, following complaints from the Americans, they were removed, and a contingent of fifteen policemen was assigned to guard the Embassy on a day-to-day basis. "They weren't very spiffy," Precht commented.

In early September, the Mexicans announced that they would extend the Shah's visa for another three months, so the pressure to have him come here subsided temporarily, but on October 6th, a few days after Newsom saw

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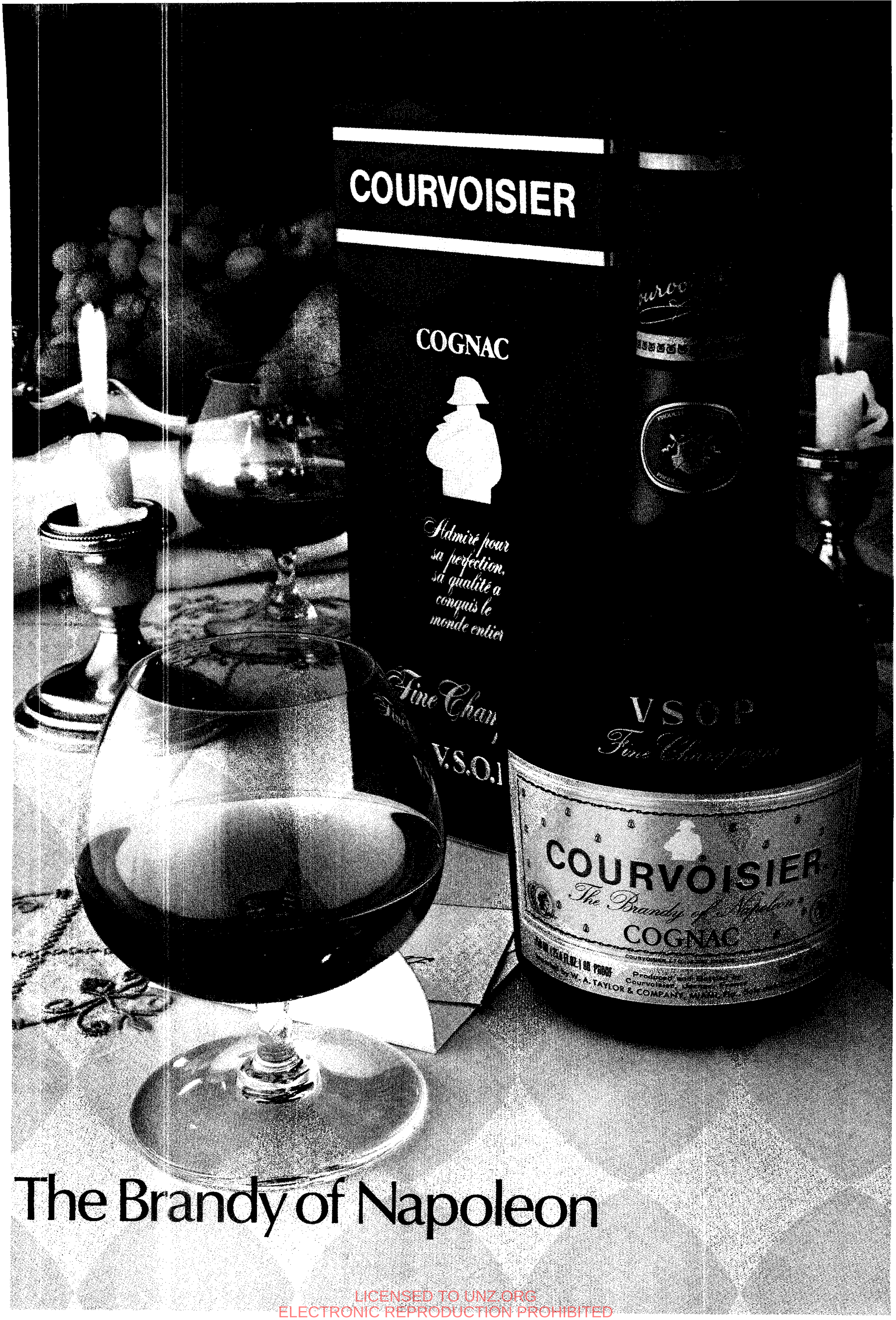
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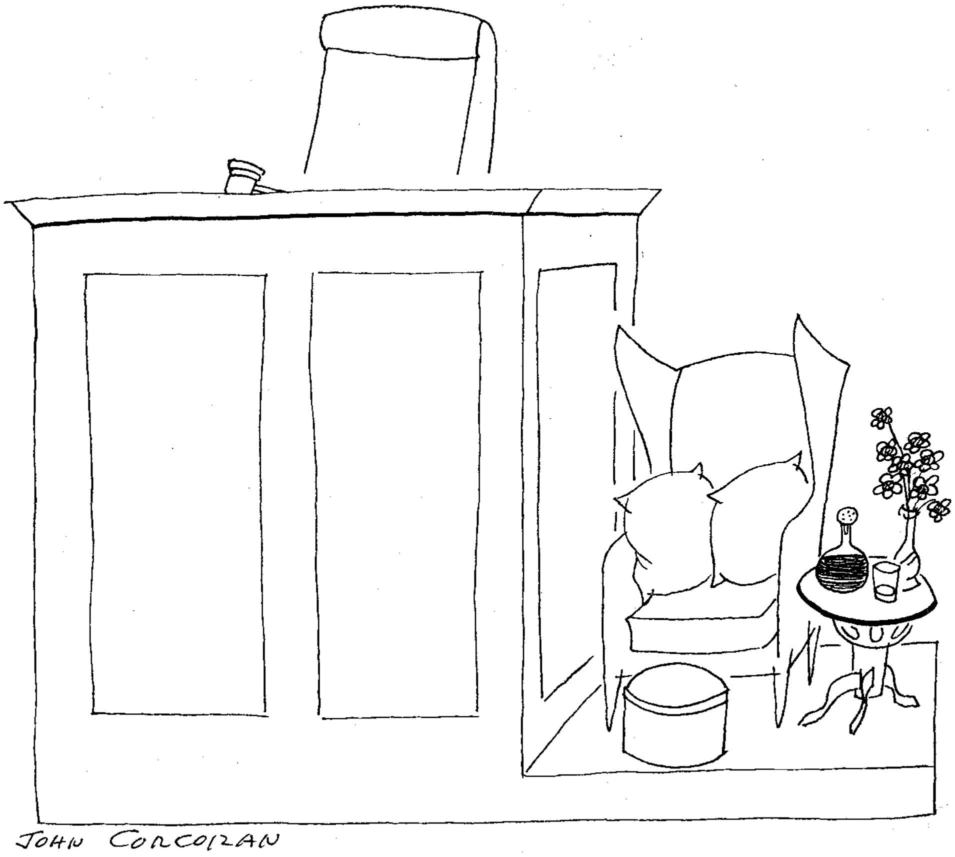
Yazdi in New York, he got a call from Joseph Reed, one of David Rockefeller's assistants, who said that he had just visited the Shah in a hospital in Mexico and that the Shah was increasingly unwell—suffering from jaundice, among other things. He said that Rockefeller was sending Dr. Benjamin Kean, an expert on tropical diseases who was associated with the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, to Mexico to check on the Shah's condition, and he asked Newsom whether the State Department would agree to let the Shah be brought to New York for treatment if Dr. Kean found him to be seriously ill. "I said that if he was seriously sick and could only be treated here, we'd have to look at it, but we would require a medical report indicating that, and maybe an effort would first have to be made to insure the safety of our people at the Embassy in Teheran," Newsom told me. "We heard no more from Reed until the sixteenth of October, when he called to say that Dr. Kean had conferred with two French doctors who had examined the Shah, and had learned from them that he had been receiving chemotherapy for six years for a lymph-gland malignancy and that he was also suffering from an obstruction of the bile duct by gallstones, which had given him jaundice. He was in serious condition, Reed said, and was showing increasing resistance to chemotherapy. If he didn't receive further treatment in a short time, his life would be in jeopardy. We asked whether there were other places where a diagnosis could be made, and were told that there were perhaps two or three in Europe. We already knew that most European countries, including England and France, had said they would not receive him, and that the Swiss had previously said they wouldn't take him, either, but we didn't check with them again. Time was of the essence. Without revealing who the patient was, we checked with a Mexican doctor we knew about facilities in Mexico for treatment of this nature and were told there were none. So we had the opinion of four doctors that it was necessary to bring him here. We then told the Rockefeller people that we first wanted to consult the Iranians. After a meeting at the Department, and one at the White House with the President's senior foreign-policy advisers, a telegram went out to Laingen on the nineteenth. Laingen and Precht went to see Mehdi Bazargan, the Prime Minister, and Yazdi. The Iranians were obviously not happy over the news but said that they would assume responsibility for protecting our people at the Embassy if the Shah came to America for medical reasons. They also asked whether an Iranian doctor could examine him after he arrived, to confirm the need for his visit. Against that background, President Carter and Secretary Vance made the decision for the Shah to be brought to New York to be treated. We made no commitment on permanent residence, and we promised the Iranians that he would not be allowed to engage in any political activity while he was in this country."

The Shah arrived by private plane, under tight conditions of secrecy and security, on October 22nd, and was taken immediately to New York Hospital, where he was admitted through a side entrance. He was escorted by a Rockefeller entourage, who debated over how to register him. Someone suggested the name of Suharto, the Indonesian President, but that idea was quickly discarded. Someone else then suggested the name of David Newsom, which made just as little sense, but this suggestion was adopted; Newsom heard of it through an item in a New York gossip column and was extremely annoyed, but there wasn't much he could do about it. The Shah refused to have any Iranian doctors examine him, but Newsom arranged to have two of them consult with the American doctors at the hospital. "But when this was all set, we heard that the New York *Post* was planning to run a story about it, and that caused the American doctors to back out of the deal," Newsom told me. "Doctors are very sensitive about that sort of thing. If the arrangements had gone through, I think it would have made a difference, but whether there would then have been no seizure of hostages is hard to say. Later, we offered another formula for getting the doctors together, but it didn't work out, either."



THE decision to admit the Shah on humanitarian grounds was obviously a risky one; at one White House meeting prior to his arrival, President Carter had asked, "When the Iranians take our people in Teheran hostage, what will you advise me then?" Sick as the Shah was, a number of doctors later suggested that his condition could have been diagnosed, and even treated, in Mexico by doctors and equipment flown there. State Department opinion, and opinion elsewhere in the country, was by no means unanimous that he should have come here at all in view of the threat to the safety of the Americans in Teheran. The number of them at the Embassy had been increased from forty to seventy because, Newsom later said, "even when you're dealing with a regime that is deeply suspicious, you must do certain things and face up to obligations that carry over from previous regimes; you must find a basis for a new

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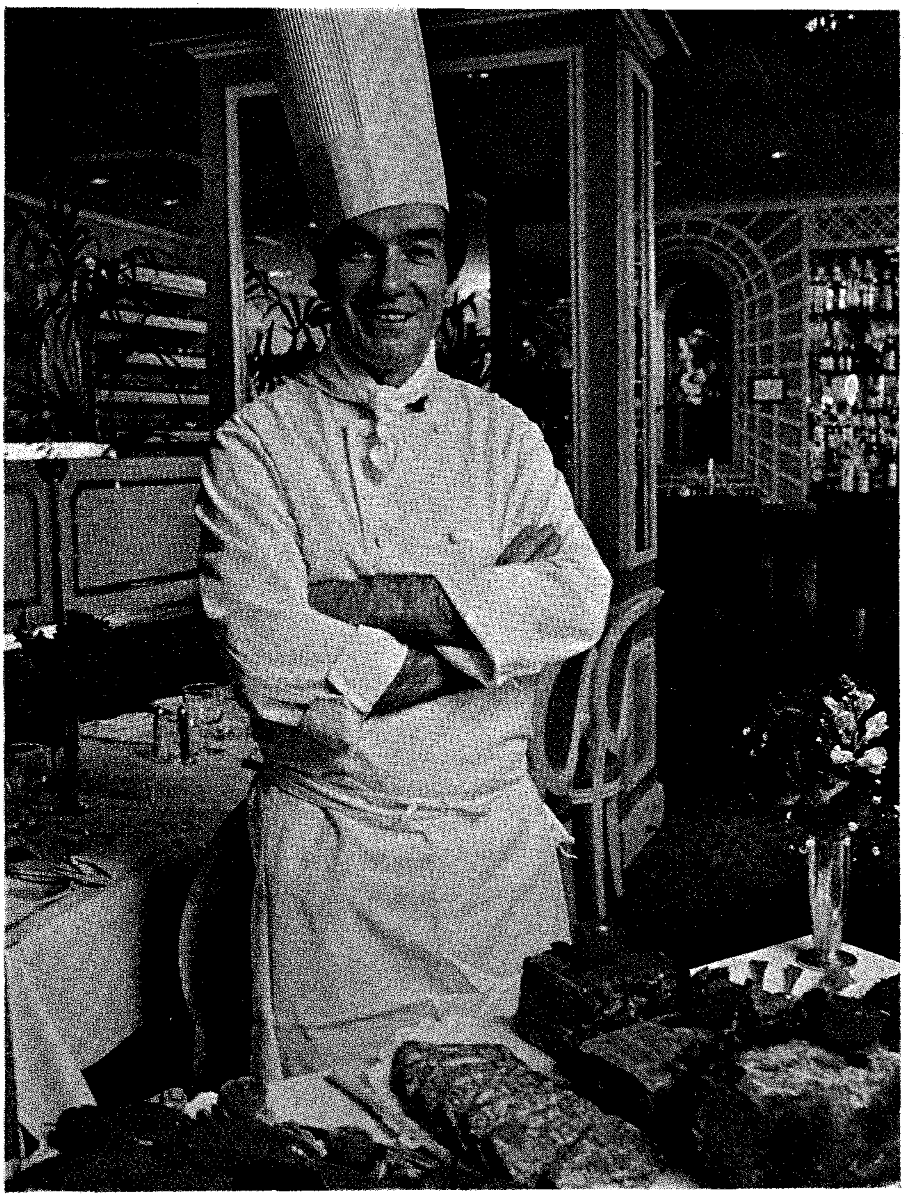

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relationship—you can't walk out and leave the field to others." Some critics have maintained that it was naïve of the State Department to put as much trust as it did in the promises of protection given by Bazargan and Yazdi, particularly since it was already apparent that the Bazargan regime was on uncertain ground. In the latter part of October, Ayatollah Khomeini was stepping up his diatribes against the United States in broadcasts and statements issued from the holy city of Qum, where he was living. On October 29th, for example, a week after the Shah's arrival in New York, he delivered a speech to members of the Islamic Association of Students of the Mofidi College of Translation, in Qum, in which he declared, "So you can see how the superpowers treat us, and yet we are still bowing to them in humility and working for them. . . . They never gave us anything that was useful to us. . . . All the problems of the East stem from these foreigners from the West, and from America at the moment." The militant students were then making plans for a huge demonstration on November 4th—the first anniversary of an attack by the Shah's police on Teheran University and on other universities throughout the country—in which scores of people, it was claimed, had been massacred. On November 1st, thirty thousand demonstrators surged through the streets of Teheran on their way to the Embassy, but all except a few hundred, who marched by the Embassy gates, were diverted by the police. The day before, Bazargan and Yazdi had left the country, flying to Algeria to attend a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Algerian independence and, incidentally, to meet Brzezinski, who was also to attend the celebration. They had not told Khomeini that they intended to see Brzezinski—an oversight that was strongly criticized by Iranian extremists. Between the first and the fourth of November, although the Embassy sent no signals of danger, action could have been taken to protect or remove the Americans there. "We could have tried to move our people out," Newsom later acknowledged, "but, given the tensions, which were already high, this might have caused trouble. At that time, there were still several hundred unofficial Americans in Iran, too."

THE attack on the Embassy by a mob of three thousand people took place shortly after ten in the morning on November 4th Teheran time, which was about two o'clock in the morning in Washington. Newsom was awakened at his home and, along with several other top State Department officials, rushed to the Operations Center on the seventh floor of the State Department. Over the next three hours, until the Embassy was captured by several hundred "students" out of the three thousand, he was in direct communication by telephone with Elizabeth Ann Swift, the Deputy Political Counsellor of the Embassy, who, along with the sixty-odd other Americans, had sought sanctuary on the second floor of the chancery. Laingen and two other officials—Victor Tomseth, the political counsellor, and Michael Howland, a security officer—had been at the Foreign Ministry, a short distance away, and were on their way back to the Embassy when the attack began. They thereupon returned to the Ministry, where they were to remain in protective custody. Newsom talked to Laingen over the phone there. Six other American officials—the agricultural attaché, Henry Lee Schatz, whose office was in a building across from the Embassy compound, and five consular employees, who were in a separate building in the compound—managed to escape, and sought diplomatic sanctuary elsewhere in the city. (Schatz first hid in a foreign embassy that was in the same building as his office, while the others went to another friendly embassy or to their homes; all six eventually ended up in the Canadian Embassy, from which, in January, they were smuggled out of Teheran with Canadian passports.)

Miss Swift and Laingen told Newsom that they had tried to persuade the Iranian authorities to send troops to the American Embassy to dislodge the captors but that Bazargan and Yazdi, who had just returned from Algeria, were either unable or unwilling to honor their promises of protection. A contingent of Revolutionary Guards was dispatched to the scene, it is true, but not to release the hostages—only to "prevent clashes," as an Iranian-government spokesman put it the next day, adding, "The brothers who are occupying the Embassy thanked the guards." Khomeini, besides exhorting various groups of students to take action against the Americans—on November 2nd, he urged the militants "to expand with all their might their attacks against the United States"—telephoned the Teheran students as soon as they had taken the Embassy and expressed his support of what they had done. There was considerable evidence that key members of the government were aware of what was going on. In a "memorial" that Newsom helped write for submission by the United States, on January 15th, in support of its action against Iran in the International Court of Justice, in The Hague, a chronology of the events that took place stated:

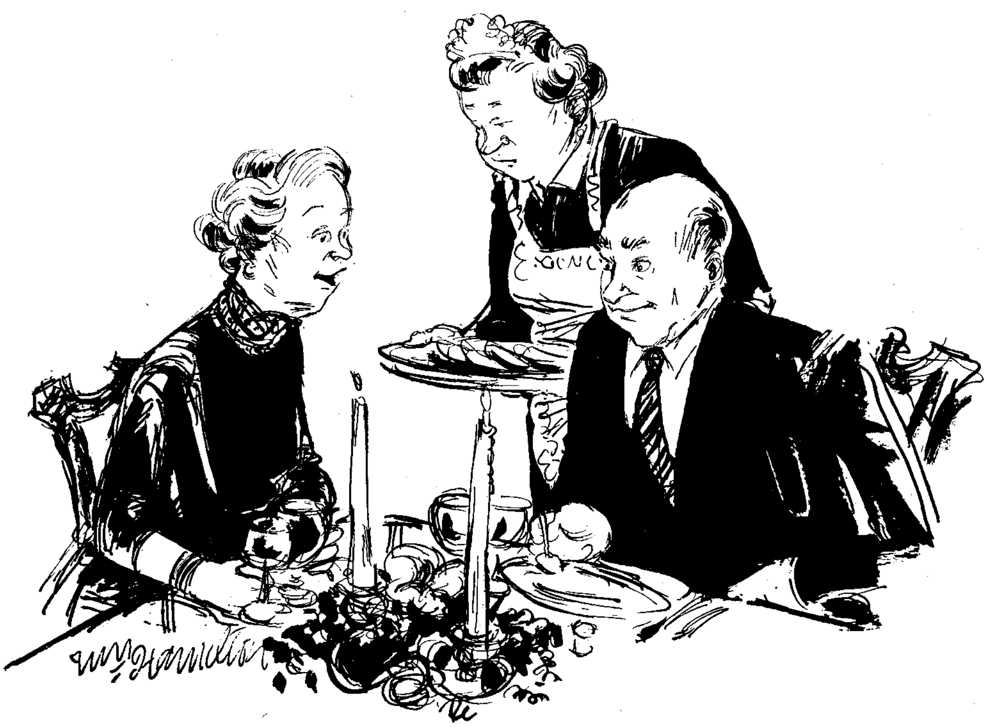
> The "student" statements of 5 November indicate that a large number of persons were involved in the advance planning and execution of the 4 November attack—so large as to make it questionable whether the Iranian Government did not know of the plans in advance. While denying any such advance knowledge, Sayyed Ahmad Khomeini, son of and adviser to the Ayatollah Khomeini, stated in an interview on 20 November that he had been in contact with the organizing group prior to the attack.
>
> Whether or not the Iranian authorities' responsibility for the attack was initially limited to incitement and specific failure to deter, prevent and terminate the action, it became evident within hours after the attack that the Government was giving the action its endorsement, coöperation and full support; at least from that point on, the Government was an accomplice and participant in the continuing holding of the Embassy and the hostages.

Even Foreign Minister Yazdi later joined the anti-American chorus. Bazargan and Yazdi were fired by Khomeini on November 5th, and the next day the Revolutionary Council formally took charge of the government of Iran, but on the fifth, despite his having told Laingen the previous day that he hoped the hostages would be "out by morning," Yazdi told the Iranian press that, while the Iranians were "duty-bound to safeguard the life and property of foreign nationals," the responsibility for what had taken place rested with the Americans, because they had not paid any attention to the demands of the Iranian government for the extradition of the Shah.

The dismissal of the relatively liberal Bazargan government and its replacement by the Revolutionary Council, whose membership was believed to number fifteen, was a bad omen for the Americans. The xenophobic, fundamentalist Islamic elements that thus took over the country were exponents not only of the long-smoldering rebellion against the Westernization of Iran, as epitomized by the Shah, but of an older religious nationalism that was deeply embedded in the lives of the great majority of Iranians. Iran is one of the few Muslim countries in which the stringent Shiite order, rather than the looser and more tolerant Sunni branch of Islam, is dominant, and the development of Shiism shows a long history of Persian resistance to authority, starting with opposition to the Arab invasion of the seventh century. The so-called Alavi strain of Shiism, which controls the revolution today, has always preached resistance to unjust and corrupt rulers and has espoused both undercover action and martyrdom. Historically, the Alavi Shiites maintained their own mosques and their own mullahs, and in recent years these mullahs regarded the Shah's mosques with contempt. They were able, on the one hand, to draw the support of educated Muslim youths, many of whom had learned Western tactics of propaganda and organization at American and European universities, and, on the other hand, to obtain the financial backing of the rich bazaar merchants; these *bazaaris* regularly made large contributions, amounting to millions of dollars, in support of the movement, and the money passed into the hands of the top ayatollahs. Shiism's sustaining philosophy, far from being democratic, was that of a meritocracy, with its own traditionalist views and with unique ideas about reform. The Shah, to his peril, and making for his ultimate downfall, failed to reckon with the importance of the mullahs and the degree to which they had retained popular support, and by his repression and imprisonment of many of them he added fuel to the resistance.

THE militants who seized the Embassy—and who later were reduced considerably in number—called themselves Muslim Student Followers of the Imam's Policies. There has been some suspicion that most of the militant leaders were Marxists—at one point, Jody Powell, the White House press secretary, described them as such—but the theory is not borne out by the evidence, admittedly incomplete, that other Americans, in Washington and in Iran, have been able to obtain. According to a number of Iranian experts I have spoken with, the majority of the captors are middle-class students at Teheran University and at technical schools and colleges in the capital, who range in age from the late teens to the mid-thirties. They are regarded as Islamic fundamentalists adhering to strict Shiism, and some of them may be members of the Mujahedin, a fanatical group of Muslim activists with a mixed set of political beliefs, who played a prominent part in the overthrow of the Shah. They are difficult to place on a traditional leftist-rightist scale, since they frequently argue in quasi-Marxist terms, with particular reference to Third World causes, yet they are not necessarily true Marxists. Some may be members of the more openly Marxist Fedayeen, and a few may even be secret members of the Communist Tudeh Party, but, if they are, they have kept their beliefs to themselves. Their fanaticism is more specifically identifiable in terms of the anarchism, with emphasis on martyrdom, which is a central part of Shiite philosophy. Governments and establishments of any kind are not important: what counts is revolutionary action, even if it leads to death, and, in Shiite terms, not only death but misery in a righteous cause guarantees immediate entry into Heaven. A number of the principal student spokesmen and spokeswomen have professed to be anti-Communist as well as virulently anti-American, and after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan they denounced the Soviet Union while continuing to condemn the Americans as the primary foe. In fact, despite their constantly repeated demand for the extradition of the Shah, the militants seemed mostly determined to attack the Americans as "Satans" and "criminals," and as enemies of the Iranian revolution, and beneath this attack was an implied discontent with the course and conduct of the revolution itself, which had failed to bring promised benefits to the mass of the people. Significantly, the organizers of the attack on the Embassy were afterward reported by Iranians who knew them to have included an unknown number of militants who were said by non-leftist Iranian observers to have been trained in Lebanon or elsewhere by the more radical Palestinian factions such as the Habash group.

The tightly organized manner in which the captors have controlled the Embassy suggests such disciplined training. At least up to the time of the aborted commando raid, different groups of students, rotating hours of duty on a round-the-clock basis, were regularly assigned to various rooms of the chancery, in which the hostages were kept in groups of between five and ten, or sometimes alone. According to diplomats in Teheran, about eight hostages suspected of "espionage" were held, under the most adverse conditions, in the chancery basement; about half of the rest, considered "neutral," were kept on the first and second floors; and the other half, regarded as more friendly, were in another house in the Embassy compound. Although the captors organized themselves into eight "auxiliary councils," or committees, dealing with security, public relations, documentation, and so on, and discipline was maintained through an eight-man central committee, there were indications that factionalism and rivalry were problems, and that there were arguments over assignments to guard key rooms, such as those housing the hostages who were most strongly suspected of having worked for the C.I.A. or of being privy to classified material. So far as is known, there have been no defectors among the militants, but as it became more apparent that President Bani-Sadr, after Khomeini named him head of the Revolutionary Council and of the armed forces, in February, was again trying to move toward a settlement of the crisis, a significant number of the captors did begin to drop out. According to a Muslim ambassador in Teheran who spoke with the captors in mid-February, they then seemed more tired and tense than they had earlier, and more insecure—afraid that Khomeini was about to forsake them and their cause. They held a series of "crisis meetings" to determine their strategy, and they complained of no longer being able to broadcast their revolutionary messages over the state radio and television networks.

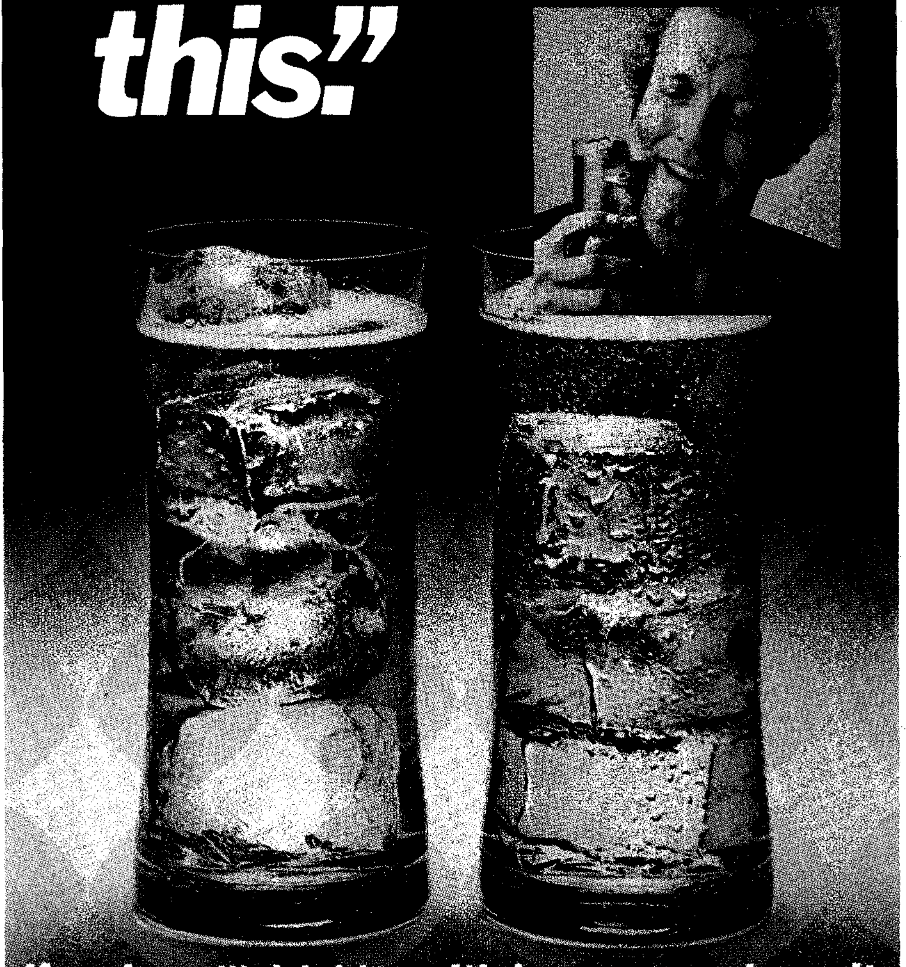


"I knew it! Whenever you absorb a company, you get so perky!"

THE long process of seeking to obtain the release of the hostages by diplomatic means began on November 6th, when Carter dispatched Ramsey Clark, a former United States Attorney General and a notable American human-rights spokesman, and William Miller, a former Foreign Service Officer with experience in Iran, who was then on the staff of the Senate Select Intelligence Committee, to Teheran; they carried a message protesting the seizure and were authorized to discuss all avenues that could lead to a resolution of the crisis. Newsom told me, "There was some debate in the Department about whether we should wait for word from the Iranians that they would be received, but we decided to send them as far as Istanbul in a large Presidential aircraft. The Iranians may have thought we were mounting an Entebbe-type operation to free the hostages. We may have made a mistake in announcing the mission before we had final clearance, but, in any event, by the time they arrived in Istanbul we were told that the Revolutionary Council had reconsidered and that neither the Council nor Khomeini would receive them. Clark and Miller stayed in Istanbul ten days, making phone calls to their friends in Iran and elsewhere, but to no avail. The P.L.O. had volunteered to intervene to assure the safety of the hostages, and Clark wanted to go on to Beirut to see some of his P.L.O. contacts, but we thought it better for him to stay where he was until things were clarified. The Iranians were already saying that nothing would be done to free the hostages until the Shah was returned to them. Our other avenue of approach in those early days was through the Iranian chargé d'affaires in Washington, Ali Asghar Agah, whom I was in touch with. Through him, we passed messages similar to those carried by Clark and Miller, and also asked for improvement in the conditions under which the hostages were held. But after the Bazargan government fell, his usefulness was seriously impaired, though he stayed on here until we broke diplomatic relations with Iran, and we continued to use him as a communications link to Teheran. We were also talking regularly to Laingen by phone and by telex, but not to any Iranian officials—Khomeini had put an end to that during the first week. We did have direct communication by phone with the student captors at the Embassy, who hung up for the first few days but then began speaking to us. We kept talking to them sporadically, but I was always reluctant to do it officially, because it would build them up." According to Henry Precht, who conducted some of those conversations, they were usually with one particular set of militants, who would identify themselves only as "S.H." and "X" and "Mary" and the like. The Americans sought information about the hostages and tried to prevail on the students to permit doctors and other visitors to enter the Embassy. The Iranians, when they weren't being ultra-laconic, engaged in brief political diatribes.

The Iran Working Group, set up in the Operations Center across from Newsom's office, also managed to conduct brief telephone conversations with Kamal Kharazi, the Deputy Foreign Minister, and with Ayatollah Mohammed Beheshti, a hard-line member of the Revolutionary Council, who was head of the Islamic Republican Party. On November 9th, in what was probably the final direct contact with any important Iranian leader, the Working Group spoke on the phone to Bani-Sadr, who had just become "Supervisor" of the Foreign Ministry—in effect, Foreign Minister. He said that the hostages were "all right," and corroborated what one of the militant leaders had said the day before—that an Ira-

"I never knew gold rum tasted like this."



If you're still drinking Canadian & soda... It's because you haven't tasted gold rum & soda.

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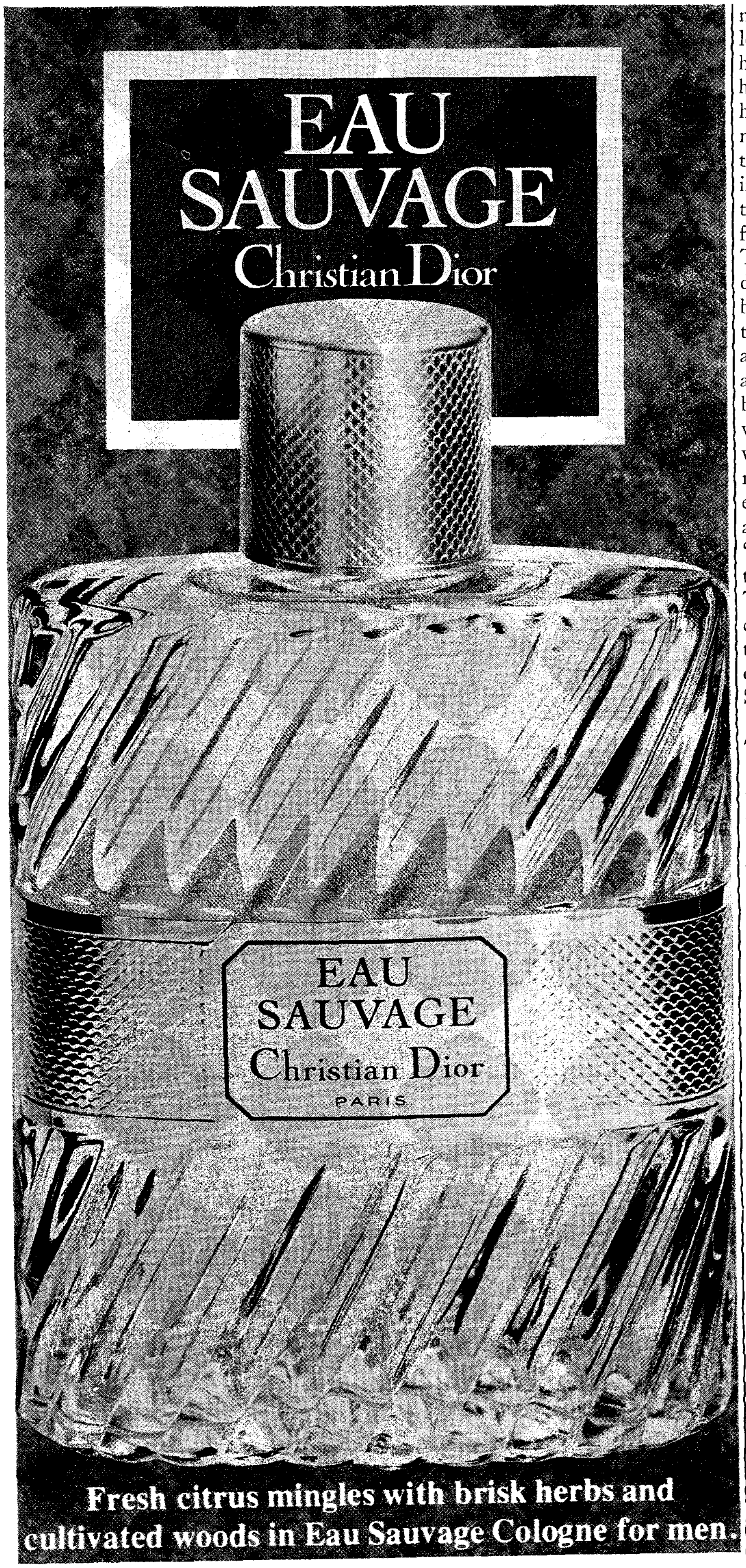
nian Red Cross doctor had been allowed to interview some of them and had found them generally "in good health." On the eighth, the militants had issued one of their many "announcements," in which they declared that "a full-scale intelligence operation in Teheran" had been conducted from the Embassy, which they thereafter referred to as "a den of espionage." They said they had captured many documents, which the hostages had been unable to burn or shred when the Embassy was attacked, and that among these was one dated August 2nd and labelled "Secret/Sensitive." It had been sent to Laingen by Precht, and it warned of the danger that hostages would be seized if the Shah was admitted to the United States prior to the establishment in Iran of "a stronger and legitimate single authority," and "a new and substantially more effective guard force for the Embassy." The students intended to submit such captured documents to any investigative group that came to Iran as evidence of collaboration between the Shah and the Americans.

THE Clark-Miller mission having collapsed, the Americans turned to foreign diplomats for help. During the second week of November, the nine ambassadors of the European Economic Community spoke individually with Bani-Sadr, emphasizing the fact that the hostages were being held illegally and the importance of Iran's observing the laws of diplomatic immunity. Bani-Sadr told the ambassadors and other diplomats who called on him that the Americans should refrain from interfering in Iranian affairs, should admit that the Shah had stolen large amounts of money, and should expedite his return; this became Bani-Sadr's consistent line—that "self-criticism" by the United States could lead to a solution of the crisis. In a letter Bani-Sadr wrote in November to Secretary-General Waldheim, who had expressed a willingness to come to Teheran, he referred to "hundreds of documents and evidence proving the continued administration of the country by the United States under cover of the former Shah's reign," and asked, "Why did this government not heed our warnings . . . and why did it allow the former Shah into its country? Now that we have requested his extradition, why is it that the U.S. Government makes this legitimate request look in the eyes of the American nation as if the Iranian nation wants to humiliate America?" It was hard to believe that the Iranians wanted anything else,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SAK'S FIFTH AVENUE

however strong their conviction of the righteousness of their cause.

At the State Department, Newsom orchestrated much of the diplomatic and other activity that went on behind the scenes. Through Raymond Probst, the Swiss Ambassador in Washington, he was regularly in touch with Erik Roger Lang, the Swiss Ambassador in Teheran, who was particularly helpful in relaying messages from the Americans to the Iranians concerning both the treatment of the hostages and avenues of exploration for a settlement. Newsom also spoke with several other ambassadors in Washington whose governments extended themselves throughout the crisis to bring pressure on the Iranians, including the Algerian Ambassador, who represented an important Third World country that was willing to help. American ambassadors throughout the world were asked to consult their host countries about the hostage question and to seek to enlist their support and, if possible, their aid in intervening with Iran. A number of nations undertook such intervention after President Carter and Secretary Vance sent personal messages to a score or more presidents, prime ministers, and foreign ministers. Moreover, with the exceptions of the Vietnamese, the North Koreans, the Albanians, and the South Yemenis, virtually every nation in the world, including the Soviet Union, condemned the holding of the hostages. "When the hostages were first held, the Soviet Union was equivocal in its response, but it later voted for their release in the Security Council," Newsom said. "The Russians obviously still wanted to keep maximum flexibility with respect to the Iranian revolution and the opportunities for the Communist Party and other leftist organizations in Iran. At that point, at least—before the invasion of Afghanistan—they seemed to want good relations with the United States. But they beamed virulent attacks on us to Iran over a 'clandestine' radio operating from Baku, and when we protested they did not respond. In many ways, they saw the chaos in Iran not only as a possible opportunity for them but as a possible threat to them as well. They resolved that dilemma by deciding that their interests in Afghanistan were more important than their vague opportunities in Iran, but the strong reaction in the Islamic world against the invasion further lessened those opportunities. The Iranian situation also created a dilemma for our European allies, who have significant interests in Iran, including a heavy reliance on Iranian oil. Undoubtedly, many of our European friends, believing that they were less encumbered than we were with the baggage of the past, felt they could make progress with the new Iranian authorities where we could not. But when it came to the question of the hostages, they resolved their dilemma in favor of international law and their relations with us.

On November 12th, eight days after the hostages had been captured, President Carter announced an embargo on all imports of Iranian oil—an announcement that was made just minutes before Iran barred oil shipments to the United States—and on November 14th, a few hours after Iran announced that it was going to withdraw billions of dollars on deposit in American banks, Carter froze all official Iranian assets in this country, which were said to total about eight billion dollars. At that time, the Iranians were seeking to summon the Security Council to hear their grievances against the Americans and to assist them in their efforts to have the Shah returned to Iran. But the United States felt that such a discussion should wait until the hostages were released—a position on which it reversed itself eleven days later. Following the economic measures against Iran, the task force directed by Newsom brought fresh diplomatic pressure to persuade the Iranians to negotiate on the hostages and to allow the hostages to receive visitors. The militants agreed to let the Syrian, Swedish, French, and Algerian ambassadors in Teheran enter the Embassy, and on November 10th the four were conducted on a half-hour tour and saw most of the prisoners, who were being held in small groups in different rooms with their wrists loosely bound. Some, the ambassadors reported, were being hand-fed. According to the ambassadors, who were not allowed to talk to any of the hostages, the prisoners looked healthy but tired, and most of them were sleeping or reading. Subsequently, at Newsom's suggestion, the Papal envoy, Monsignor Annibale Bugnini, was able to visit them; he found their condition "satisfactory." Then, on November 17th, Khomeini ordered the release of thirteen hostages—eight blacks and five women—under circumstances that never became clear in Washington; the influence of the P.L.O. and other international groups supporting Islam and the revolution may have had something to do with the release, and some of the Western ambassadors, notably Ambassador Lang, of Switzerland, had urged it on the Iranian Foreign Ministry. In any event, Newsom flew to Germany to greet them. After doctors had examined the thirteen and Newsom had talked to them, he told the press that their condition was "physically satisfactory," but he added, "Psychologically, it's been very difficult." The freed hostages refused to comment publicly on their experience, in order to protect those who were still being held, but they told Newsom that while they had not been physically mistreated, they had resented not being permitted by their captors to talk to each other.

On November 29th, a long brief, partly prepared by Newsom, was presented to the International Court of Justice in The Hague, seeking a judgment by that fifteen-member body against Iran. In its plea, the State Department gave this summary:

> The available evidence makes clear that those who have been held by Iran under this form of "arrest" have been subjected to a harrowing ordeal. At the outset some were paraded blindfolded, hands bound behind their backs, before hostile and chanting crowds. At least during a substantial period of their captivity, it appears that the hostages were kept bound, hand and foot, and frequently blindfolded; forced to remain silent for extended periods of time; denied mail; denied the right to communicate with each other, with their captors (except as to basic requests) and with their own government; subjected to interrogation, some apparently intensively and repeatedly; threatened with criminal trials; threatened with death in the event of a United States rescue attempt; and some directly threatened with weapons.

In mid-December, the court ruled in a preliminary opinion that the hostages should be released, but Iran ignored the decision.

Khomeini and the militants, and other Iranians as well—notably Ayatollah Beheshti—issued statements from time to time that at least some of the hostages would be tried by Iranian courts and if they were found guilty would be sentenced, possibly to death. On other occasions, officials ruled out the death penalty. It was surmised that a number of these reports reached the hostages and did nothing to improve their psychological condition. The thirteen who were released have been carefully monitored by doctors assembled by the State Department. According to a number of analysts who have dealt with hostage situations, and whom the Department consulted, it is unlikely that the remaining hostages will emerge unscathed from their extended imprisonment. By being isolated so long and subjected to, among other things, sleep control, they have been manipulated, much as American prisoners of war in North Vietnam were. As one doctor put it, they were reduced to "a state of ambiguity," which becomes impossible for the central nervous system to handle.

Some of them in their letters home showed evidence of a form of brainwashing. In the words of another of the doctors, it appears that "the hostages are being pressured into a fixed state of mind to suit the purposes of their captors." The pressure seems to have included frequent denunciations of the Shah and of past American support for him, with the probable result, it was said, that some of the captives began to identify themselves with their captors, and even came to regard them as their protectors—something that is not unusual in hostage situations. Virtually all the doctors consulted by the Department agree that the militants have followed a purposeful and calculated course of mixed good and bad treatment of their prisoners to induce these results, which fit their political designs. The effects of such treatment can last indefinitely, and can manifest themselves in loss of memory, feelings of depression and guilt, and various physical ailments, including ulcers. To prepare for these possible consequences, the Department has made a point of consulting from time to time with the families of the hostages, some of whom have also held group meetings with the psychiatrists to help them prepare for a difficult transitional period when the hostages return home.

I ATTENDED the first meeting held at the State Department with the hostages' families, late in November. It took place shortly after the thirteen hostages were released, and several of them were present. Secretary Vance opened the meeting by assuring the group that the government was doing all it could to obtain the release of the rest of the prisoners, and he told the families to keep writing letters, even though it appeared that none had yet been delivered. He then turned the meeting over to Newsom, who said, "We want to keep in touch with you as much as possible. Meetings like this will be most valuable. We'll have one whenever you feel the need for it." He said that the "key elements" of negotiation were "now in train," emphasized the point that the hostages had to be released without being tried by any Iranian tribunal, and referred to the "splendid support we're receiving from the diplomatic community in Teheran."

The families, mostly wives of the hostages, listened carefully, but it was apparent that there was an undercurrent of nervousness and near-hysteria among some of them.

"I want to know if they're being brainwashed. Are their feelings being deformed?" one angry wife demanded. "I'm afraid our letters will be used against us."

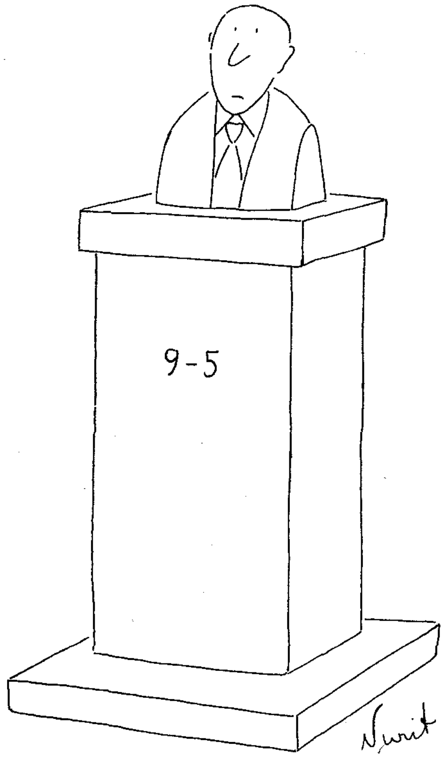
A heated discussion followed on whether or not it was wise to write letters. Captain Neal Robinson, one of the released hostages, said he had not written to his wife, "so as not to give out her address."

One of the wives present said, "I write only about the weather—nothing basic."

"I don't want them to get hold of my handwriting," another wife said.

"We have an obligation to get out there," a third wife said, and a fourth maintained, "We must do something positive."

"Don't throw stones. It won't help," one of the cooler wives admonished, and that suggestion was echoed by Penne Laingen, the wife of the chargé d'affaires, who said she had spoken to her husband once on the phone and he had advised her to let the State Department handle matters. A cable that Laingen had sent to Newsom for the families was then read. It said, in part:



> We cannot and do not presume to know these men and women as well as you who are members of their families. But we do know them as able, dedicated, and loyal Americans, whose resilience and character and, yes, their sense of humor will see them safely through this crisis... All of them, most of whom came to Iran as volunteers, have been committed to one purpose. That was to work with the Iranian authorities in an effort to build a new and mutually beneficial United States-Iranian relationship, an effort based on full acceptance of the revolution and respect for the central role of Islam in that revolution.... To now describe these representatives of the United States as spies and agents of espionage is a travesty of the facts and an insult to human intelligence, both American and Iranian.

Laingen's message concluded by asking for "patience and restraint," but this did little to quiet many of the wives at the meeting. When one of the State Department doctors volunteered to talk to any of them at any time, a wife shouted, "Will you take all our blood pressures?"

Another heated conversation took place about whether and when the Shah would leave the United States and about why he had been allowed to enter the country in the first place.

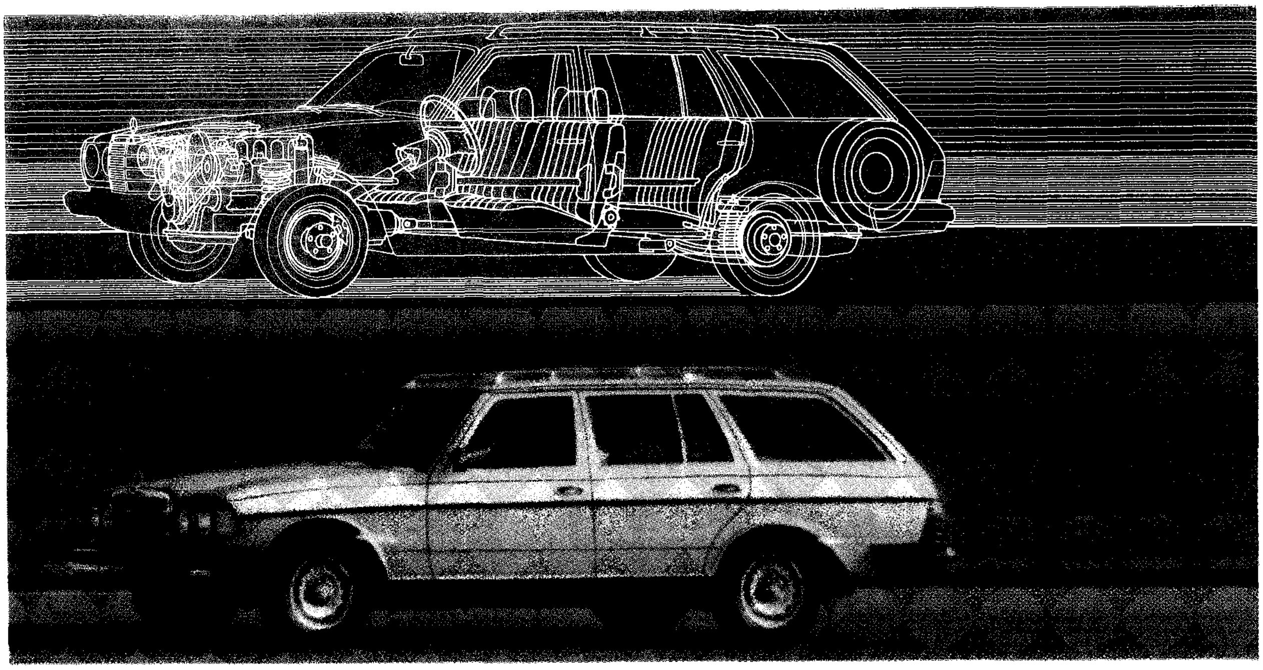
Newsom said that increasing attention was being given to the Shah's departure. "As for his coming here, we received assurances from the Iranian government which, it turned out, it wasn't able to fulfill," he added. "Any President will face a difficult dilemma when someone who has been a friend seeks entry under the conditions the Shah did. It was a difficult decision to make."

"It was poor judgment—a monumental mistake—but we've done nothing wrong legally," a wife replied.

Robinson said, "I felt betrayed by the United States government. What happened should have been anticipated. Attacking Carter, though, will just make it more difficult now."

"People are getting angrier," one wife said.

As the talk raged back and forth, with the various wives interrupting each other, one of them warned that "we're heading for another Vietnam War." The possible use of force came up. Newsom said that, while the President had not excluded it, "our priority is unharmed release. Force won't help." In reference to the rising anger in the country, which the wives had talked of, he pointed out that many members of Congress, who were being



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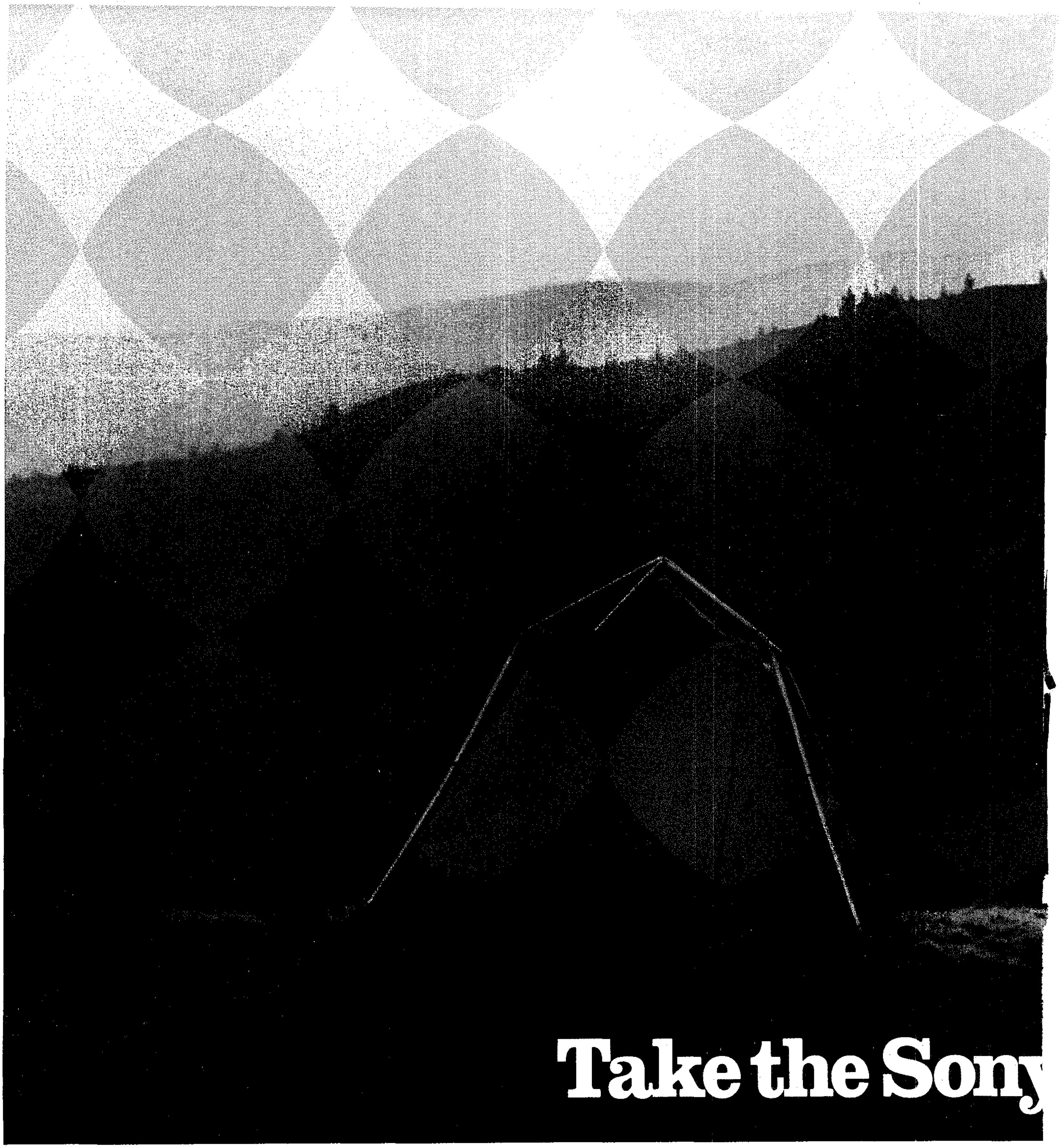

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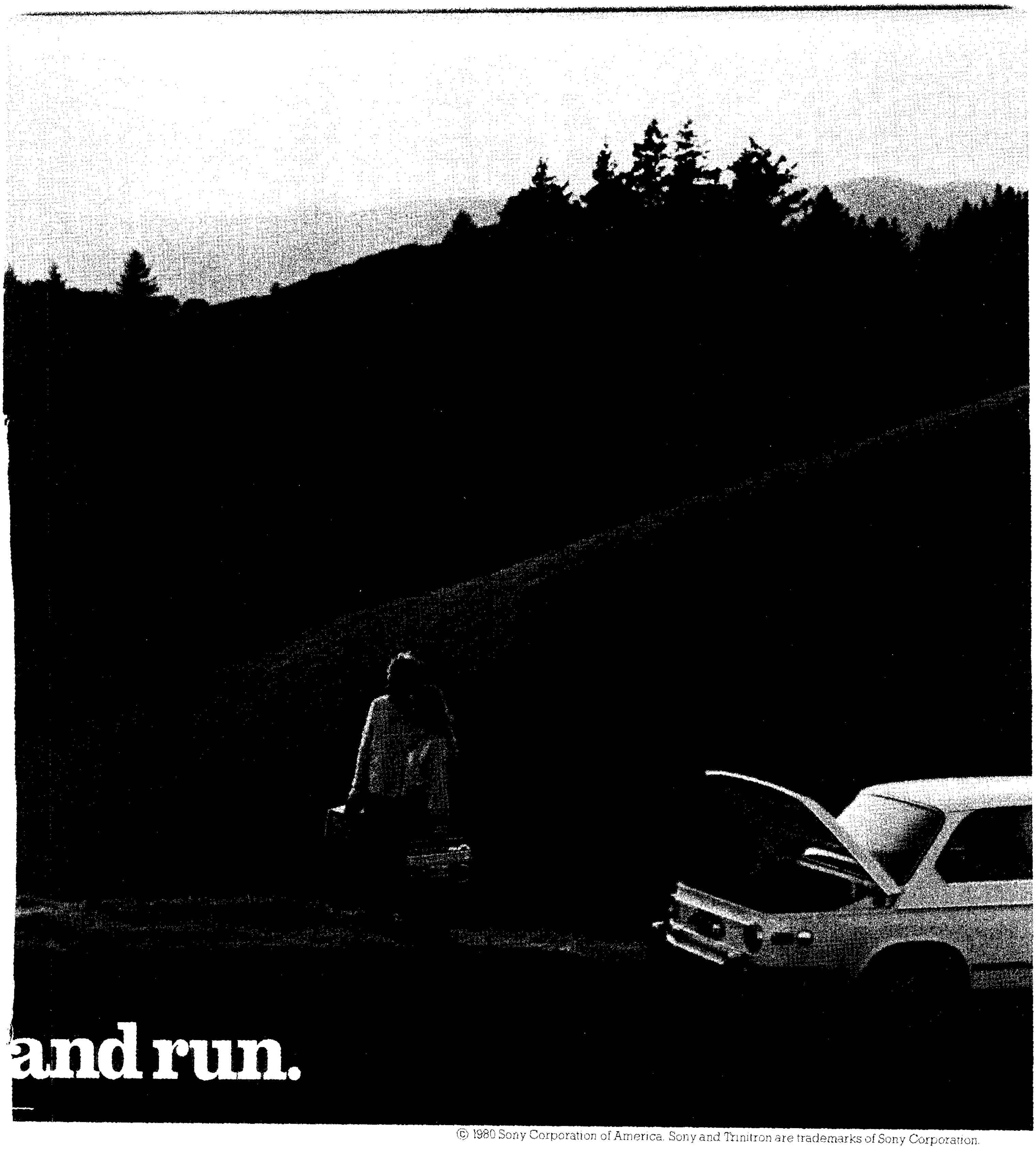

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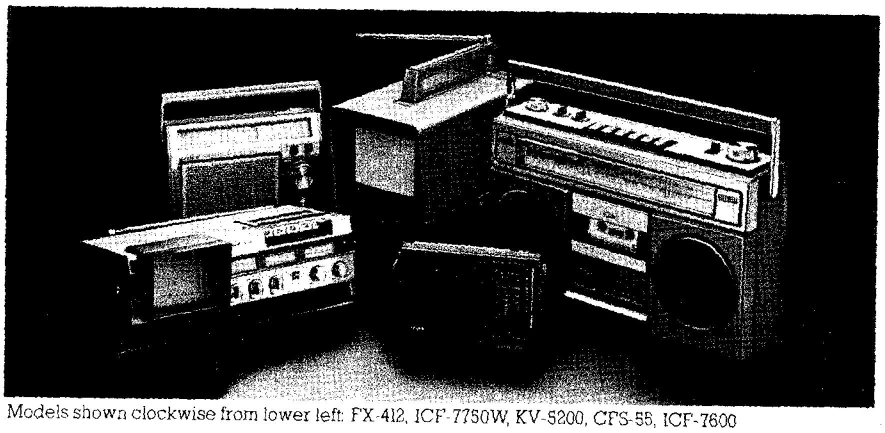
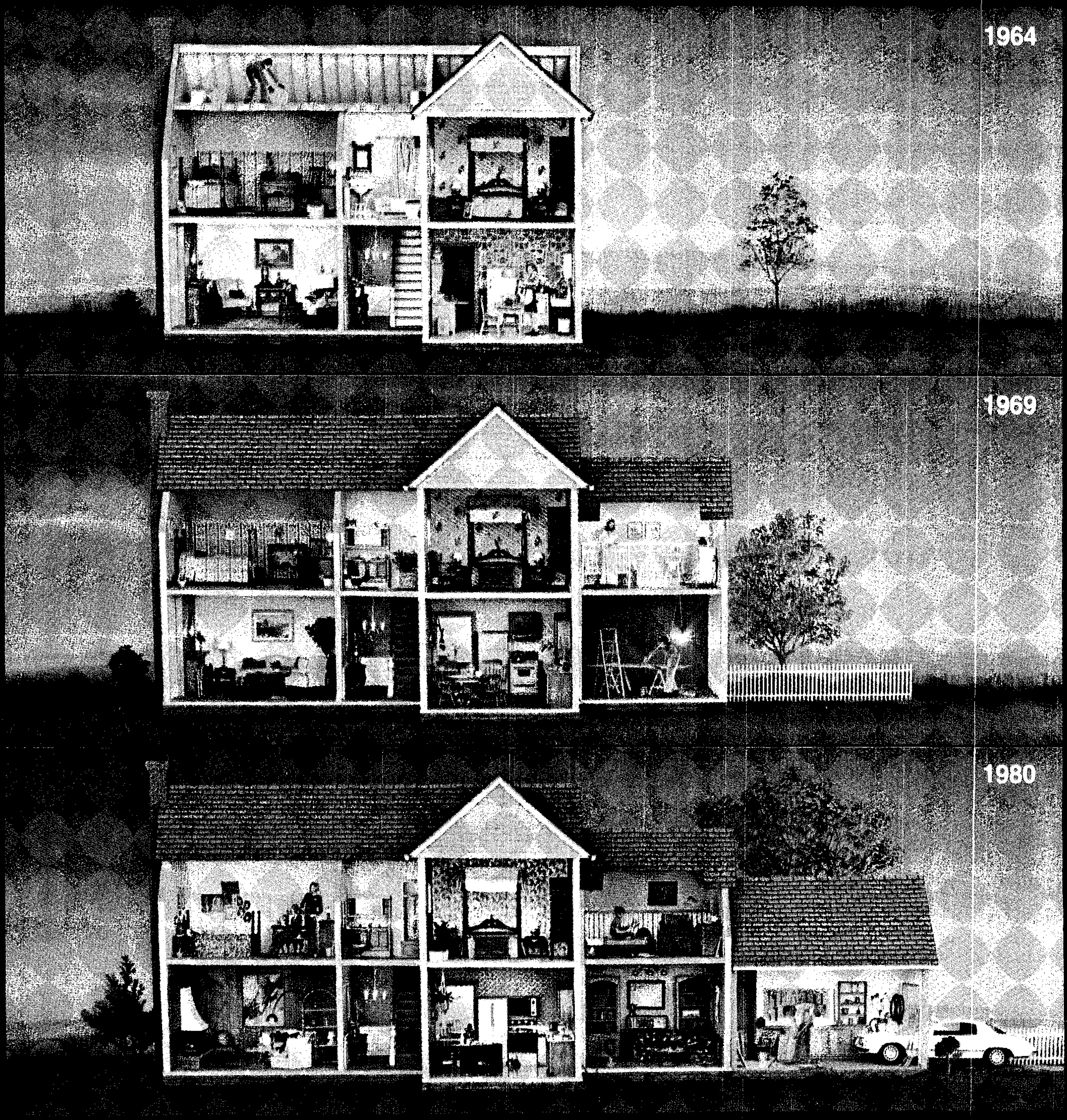

Models shown clockwise from lower left: FX-412, ICF-7750W, KV-5200, CFS-55, ICF-7600

The inside story of why Diamond International is expanding.



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briefed regularly by Vance, Christopher, and himself, were angry, too, but that “anger is not what we need—coolness, determination, and support for negotiations are what’s required. It’s not a time for threats. Even the most vocal hawks have gone along with this, though they may feel they’re losing their manhood in the process.”

One of the wives asked whether paying a ransom for the hostages had been considered.

Newsom told her that “the last thing to do is to pass money around,” adding parenthetically that the Iranians had already been encouraged to attempt recovery of the Shah’s assets by suing in the courts, and that one such action for fifty-six and a half billion dollars was about to be brought in the New York State Supreme Court.

The meeting broke up shortly after a discussion of the press, which some of the wives condemned for overpublicizing the militant captors and further arousing passions in America. “We’re very conscious of the extent of hysteria,” Newsom said, in conclusion. “For that reason, we’re trying to step up visits to the hostages, to make them feel more secure and quiet things down here.”

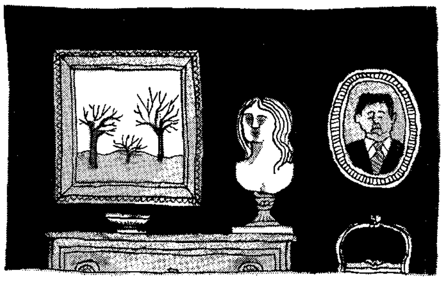
THE last two weeks of November brought the crisis to its first climax, and they were also marked by events that threatened to broaden it. On the twentieth, the White House issued a statement that stressed the desire to pursue “a peaceful solution to this problem through the United Nations and every other available channel,” but, for the first time, there was a reference to “other remedies available.” Such remedies, including contingency plans drawn up at the Pentagon for a precision strike against the Iranian oil port of Kharg Island and for a general blockade of Iranian oil ports and the Strait of Hormuz, in the Persian Gulf, had tentatively been set aside as too dangerous, for they might have led to reprisals against the hostages and to trouble with our oil-dependent allies. But plans for some sort of commando raid on the Embassy were being carefully weighed. President Carter’s intimation of a possible ultimate resort to arms was accompanied by the movement of a carrier task force from the Philippines to join one that was already in the Arabian Sea near the Persian Gulf. That same day, the Grand Mosque in Mecca, in Saudi Arabia, was stormed by a band of several hundred members of a well-armed fundamentalist sect that, it later turned out, was seeking to overthrow the Saudi monarchy; and the following day, in the wake of a totally unfounded report that Americans had had a hand in the Mecca attack, the American Embassy in Islamabad, Pakistan, was attacked by three hundred students and workers, who set fire to it and destroyed it. Though there was no relationship between these two attacks, Khomeini later sought to connect them and to represent them as having to do with a groundswell of anti-American activity in the Middle East and South Asia; he called the sacking of the Pakistan Embassy “a great joy,” and urged all Muslims to rise up against the West, declaring that “this is not a struggle between the United States and Iran, it is a struggle between Islam and blasphemy.” Earlier broadcasts about the Mecca attack over the Indian and Pakistani radio networks may have helped prompt the attack in Pakistan, in consequence of which two Americans and four Pakistanis were killed and three hundred and twenty-eight American officials and private citizens were evacuated. Newsom met them at Andrews Air Force Base, later commenting, “Once more, we’ve been required to take our people quickly from a troubled area.” The Saudis quickly dispelled any notion that the United States had in any way been involved in the Mecca assault, but in the next two weeks, while they were still engaged in putting it down, anti-American demonstrations and attacks took place elsewhere in Pakistan, and in India, Bangladesh, and Turkey as well. As a result, the United States ordered the evacuation of all nonessential diplomatic personnel and dependents from eleven Islamic nations.

While these acts of violence were going on, intensive secret negotiations over the hostages were finally started at the United Nations, in New York. The fifteen-member Security Council, in response to a plea from Ambassador McHenry on November 9th, had already called for their release, and in the middle of the month Newsom and Vance had consulted with Council members and with Waldheim and Salim Salim, the Tanzanian President of the General Assembly. Through Waldheim, the Americans, on November 23rd, had privately submitted a five-point proposal to Ahmed Salamatian, Iran’s representative. It called for a Security Council meeting on the morning of the twenty-seventh, in which Iran would participate; for the release of the hostages the same day; and for the simultaneous establishment by Waldheim of an international commission to investigate “grave violations of human rights and other illegal acts in Iran.” The United States agreed to recognize the right of Iran to use American courts to claim the Shah’s assets, including those that might later be transferred here from countries other than Iran, and said that we were prepared to reëstablish friendly relations with Iran in accordance with international principles and the U.N. Charter. Three days later, Ramsey Clark reëntered the picture as an intermediary, to transmit a counterproposal from Salamatian. Under its terms, an international commission of inquiry agreed to by the United States and Iran would “investigate charges of criminal and other wrongful conduct and violations of human rights by the former Shah and his regime,” and both countries would cooperate with it “to make the truth fully known.” Concurrently with the announcement of the investigation of criminal charges against the Shah, Iran would “begin the process of terminating the occupation of the United States Embassy in Teheran,” while each country would pledge henceforth “to refrain from interfering in the internal affairs of the other and each to seek reconciliation and friendship.” Though the Americans raised queries about certain parts of the Iranian counteroffer—notably the timing of the hostages’ release suggested by the word “begin”—they were prepared to move forward if Bani-Sadr came to the United Nations, “to participate in full debate,” and he told Waldheim the following day that he would. He was expected on December 1st. But Khomeini vetoed his trip, and on November 28th Bani-Sadr resigned as Foreign Minister and was replaced by Ghotbzadeh, who announced on the thirtieth that he would not attend the Security Council debate. The Americans had hoped that a settlement would be reached shortly after the Muslim holy day of Ashura, which fell this year on December 1st, or else after the new Iranian constitution was approved by a referendum early in December, but these hopes were now dashed, and the crisis continued.

On December 4th, acting on a request from Waldheim for the Security Council to meet in an emergency session on a matter that threatened the maintenance of international peace and security, the Council, by a unanimous vote, adopted a resolution calling on Iran “to release immediately the personnel of the Embassy of the United States of America being held in Teheran, to provide them protection, and to allow them to leave the country." Khomeini denounced the action as "predetermined," though McHenry had made a strong statement in which he declared, "None of us is deaf to the passionate voices that speak of injustice, that cry out against past wrongs, and that ask for understanding. There is not a single grievance alleged or spoken in this situation that could not be heard in an appropriate forum." Had Carter backed up this declaration with one of his own, progress might have been made then, but the White House remained silent. Concerning this silence, Newsom later said, "The timing of such a response is always extremely important. In this instance, if the time was not ripe for the action to be effective both in Iran and in the United States, it was best not to make a move. To do so prematurely, particularly when there were a limited number of negotiating options, would have hurt our chances for the future." The Security Council resolution that unanimously called on Iran to release the hostages had also called on Waldheim to "lend his good offices" in seeking a resolution of the crisis. It seemed that an appropriate time for him to do so had now arrived.

A week later, as the Iranians remained obdurate, Newsom called Ali Asghar Agah to his office and informed him that all but thirty-five of a total of two hundred and eighteen Iranian diplomats then in the United States would have to leave the country within five days. However, as it turned out, more than half of the diplomats were supporters of the pre-Khomeini regime and had either already left for points unknown or resigned their posts and acquired the status of residents of this country. Fifty-one diplomats representing the Khomeini regime did leave, presumably for Iran. There were, additionally, fifteen others who had deportation actions pending against them; and thirty-eight had asked for political asylum.

This initial action against the Iranian diplomats, Newsom told me, was a reflection of "the grave disappointment we felt as a result of the failure of the Iranians to take any positive steps following the referendum on the constitution." As he saw it, the Americans were faced at this point with the threefold problem of trying to deal simultaneously with an erratic Khomeini and a divided Revolutionary Council—through Ghotbzadeh, who continued to have his own political ambitions—and the militant students, who were following their own dedicated course. "We were convinced that Khomeini wouldn't ask the students to give up the hostages unless he could do so in the context of giving the students a victory," he said. "It was extremely difficult getting to Khomeini, and it would have been a mistake to negotiate with the students, even if we could. So our only real channel was through Ghotbzadeh and the Council, but even Ghotbzadeh, as Foreign Minister, had trouble reaching Khomeini. At least, we had established the fact that the Shah wouldn't be returned to Iran by us, that there was broad international support for our position on release of the hostages, and that the continuation of the crisis was increasingly damaging to Iran and the revolution." Khomeini, on December 13th, had authorized Ghotbzadeh to set up an international tribunal and had approved further visits to the hostages by outsiders—an opening that resulted in the Christmas visit of three American prelates and an Algerian priest, who conducted services at the Embassy. The United States had taken the position that any tribunal would have to be part of a plan that would lead to the release of the hostages. "It's obviously the United States that's on trial," Newsom explained. "That's their ploy. Do we acknowledge that, and try to get international observers present and thereby seek to obtain an element of fairness? Do we try to shape the membership, and do we respond at the tribunal or merely respond to the charges back here?" A Western ambassador in Teheran, reflecting the general feeling there, took note, in a cable that reached the Department, of the "lack of a structure of authority" below Khomeini among the various groups competing with him for power. "Policy is derived by interaction between an aging religious zealot, a group of radical revolutionaries, and the mindless mob," the cable continued. Along with others, this ambassador felt that the best way to break the logjam was to have the Shah leave the United States. One American professor had just returned from Teheran, where he had spoken with top Iranian leaders, who had agreed that nothing could happen until the Shah left America and said that his departure would have to be regarded by the Iranians as an "escape" or an "expulsion." The professor came away convinced that the students were "very hard-lined," and he doubted whether even Khomeini could control them. Bani-Sadr, who had retained the portfolio of Finance Minister after resigning as Foreign Minister, had visited the Embassy and had tried unavailingly to reason with them. "By taking the hostages you have undermined the soundness of your cause," he had told them. "You cannot try the official representatives of a foreign country which enjoys diplomatic immunity. . . . The Koran teaches us that agreements reached even with infidels are sacred."



The Shah's departure for Panama on December 15th helped ease the crisis temporarily. He had had his gallstones removed and had undergone radiation therapy. New York Hospital had been ready to discharge him at the end of November, but he had nowhere to go, for the Mexicans had just told the State Department that because of the "true world crisis" and also because of "the personality of the Shah himself," they wouldn't renew his visa, which was to expire on December 9th. The decision was received with surprise at the State Department, since the Mexicans had previously promised to take him back; it was thought to be the result of internal Mexican political friction and was later learned to have been urged by former President Luis Echeverría Alvarez, who still pulled a lot of weight. Faced with the problem of what to do with the Shah, Newsom and Lloyd Cutler, the White House legal adviser, worked out the temporary solution of having him flown secretly to Wilford Hall Hospital, at Lackland Air Force Base, near San Antonio, Texas, which had the facilities to house and treat him. The Americans were not happy about having him under their official jurisdiction and quickly started searching for a new home for him. Hamilton Jordan, President Carter's chief of staff, made two secret trips to Panama to see General Omar Torrijos, Panama's strong man, whom he knew, and Torrijos agreed to give the Shah sanctuary. The ex-ruler was flown to Panama from San Antonio on the morning of the fifteenth in an Air Force jet, and was given a house on Contadora Island.

THE Soviet invasion of Afghanistan over the Christmas holidays drew attention away from Iran for the moment, as State Department officials were busily engaged in preparing the series of American responses ordered by President Carter, including the curtailment of grain shipments to the Soviet Union and the suspension of sales of high-technology items to the Russians. Newsom chaired a number of meetings at the Department and attended other meetings at the White House on the policy decisions and the means of carrying them out, which involved a vast amount of work within the American bureaucracy and also the dispatch of countless cables to allies whose support we sought for what amounted to an economic boycott against the Soviet Union. At the same time, as head of the Iranian task force, Newsom continued to keep his finger on the situation in Iran, and his desk was piled high with cables and working papers on various related matters, including the possibility of resuming military aid to Pakistan. The Soviet airlift of troops into Afghanistan began on Christmas Day, and on the previous day Newsom had received a long briefing from the Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research which made the extent of the Soviet buildup clear. He later told me, "As far back as September, we had been abreast of growing signs that the Soviet Union had something in mind. At that time, through satellite photographs and other sources, it became apparent that the Russians were funnelling troops in the direction of Afghanistan. So we had some indication of what was going on when the flights increased on December 26th and 27th. On the twenty-eighth, President Carter began telephoning various people, including President Zia ul-Haq, of Pakistan, to express his concern over the new developments.

"We were involved in the paperwork for these Presidential phone calls, but our main task was the preparation of memorandums for the National Security Council meeting that the President called for January 2nd—we spent New Year's Day working on that. And then, two days later, the President made his address to the nation. We worked on an early draft of the speech, and afterward we had a lot of staff work to organize on the legalities and technicalities of our response."

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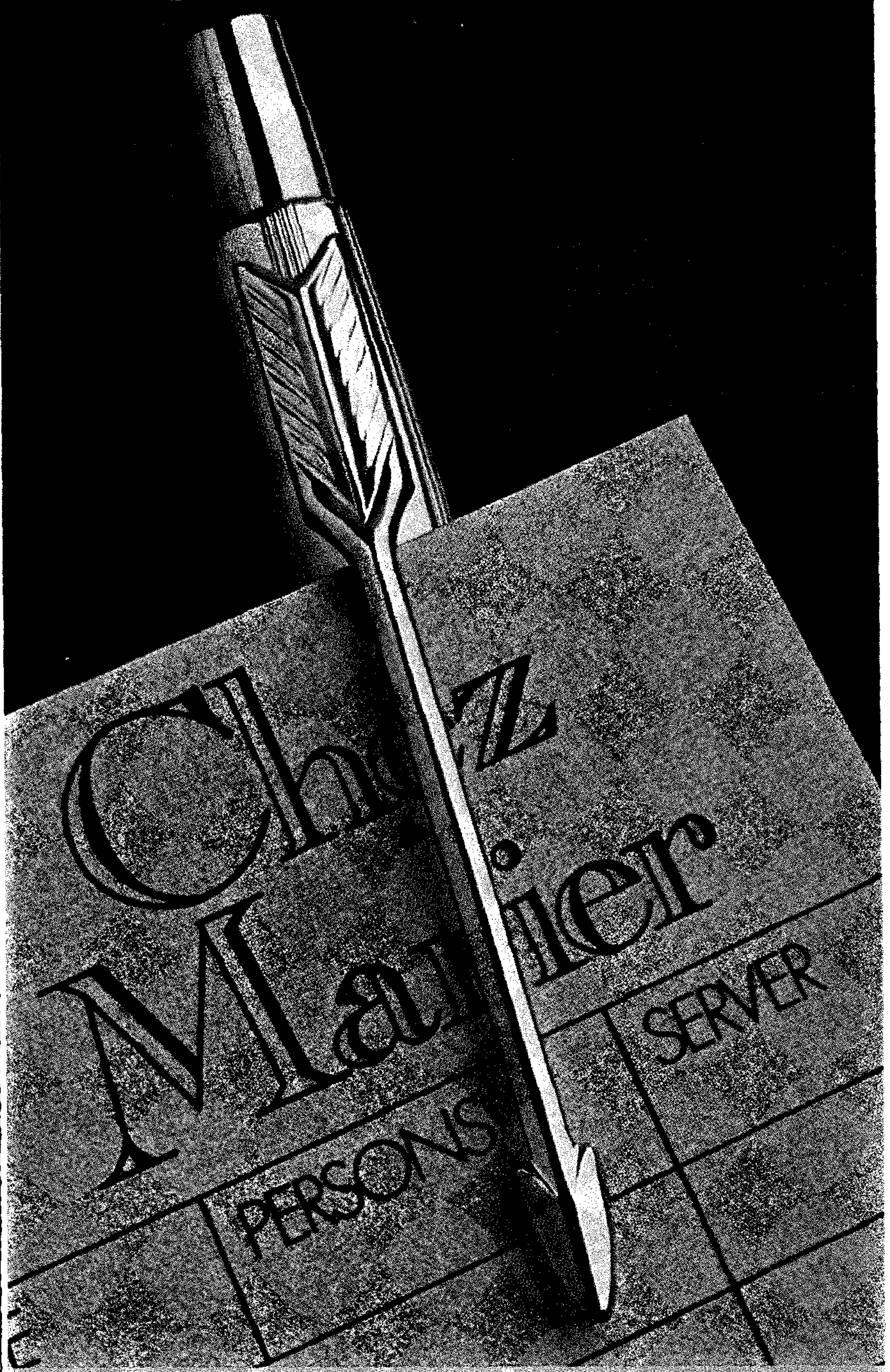

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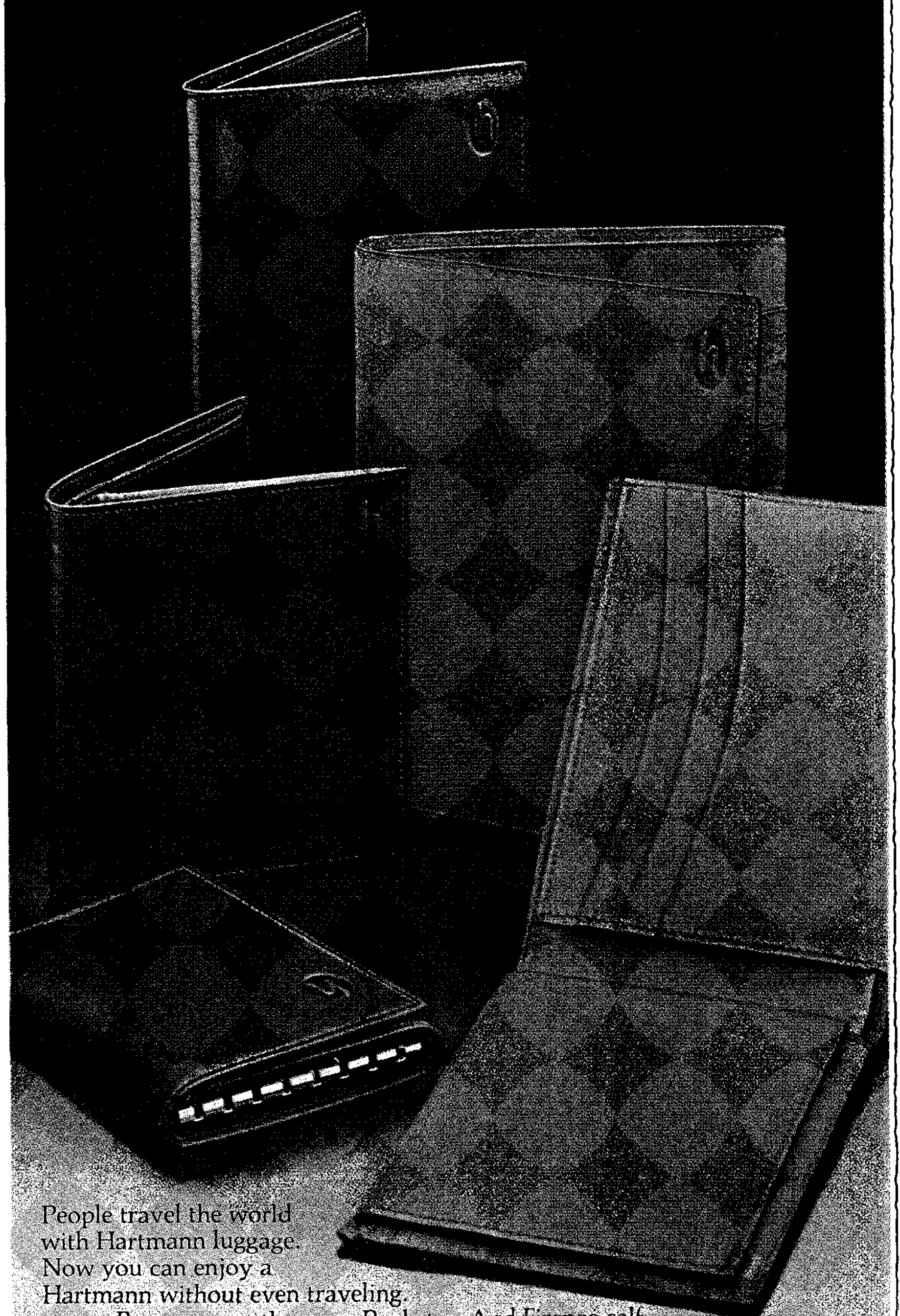

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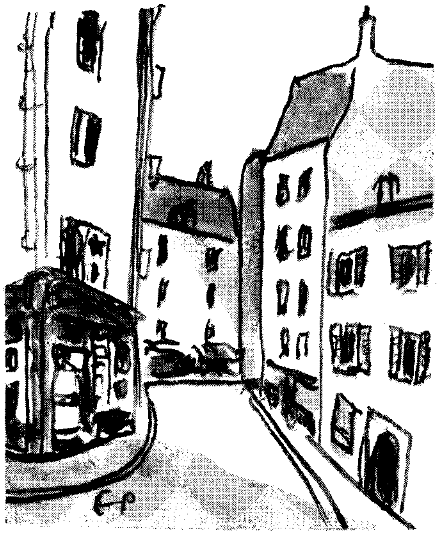
were unusually harsh—the Security Council voted eleven to nothing, with four abstentions (one nation that abstained was the Soviet Union), to apply economic sanctions against Iran if the hostages were not released in a week. On that day, too, Secretary-General Waldheim flew to Teheran. He had been privately informed by Agha Shahi, Pakistan's Foreign Affairs Adviser, who had seen Khomeini, that the Ayatollah would receive him in Qum. Waldheim's trip proved to be a near-disaster. Not only did Khomeini refuse to see him but on two occasions—once while Waldheim was visiting a cemetery in Teheran where victims of the Shah were buried, and again after he paid a visit to the Revolutionary Council in Qum—he was mobbed by demonstrators and, according to what he later told friends at the United Nations, narrowly escaped being injured or killed. The demonstrations must have been planned in advance, he said, and he had found "unreasoning hatred of the United States and of the United Nations," which was regarded as an instrument of the United States. Waldheim saw little hope for progress on the hostages, and, in view of the chaotic conditions he had found in Iran, he expressed fear for their safety. As for the establishment of a commission of inquiry, he found the Iranians vague and uncertain about its purposes and prerogatives, and definite only in their insistence that they would have to approve of its findings before releasing the hostages. Though his trip was apparently a failure, and he was angry at the Pakistanis for having misled him about seeing Khomeini, the trip ultimately led to the appointment of the commission of inquiry that went to Iran late in February.

Other people behind the scenes were now actively seeking ways to negotiate the release of the hostages. One of them was Amadou M'Bow, of Senegal, the Director-General of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), who felt that the problem of the hostages was a matter of intergovernmental communication, which was a major UNESCO concern. "M'Bow put us in touch with two men, Seán MacBride and Sadiq al-Mahdi," Newsom told me, "and he asked that we deal separately with them." Both men had had associations with UNESCO—Sadiq as an Oxford-trained economist and an expert on Islamic and constitutional law, and MacBride as a former Foreign Minister of Ireland and a founder of Amnesty International. "MacBride initially came to us with a proposition for establishing a five-man commission to include one American; Louis Pettiti, a French lawyer; himself; and two others," Newsom continued. "They would form a tribunal to hear evidence against the Shah and then determine whether a Nuremberg-type trial was feasible. He went to Teheran in December to discuss the idea with the Iranians, and spoke with the Revolutionary Council, which wanted a tribunal of some kind. Sadiq was also in Teheran during December, as a private citizen—he was making a study of the new Iranian constitution—but he had been asked by President Nemery, of the Sudan, to help out with the hostage crisis, because he had had contacts with some of the Iranian leaders before the revolution. While he was there, he got to see Khomeini and members of the Revolutionary Council. When he returned, he came to Washington, and I had a long talk with him on January 3rd and saw him again on the fourth, with Secretary Vance. His report was extremely useful, particularly in its emphasis on our having to proceed on a step-by-step basis in solving the crisis, because of the unpredictable attitudes of Khomeini and the students. Then, on January 5th, MacBride was in Washington, and we spoke with him about the tribunal idea."

At the request of Newsom's office, Harold Saunders, the Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, prepared a summary of the various ideas these men and others had put forward and of the position of the United States, and this summary contributed to the plan that was adopted when the commission appointed by Waldheim went to Teheran. MacBride suggested the formation of two commissions—one to which the Iranians would deliver the hostages for release, and one, set up by the Iranians themselves, to take evidence for the case against the Shah, which would then be turned over to the United Nations. The Iranians would take steps to find out where the Shah's major assets were, and if they could be obtained they would use them to create a foundation to assist victims of SAVAK or their children. According to Sadiq's plan, the Americans would declare that the Shah would not be extradited but would concede that the Iranians had legitimate grievances, which should be investigated with the coöperation of the United States, and that on the basis of that investigation and its results the Americans would be "prepared to turn over a new leaf with Iran." Sadiq also raised the possibility of approaching the Shah and obtaining his agreement to abdicate the throne and to have the Crown Prince renounce any intention of recovering it, and of obtaining a pledge of security for the safety of the Shah and his family if he returned his assets to Iran to be used for humanitarian purposes. Suggestions made by others, including an anonymous New York lawyer, dealt more specifically with the Shah's assets and with American coöperation in accounting for them. Once this accounting was accomplished—or perhaps once it was set in motion—the United States would lift the freeze on Iranian assets and reestablish normal commercial relations with Iran, which would include the furnishing of spare parts for military equipment that had been sold to Iran under earlier programs. The position of the United States remained predicated on the immediate release of the hostages. After that, the government was prepared to accept an international commission to hear Iran's grievances and report on them to the United Nations, but it would not condone any hearings or convene any tribunal that would involve the hostages and thereby jeopardize their safety.

With these various plans and possibilities in mind, but with nothing concrete from the Iranians in hand, the Americans decided after Waldheim's return from Teheran that the time had come to move ahead with sanctions. Then, on January 11th, Ramsey Clark received a telephone call from Mansour Farhang, who had recently become Iran's representative at the United Nations. He said that he had spoken with Foreign Minister Ghotbzadeh, and that the Iranians had a new proposal, which called for recognition by the Americans of the right of the Iranians to seek the Shah's extradition and the recovery of his assets. This was the first time Iran had not demanded the extradition of the Shah as a prerequisite for release of the hostages and had simply asked for the right to try to obtain an extradition in Panama or anywhere else he went. (An Iranian delegation had already visited Panama to seek extradition.) Clark immediately called Newsom, who said that if Farhang had a new idea he should submit it to Waldheim. Farhang did so, and Waldheim told the Security Council that there was "a new development." During the afternoon of the eleventh, McHenry, for the first time, spoke to Farhang directly, by means of a phone call that the Bangladesh ambassador made to Farhang from McHenry's office, saying, when Farhang answered, "I have your friend here," and handing the phone to McHenry. As a result of this call, Farhang submitted a skillfully written message, which he said originated with Ghotbzadeh but which was probably drafted by Farhang himself; it contained a summary of the new proposal, and in giving it to Waldheim he said that, according to Ghotbzadeh, Khomeini had approved of Waldheim's role in seeking a solution and had also approved of a United Nations commission. McHenry and the Americans in Washington felt that the Iranian offer was a forward step but that it left unclear a number of important matters—above all, the exact timing of the hostages' release. After several hours of conversation over the phone between Waldheim, McHenry, Vance, and President Carter, it was agreed to postpone the Security Council vote on sanctions for twenty-four hours.



In a summary of the United States position, McHenry informed the Security Council, "We have too often been led to pray for a breakthrough in the frustration, only to be let down time and again on the failure of the other side to show concrete willingness to work with us, with the United Nations, with anyone for the release of the American personnel." Late on the evening of the eleventh, after consulting with the American delegation, Waldheim drafted a reply to the proposal that Farhang had given him, and sent it to Teheran. On behalf of the Security Council, he asked for a response by the Iranians to two questions: Would they immediately release the hostages if the Council adopted a resolution recognizing Iran's right to seek the Shah's extradition and the return of his assets, or, alternatively, would they free the hostages and allow their safe departure if an international commission should be established "to investigate allegations of grave viola-

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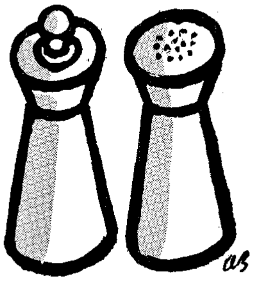
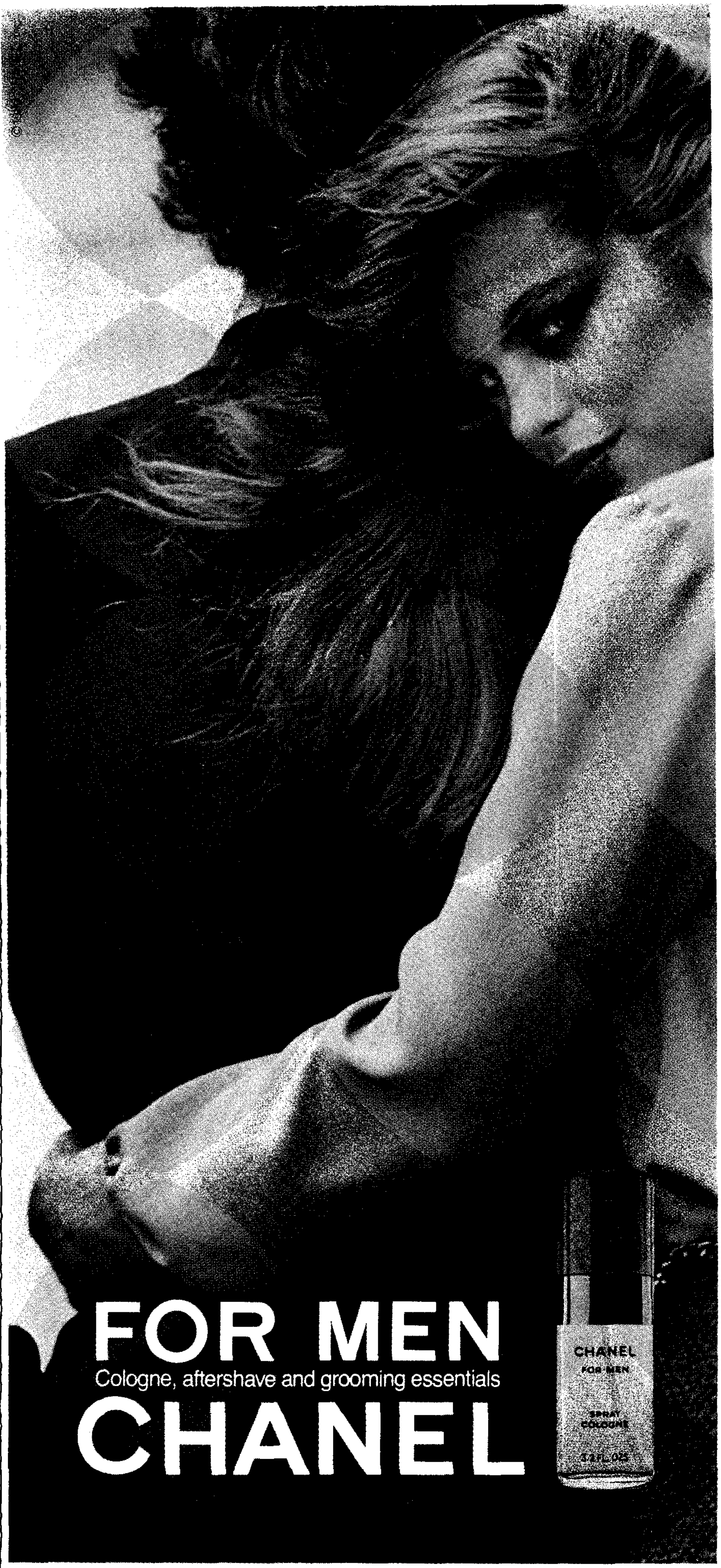
tions of human rights . . . under the previous regime in Iran"?

The next day, the twelfth of January, Ghotbzadeh replied to Waldheim, through Farhang. He made it clear that, while Iran sought a peaceful resolution of the crisis, "the establishment of such a commission and its pronouncements do not by themselves solve the problem." While the message repeated Iran's demand for recognition of its "legitimate rights . . . concerning the extradition of the deposed Shah and the return of the national assets illegitimately transferred out of the country," it said nothing about exactly when the hostages would be released. Further efforts made by Waldheim, through Farhang, to obtain a clarification of the Iranian proposals proved fruitless, and after another twenty-four-hour delay brought no results the Security Council, on the night of January 13th, voted by ten to two to support sanctions against Iran. The Soviet Union vetoed the measure, and East Germany voted against it, but, despite the veto—whose "transparent motive," McHenry said, was "to curry favor with the government and people of Iran"—the Americans were determined to move ahead with sanctions on their own.

THE negotiations again appeared to be stalemated, but a few days later, two Paris lawyers emerged as important intermediaries: Christian Bourguet, a Frenchman, and Héctor Villalón, an Argentine, both of whom had been close to Khomeini and his entourage after the Ayatollah moved from his long exile in Iraq to Paris, in the fall of 1978. The two had continued to represent Iranian interests abroad. From the outset, the United States had sought individuals in Paris who had close connections with the Iranians and might be able to help, and contacts had been established with a number of French academics and others who had known Bani-Sadr and other Iranian leaders since their days of exile in Paris, but nothing concrete had resulted. When the Shah went to Panama, however, Bourguet and Villalón, at the instigation of Ghotbzadeh, became involved in discussions with the Panamanians over the possibility of extraditing the Shah. The Panamanians were engaged in a curious game, which initially alarmed the Americans. Although Panama had no extradition treaty with Iran, the Panamanians were willing to allow extradition proceedings to be brought in their courts, in the hope that by having Iran's complaints made public they might facilitate the release of the hostages. This worried Newsom and others in the State Department, because, as Newsom put it, "the hostages might end up in a worse position as pawns." Nevertheless, the Panamanians—who, after Iran had filed a formal request for the Shah's extradition, went ahead and set March 24th as the deadline for the filing by Iran of supplementary papers in the extradition appeal. In mid-January, after Bourguet talked to the Panamanians about certain aspects of this move, Gabriel Lewis, Panama's former ambassador to the United States, suggested that because members of Bourguet's law firm had contacts in Teheran they might be able to help in working out a new approach to the hostage question. The opening came at what seemed a propitious moment, when there were improved prospects for the development of a clear authority in Iran as a result of the Presidential elections, to be held on January 25th; and, in fact, the man the voters chose was Bani-Sadr, who had indicated in several newspaper interviews and statements that he was eager to resolve the hostage issue if the Americans would only offer a degree of self-criticism with regard to their earlier relations with the Shah.



The idea of some sort of commission was still alive, and on January 19th, less than a week before Bani-Sadr's election, Bourguet and Villalón, who had just been to Teheran to talk to Ghotbzadeh, met in an undisclosed European capital with Saunders and with Hamilton Jordan, who had been following what was going on in Panama as a result of his earlier connections there and the part he played in the Shah's transfer to Contadora Island. Saunders and Jordan presented a new American proposal for the formation of a commission of inquiry, which, it was hoped, would meet the demands of the Iranians and thus lead to the hostages' freedom. While Newsom held the fort in Washington, Secretary Vance and McHenry met with Waldheim in New York to discuss the United Nations' role in this new proposal. Bourguet and Villalón then returned to Teheran to discuss the proposal in detail with Ghotbzadeh, and he reported it to the Revolutionary Council. Ghotbzadeh was particularly pleased by Jordan's participation in the scheme, in part because of Jordan's Panamanian contacts, which might prove helpful in the Iranians' extradition ploy. On January 24th, a meeting was held at the White House to discuss various strategies and tactics, and the following day—Election Day in Iran—Bourguet and Villalón came to Washington on a mission that Ghotbzadeh, with Bani-Sadr's approval, had endorsed. In another long meeting with Jordan and Saunders, a four-stage scenario for the appointment and setting in motion of the commission of inquiry was worked out. On the twenty-eighth, President Carter approved the approach sketched out by the Paris lawyers and the Americans. Then, on January 29th the news came out about the escape of six Americans who were given sanctuary in the Canadian Embassy in Teheran, and there was concern that this event might upset the negotiations. The six, wearing maple-leaf pins in their lapels, managed to board a Swissair plane at the Teheran airport on January 28th without being detected, and flew to Ramstein Air Base, in Germany, and on to Dover Air Force Base, in Delaware, where Newsom met them. As a result of what came to be called "the Canadian caper," telephone connections with Laingen at the Foreign Ministry in Teheran were cut off, but the Iranian reaction was less strong than had been anticipated, and the negotiations continued. Bourguet and Villalón, back in Paris after another trip to Teheran, suggested a new meeting with Jordan and Saunders, and during the next fortnight two such meetings took place, one in Paris and one in Bern, to refine the proposed scenario, which was worked out in several stages and was to be carried out over a three-week period, ending in the transfer of the hostages to the control of the Iranian government and then in their departure from Teheran. According to the plan, once the commission returned to New York and reported to Waldheim, two previously prepared statements would be made public. In these, the two governments would make certain admissions of past mistakes: the Iranians would acknowledge their moral error in holding the hostages in violation of international law, and the Americans would take cognizance of Iran's past grievances, including an acknowledgment of American intervention in Iran, and would take note of Iran's legal right to try to recover the Shah's assets. The two countries would affirm their desire to reëstablish normal relations based on equality and on respect for each other's interests, and a joint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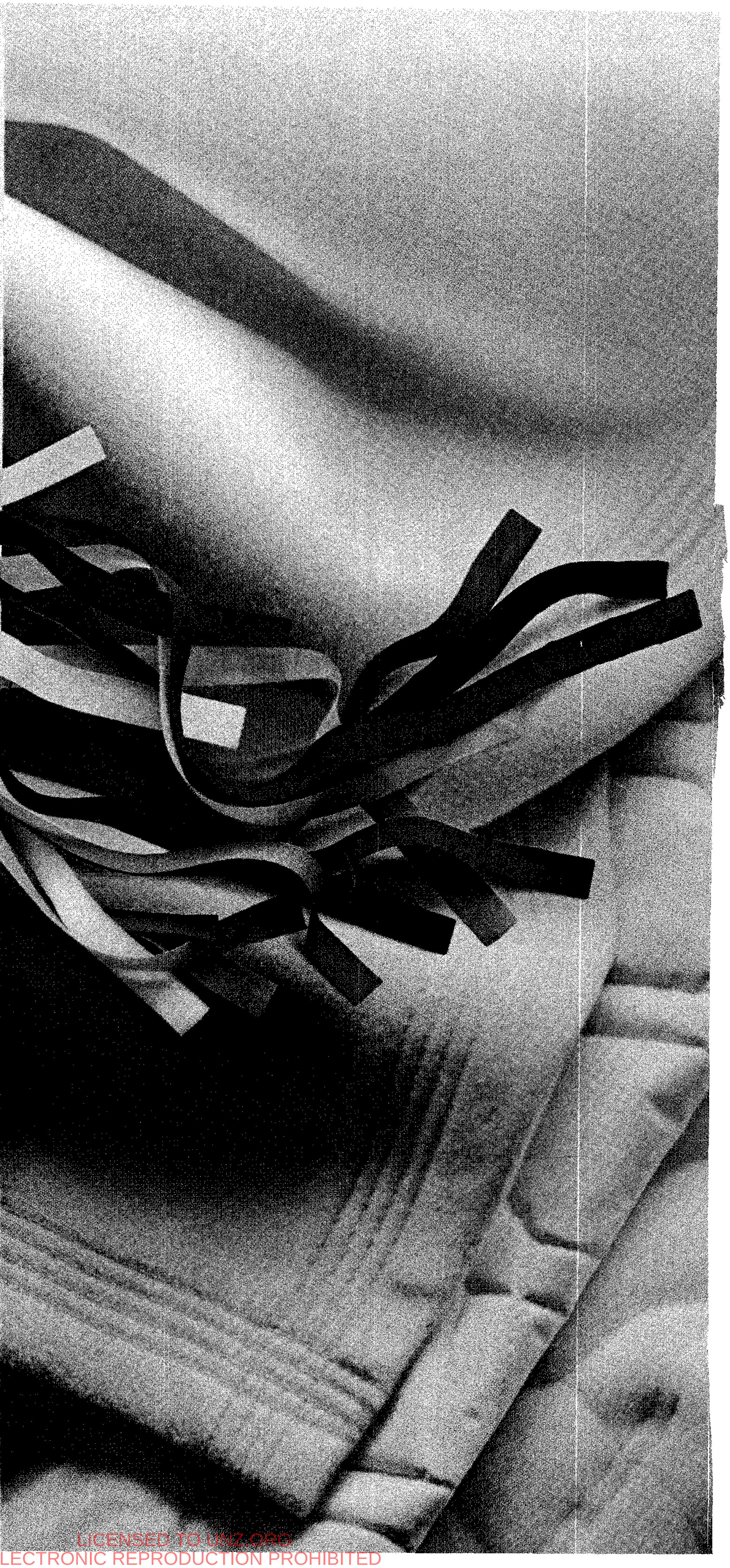

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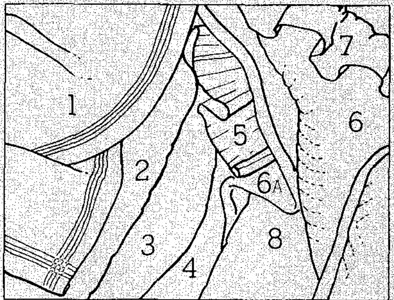

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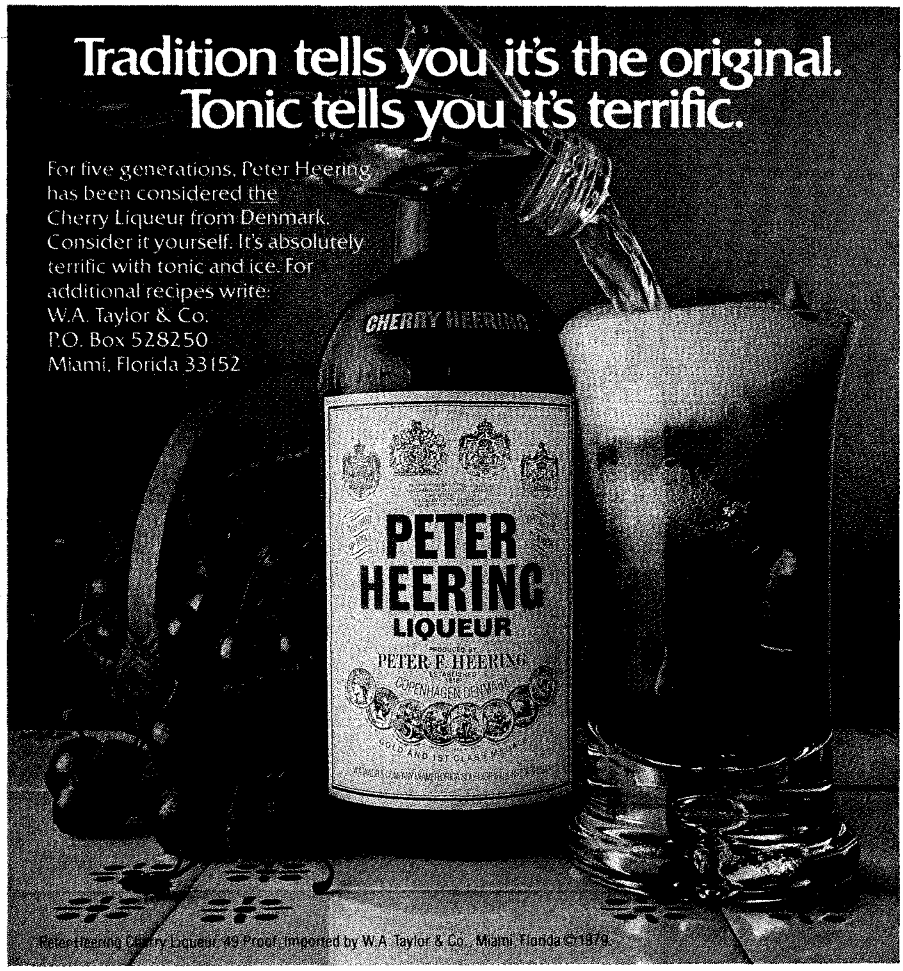
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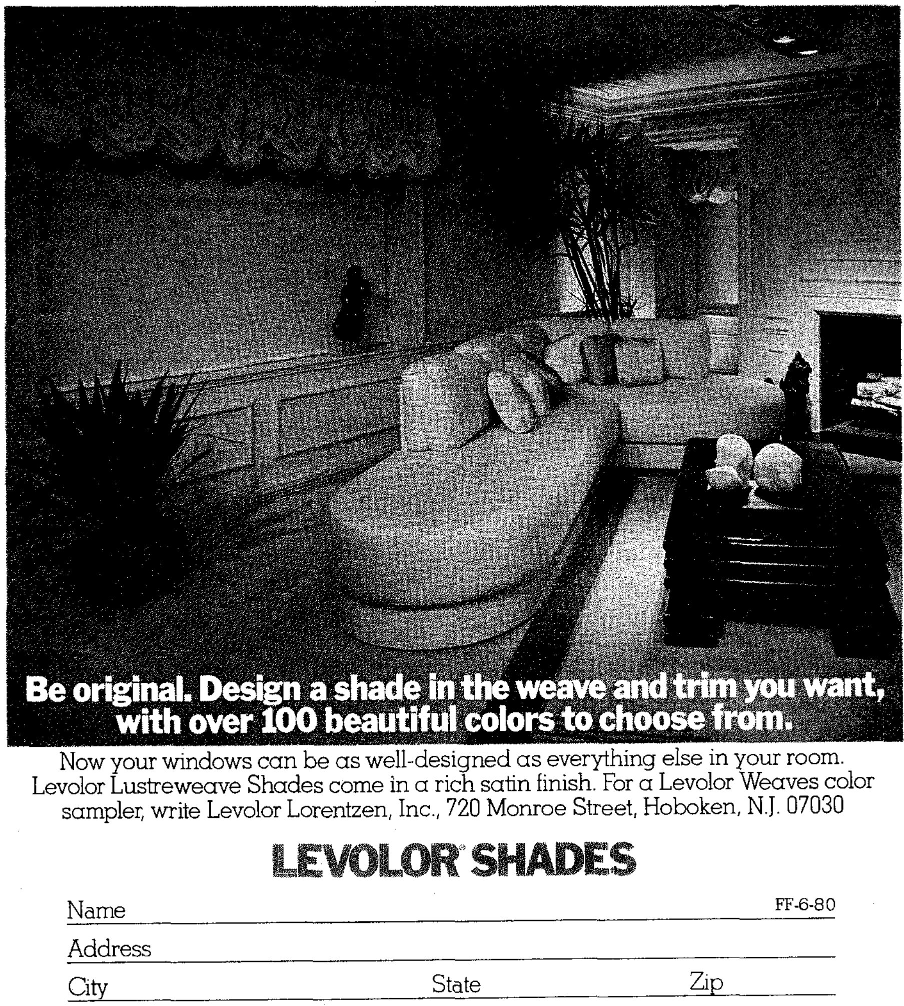
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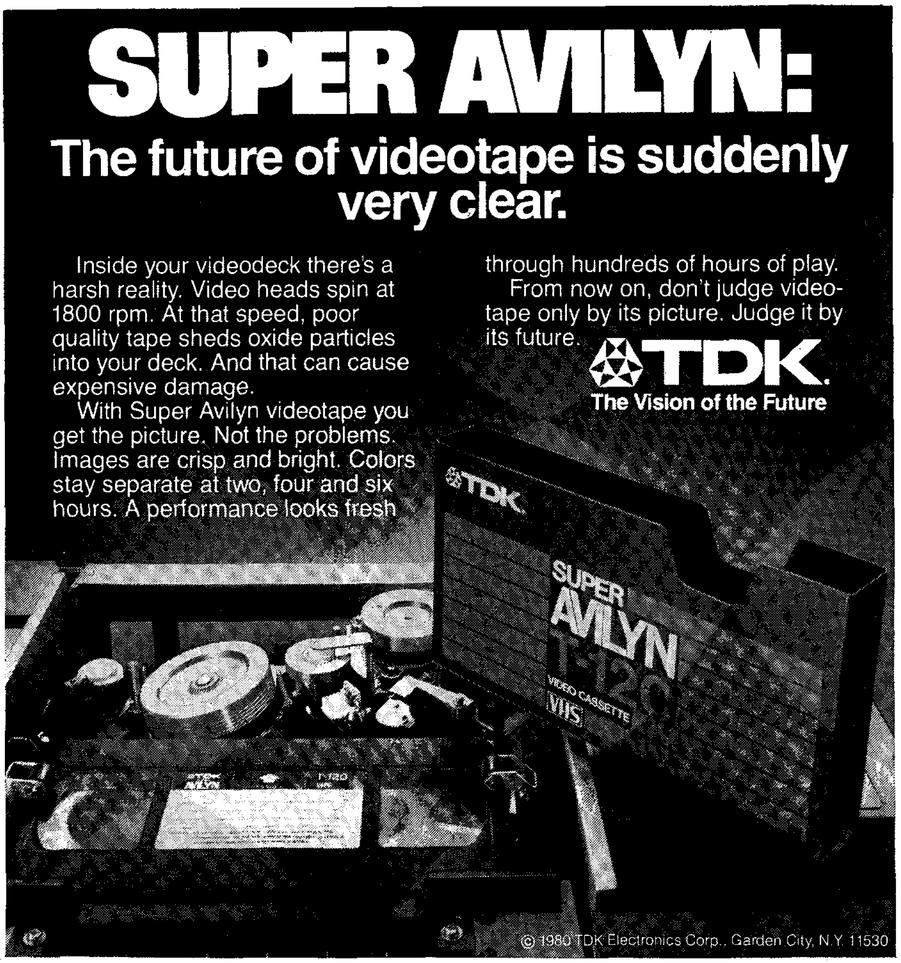
commission would be set up to work out new bilateral arrangements. However, the plan, though it had been approved by Bani-Sadr and Ghotbzadeh, had not received the concurrence of Khomeini, nor was there any certainty that the militant captors would agree to it; it was simply assumed, as it had been all along, that if Khomeini ordered the release of the hostages the militants would free them. Between February 11th and 13th, Waldheim exchanged messages with Ghotbzadeh over the Iranians' formal acceptance of the commission of inquiry. Ghotbzadeh's first cable was couched in tough terms. Referring to the long-time cooperation between the Americans and the Shah, it said that "the commission to investigate their treachery, crimes, and corruption" could come to Iran; but both Waldheim and the Americans ignored the tone of the cable. After a post-midnight meeting at the White House, in which President Carter participated, a reply was drafted that once more rebuked the Iranians for having taken the hostages and held them in "intolerable conditions," and then agreed to an inquiry into Iran's grievances but not to an inquisition of the hostages. In a final cable of acceptance, Ghotbzadeh sought to correct the "erroneous interpretation" that his earlier message might have occasioned, and simply said that the Revolutionary Council accepted the creation of the commission as it had been proposed by Waldheim.

Agreement on the composition of the commission—five liberal lawyers—was reached on February 18th, and on the nineteenth Bani-Sadr cabled Waldheim his own approval of the commission's visit to Teheran, but both he and Ghotbzadeh ruled out the release of the hostages until the commission had completed its work. Though the scenario was carefully outlined, the various stages set forth were to unfold according to a series of reciprocal steps. The Americans, having agreed to the commission's examination of their role in Iran under the Shah as long as it also dealt with their complaints against the Iranians for seizing the hostages, had their own view of the projected timetable for the hostages' release; what they hoped was that this would take place once the commission had completed its work in Teheran. In the written plan, its work was to include interviews with but not interrogation of the hostages, and these interviews, the Americans maintained, were to be confined to a head count to see if all fifty hostages were in the Embassy and were in good health. The commission, composed of representatives of Algeria, Venezuela, France, Syria, and Sri Lanka, gathered in Geneva on the twentieth, but then its departure for Teheran was delayed three days, for what the Iranians said were "technical reasons."

There were also complications as a result of a statement issued by Khomeini, which was addressed to all Iranians but particularly to the militants. The statement said, "You should ask forcefully from the United States and any other nation that is supporting this criminal, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, for his extradition and the return of his wealth, and do not stop until you achieve victory." Although Bani-Sadr and other Iranian officials had by now agreed that the Shah's possible extradition and the release of the hostages were separate matters, the militants, taking heart from the Ayatollah's declaration, announced that any hope that the hostages would be freed without the return of the Shah and the money he had allegedly stolen was "a foolish expectation." On the day of the commission's arrival in Teheran, Khomeini threw another monkey wrench in the works by announcing that, notwithstanding the commission's task, the hostages would not be released until after the new Iranian parliament had been elected and had rendered its approval of the release.

Despite these ominous signs that the "gentlemen's agreement"—which was how one of the commission members had described the plan—might be broken, the commission quickly set about carrying out the first part of its mandate, which was to hear Iran's grievances, and over several days a grim parade of SAVAK victims appeared before it: men with arms and legs missing, with their eyes gouged out, and bearing other dreadful marks of torture. When a mob of fifteen hundred maimed survivors gathered in front of the Hilton Hotel, where the commission members were staying, Mohammed Bedjaoui, of Algeria, one of the two co-chairmen of the commission, told the crowd, which kept chanting "Death to the Shah," that "the international community will know to what unimaginable lengths the violations of human rights were carried in this land." The commission members visited Evin Prison, where SAVAK had jailed and tortured thousands of people, and visited a cemetery to see the tombs of the revolution's martyrs. When they attempted to visit a slum district, on the way back from the cemetery, demon-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strators started pounding on the sides of their cars, but the party got away safely. Testimony was taken and scores of documents received from human-rights leaders and from a team of Iranian investigators who, ever since the revolution, had been gathering evidence on the Shah's alleged corruption and misappropriation of funds. The Iranians charged that the Shah had received at least a billion dollars in shady loans, that he had plundered billions in public funds, and that he had received kickbacks of one sort or another, on such things as imports of wheat and sugar, as well as on construction contracts. The role of the C.I.A. in the 1953 coup, which had restored the Shah to the throne, was examined, as was the close relationship that had existed all along between SAVAK and the C.I.A. and, economically and militarily, between the two governments.

It took the commission a week to carry out this part of its task, and there was little doubt that its members were shocked by what they learned. In a brief communiqué to Waldheim, they described what they had seen and heard as "a most painful experience of human suffering." But when they prepared to fulfill the second part of their mandate, which included visiting the hostages, they ran into trouble, and it was soon clear that the agreement under which they had come to Teheran was being broken by the Iranians. For days, the militants at the Embassy refused to allow the commission to conduct the head count of the hostages which the written agreement called for, insisting that at most they would permit the commission to see some of the hostages, who would act as "witnesses" to verify the charges against the Shah's regime and its close ties to the United States as these were set forth in the documents that the militants had taken from Embassy files. Bani-Sadr and Ghotbzadeh, in what appeared to be an alliance between the two, denied publicly that there was a direct linkage between the commission's job of hearing Iran's grievances and the release of the hostages, or at least that there was any "point certain" when the hostages would be freed. But privately Bani-Sadr and Ghotbzadeh were engaged in a Byzantine political contest with each other, Khomeini, the militants, and a minority of the Revolutionary Council, which favored holding the hostages until the parliament had been elected. Mohammed Beheshti, as head of the Islamic Republican Party, whose candidate for President had been badly beaten by Bani-Sadr, was eager for his party to make a comeback in the elec-

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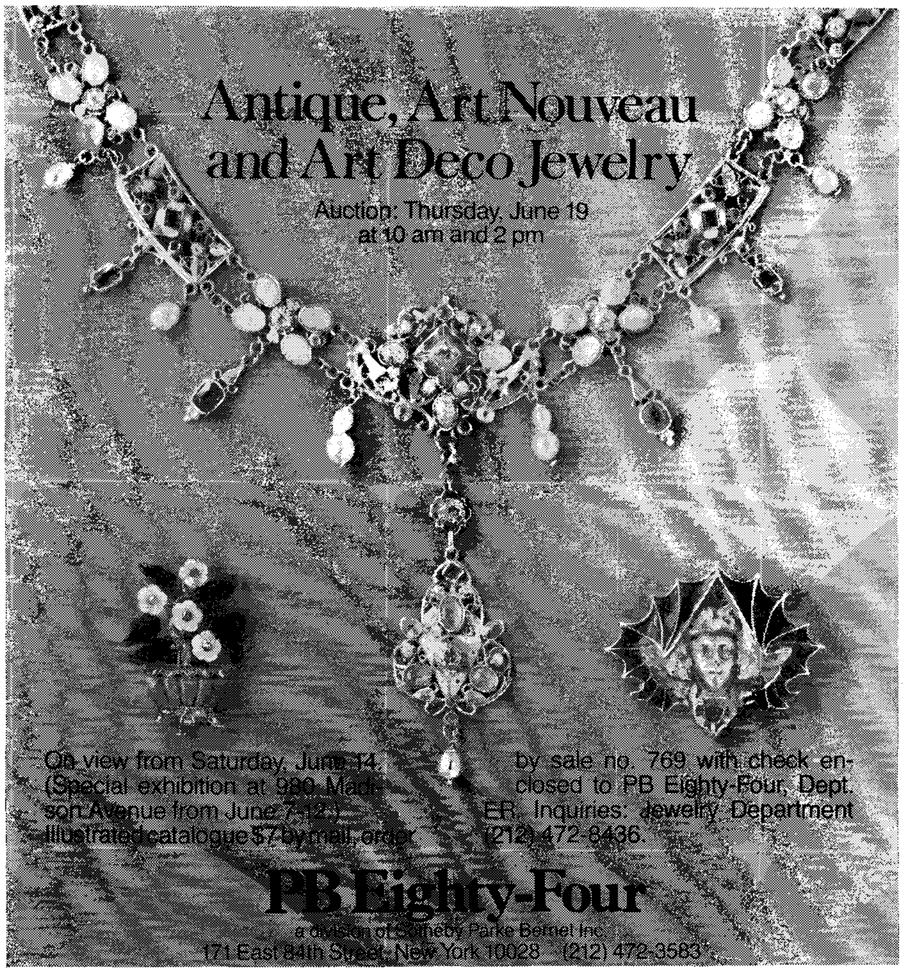
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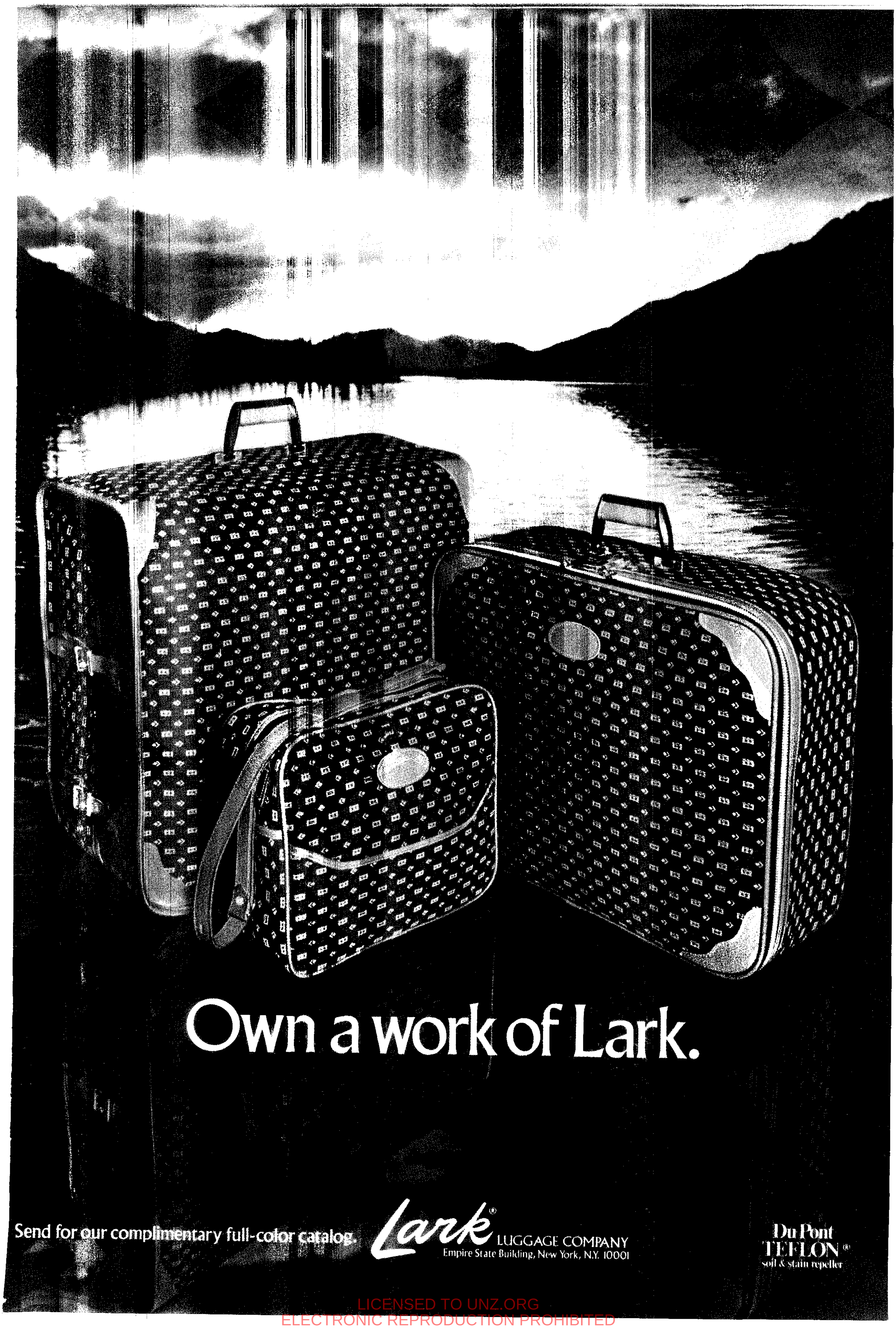

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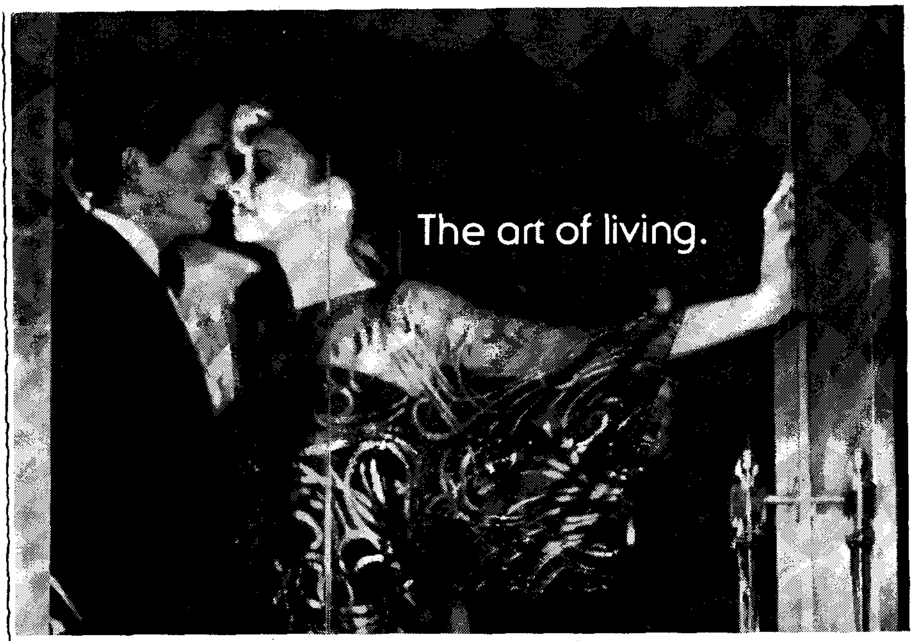
tions, and in his strategy the hostages would be hostage to the vote. As for Khomeini, while there were some signs that he was not as firm in his support of the militants as he once had been, and there was evidence that he continued to back Bani-Sadr both as President and as head of the armed forces and the Revolutionary Council, he was clearly determined to retain his own supreme religious prerogatives and also clearly enjoyed the prerogative of remaining as unpredictable as ever.

On March 5th, he sent his son, Ahmad, to visit the militants with a message that was thought to be an order to hand over control of the hostages to the Revolutionary Council. The following day, the students issued a bitter statement in which they declared that the commission had been "imposed by America," and that although "we do not believe in participating in something which does not benefit our revolution and which the enemy wants" they were prepared for the Council to "take the hostages, that is the American spies, from us to do with them what they think best." While Washington reacted with cautious hope and some skepticism to this pronouncement, President Carter let it be known that if the transfer plan worked he would respond by expressing regret or concern about America's past relations with Iran, which was short of an apology but would go partway to meet Bani-Sadr's demand for American self-criticism.

In Teheran, however, the planned scenario began to unravel further. On March 8th, Khomeini started the process by announcing that he would remain silent about the proposed transfer, and the militants immediately accused Ghotbzadeh of having lied to them when he said he had obtained the Ayatollah's approval for it. They stiffened their stand, refusing to allow the United Nations commission to visit the Embassy to see all the hostages, on the ground that such a move would be "deviationist and impossible." On March 10th, Khomeini more clearly threw his support to the militants. He issued a statement telling the students to "deliver copies of all documents concerning United States intervention and the traitor Shah" to the commission of inquiry, and said that the commission could meet with those hostages whose names appeared in the documents. Alternatively, if the commission first issued its report "on the crimes of the deposed Shah and on interventions of the invading United States" it could see all the hostages. This was in direct contravention of the written plan ap-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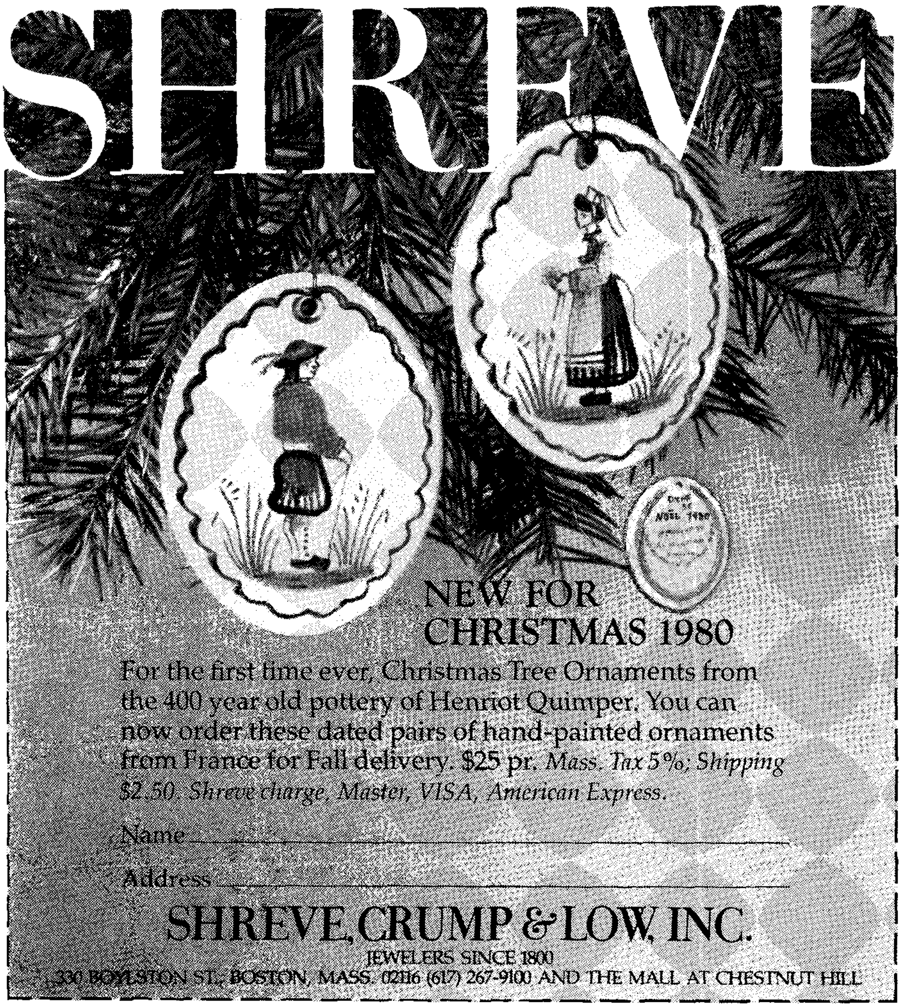

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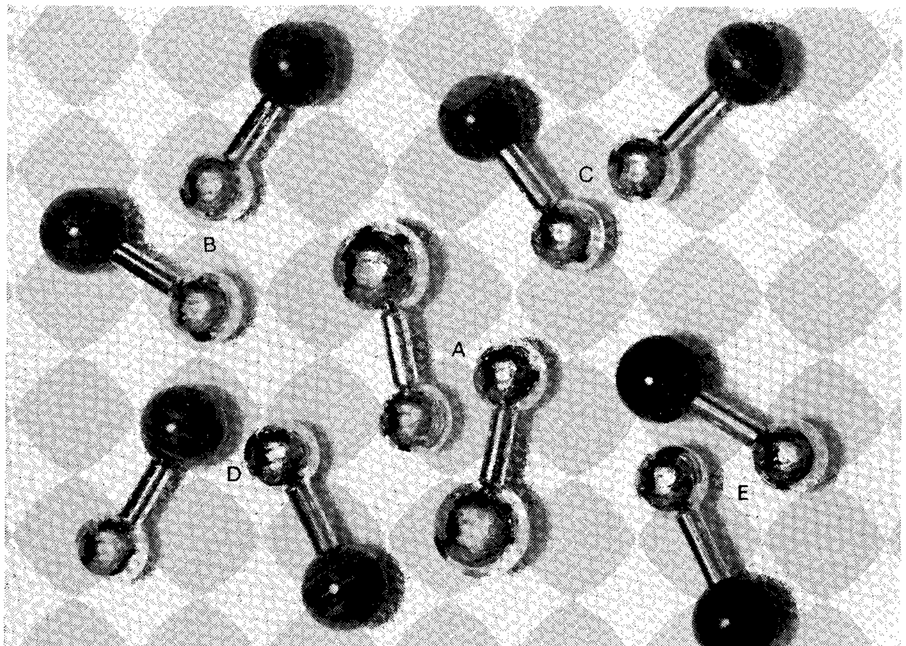

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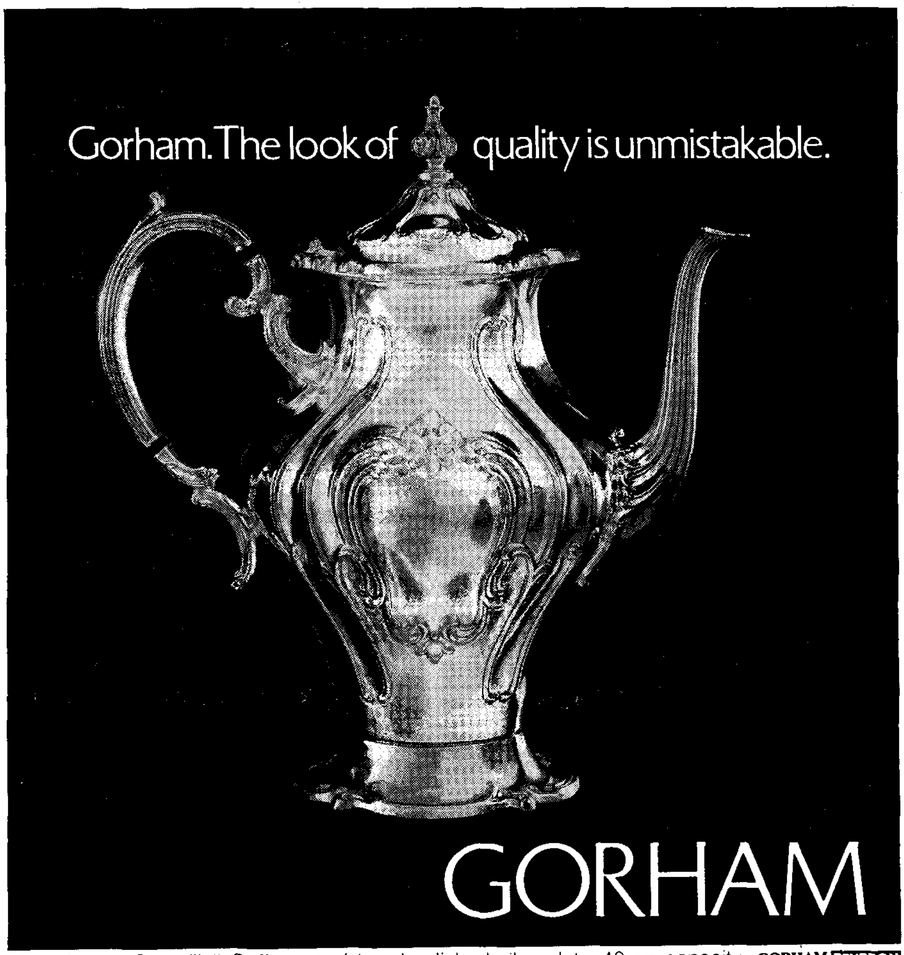

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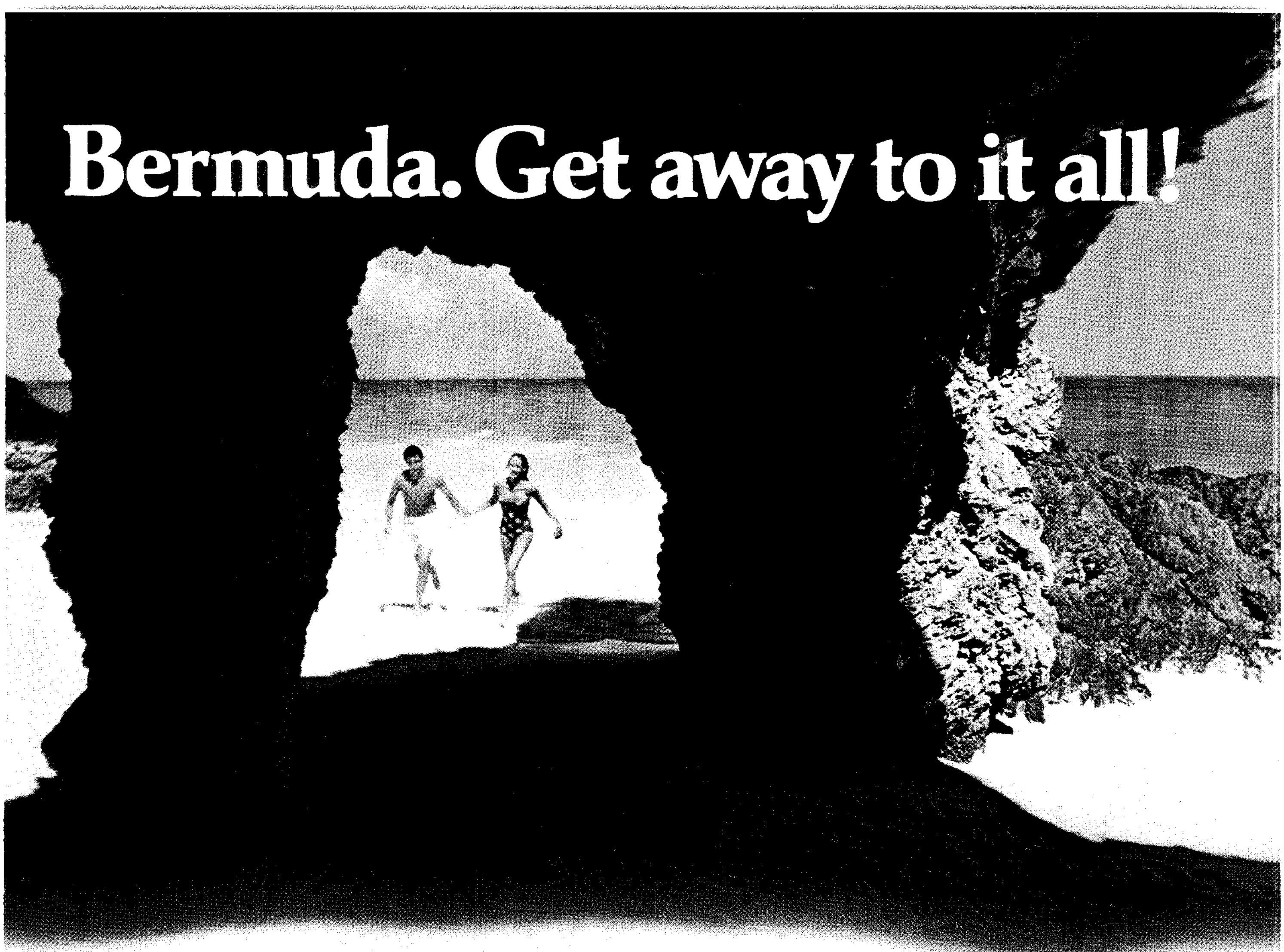
proved by Waldheim, the Americans, and Bani-Sadr and Ghotbzadeh; and, despite some last-minute phone calls between Teheran, the United Nations headquarters in New York, and Washington, in an effort to work out some sort of compromise, including the possible issuance of an "interim report" or statement by the commission, the five commissioners left Teheran by plane on the morning of Tuesday, March 11th, after seventeen days in Iran. There had been some division of opinion among them on whether they should delay their departure further, for Bani-Sadr and Ghotbzadeh wanted them to do so, and the Americans also privately favored a delay, but they decided that they had reached an impasse, at least for the moment; that their attempts to resolve the crisis had been derailed by the bitter and seemingly irreconcilable quarrels of the Iranians; and that they had suffered enough personal humiliation. Waldheim, who was criticized by some observers at the United Nations because he had not permitted the Iranians to take more credit for the establishment of the commission and because he had dispatched it to Teheran without a firmer mandate, maintained that its task was not terminated but simply suspended, and he made it clear that the commission would issue no report until it returned to Iran to complete its assigned job, which included seeing all the hostages.

The inability of the commission of inquiry to finish its task was the greatest setback to the freeing of the hostages which the United States had suffered so far, and it served to heighten the demands in Congress and among members of the public—including the hostages' families—for a stronger response by the Carter Administration. The outlook became even grimmer in the light of Iran's parliamentary elections, which began a few days later amid indications that Bani-Sadr's secular strength, which had propelled him into the Presidency by a large majority in January, would not be enough to withstand the impact of the resurgent opposition—particularly of the Islamic Republican Party and its well-oiled machine of mullahs. To make matters worse, both for Bani-Sadr and for the hostages, the initial round of votes was counted so slowly and was beset by so many irregularities that it became apparent that the second round, scheduled for early April, would have to be postponed, and that the new parliament, even when it was fully elected, would not get around to debating the



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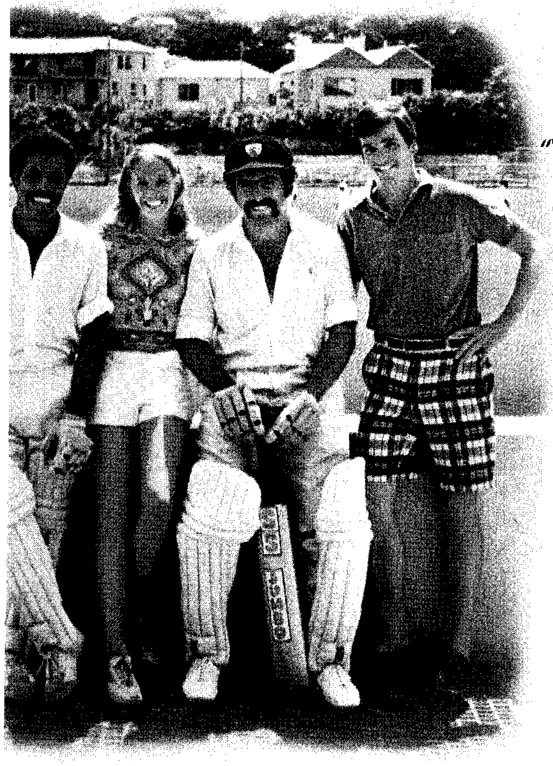

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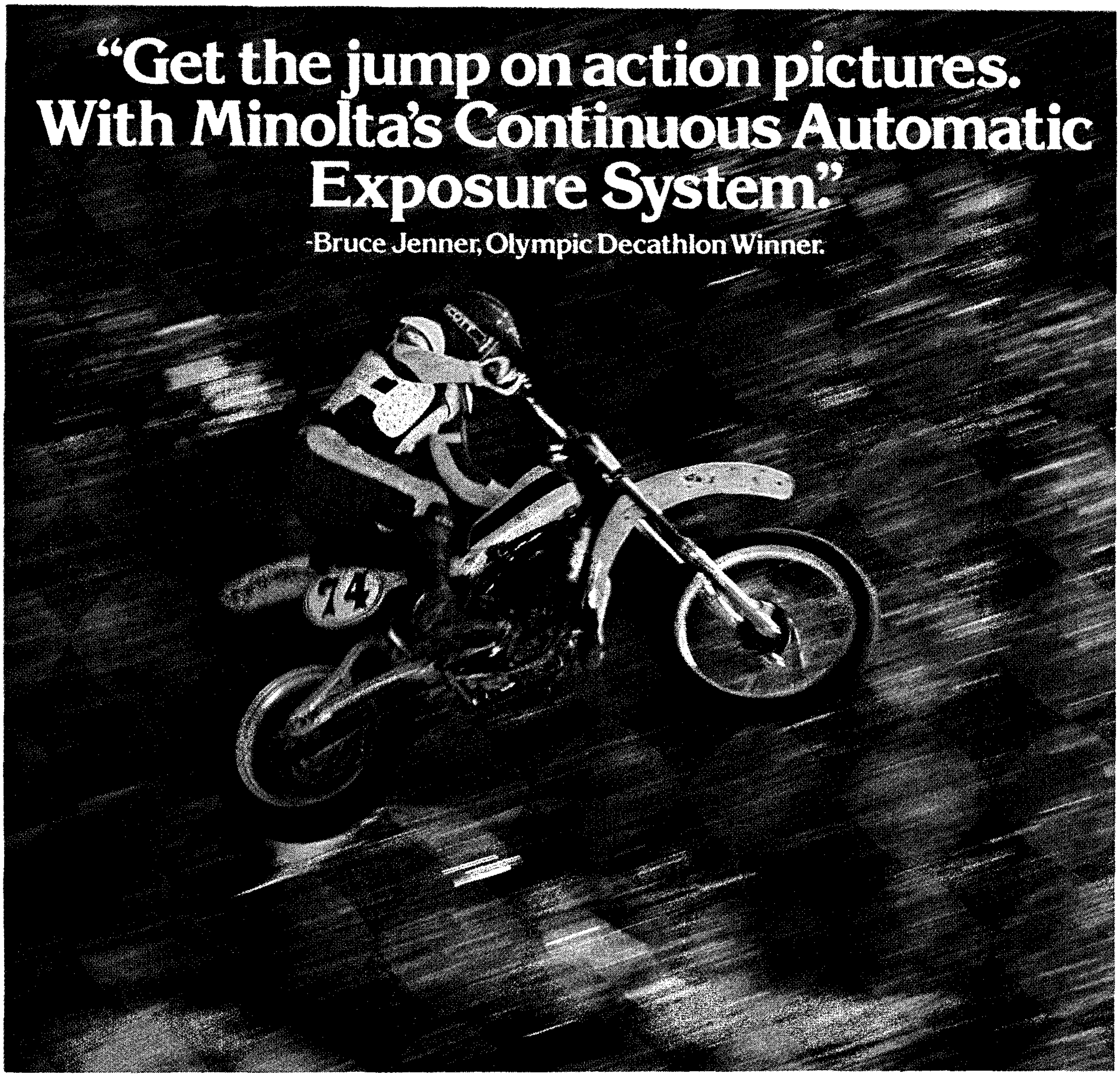

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fate of the hostages until late spring, at the earliest. Thus, unless another effort could be made at least to get the hostages away from the militants and to persuade Khomeini to back down from his insistence that parliament would be the ultimate arbiter, the hostages might remain in Teheran indefinitely. This was one of the points made by Roberts Owen, a State Department legal adviser, in his argument on March 20th to the International Court of Justice, before which he appeared to seek a final judgment against Iran. Once the court had handed down such a judgment, Newsom pointed out, the United States could go back to the Security Council to seek stronger sanctions against Iran, which, even if they were again vetoed by the Soviet Union, might be more enthusiastically backed by our European allies and Japan. Privately, while preparing to reintroduce and stiffen sanctions on our own and take other steps against the Iranians, including a break in diplomatic relations and the use of frozen assets here to settle claims against Iran, Newsom and others had already begun to campaign among the allies for additional support. Whatever reprisals were taken, the best way to resolve the issue still seemed to be through secret diplomacy, difficult as this was, given the divisiveness in Iran.

THOUGH there was little or no possibility of the Shah's ever being returned to Iran—a fact that the more rational Iranians by now realized and accepted—his decision to leave Panama for Egypt on March 23rd represented a fresh setback for the Americans and opened another bizarre chapter in the saga of the hostages. When Newsom and other officials in the State Department and the White House arranged the Shah's departure for Panama in mid-December from the hospital at Lackland Air Force Base, they had given him a number of oral assurances regarding the continued schooling of his children in the United States, and other matters, and one of them was a promise that if he faced a new medical emergency that could not satisfactorily be treated in Panama the United States would consider a request by him to return here. The Shah and his wife were not particularly happy living on isolated Contadora Island, but when he again became ill—his spleen was enlarged and had to be removed—he did not ask to come back to New York for surgery, although his return was recommended by Dr. Kean, who went to

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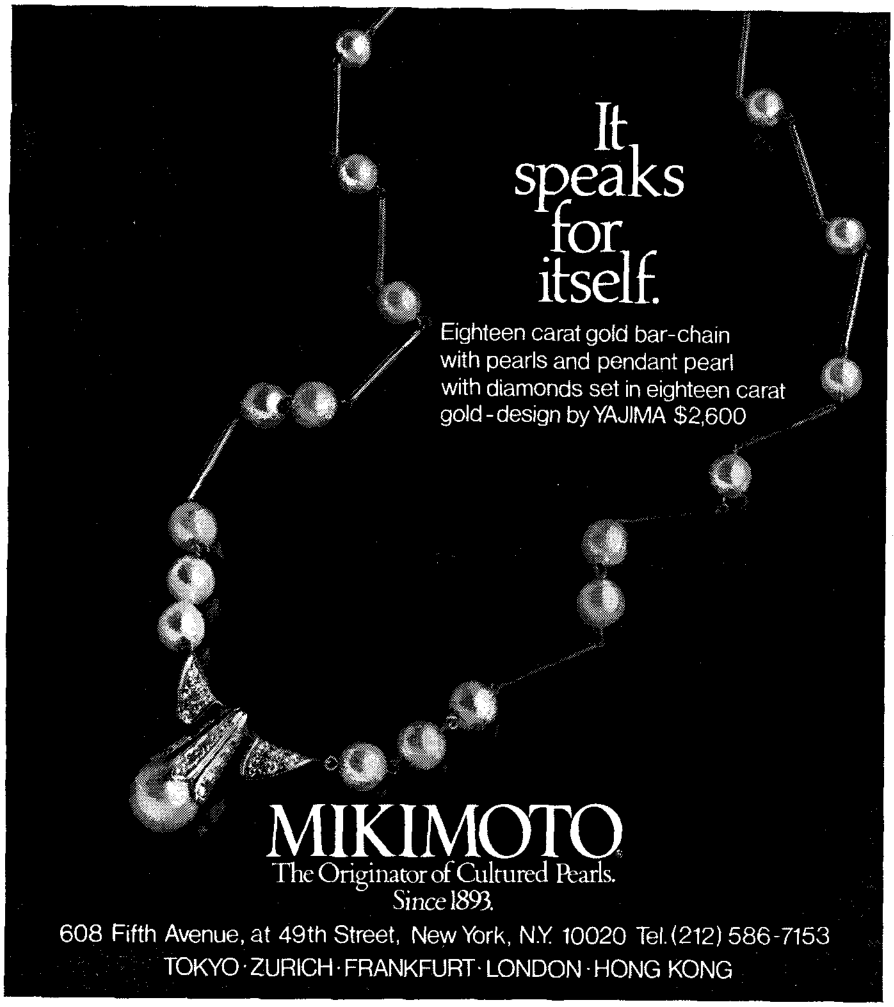

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Panama to examine him, and although John McCloy and his New York law partners urged the State Department, through Newsom's office, to arrange it. The Department did not respond positively to the request, believing the operation could be performed in Panama, but then the problem of what to do about the Shah's serious condition became more complicated, for Dr. Michael DeBakey, the noted Houston surgeon, entered the picture. Neither the Shah nor Dr. Kean wanted the operation to be performed by Panamanian doctors at the Paitilla Medical Center, in Panama City, and the American officials did not want it to be performed at the Gorgas Army Hospital, an American installation, for fear that this might incite riots by leftist Panamanians who hadn't wanted the Shah there in the first place.

Nevertheless, the Americans wanted the Shah to stay in Panama rather than go to Egypt, for a combination of reasons. One was that they felt that his going to Egypt would further jeopardize President Anwar Sadat's difficult relations with the rest of the Arab nations. Moreover, though they had originally been against the Panamanians' decision to allow Iran to seek the Shah's extradition from Panama, they had changed their minds once the proceedings were under way, and the Iranians had evinced their increasing determination to pursue the extradition; the Americans then accepted the Panamanians' theory that giving Iran a chance to air its grievances legally might help clear the way for freeing the hostages. The fact that Panama had no extradition treaty with Iran and would almost surely not make an exception in the Shah's case, even if the Iranians promised not to execute him, made the whole case a charade, but if he left for Egypt in the middle of it the Iranians were bound to accuse the Americans of another plot to protect him. The matter was further complicated by the fact that the Panamanians resented Dr. DeBakey's intrusion and did not want him to take charge of the operation. The possibility of having the operation performed in Houston arose, but this would have led to new difficulties over the hostages and would have created additional political problems for President Carter, too, especially since the American primaries were at their height. At the last minute, Jordan and Lloyd Cutler flew to Panama to see what could be done about keeping the Shah there. Jordan managed to settle the dispute between Dr. DeBakey and the Panamanian doctors, who reluctantly agreed to allow DeBakey to perform the operation in Panama, and Cutler meanwhile went to Contadora Island to persuade the Shah to stay in the country. But the Shah had already made up his mind to accept Anwar Sadat's offer of asylum in Egypt; he feared, among other things, that if the charade of the extradition proceedings continued he might be held in Panamanian custody. The Iranians, through Ghotbzadeh, also tried to persuade the Panamanians to keep the Shah because of the extradition case. The irony of both the Americans' and the Iranians' wanting him to remain where he was was not lost on the Shah, and he left for Egypt annoyed at both his recent benefactors; he described his treatment by the Panamanians as "inhuman" and the attitude of the Americans as "callous." Sadat greeted him with Muslim brotherly affection and set him up in a hospital on the Nile near Cairo. A few days later, Dr. DeBakey flew to Egypt to perform the operation, which, with the help of a team of Egyptian doctors, was carried out successfully. The Iranians, as had been expected, were angry at the Americans and also at the Egyptians, not all of whom supported Sadat's compassionate act in inviting the Shah back. As for the Americans, while they acknowledged his right to go back to Egypt, they shed any further responsibility for him, including their earlier assurances concerning his health.

At this point, Newsom observed philosophically to me, "And so the tale goes on. It's like a Russian novel, as the threads of the story weave in and out in a most improbable way. Tolstoy would have paused before writing a book that, against the background of a world crisis involving hostages from a major power, moves the action to a small, obscure nation and links the health of a deposed ruler, a conflict among doctors, the chief of staff of the American White House, and two Paris lawyers who are intermediaries in resolving the hostage situation and the representatives of the nation holding the hostages, with that nation's deposed ruler flying off to another country a few hours before the deadline for an attempt to gain his extradition. It all seems unbelievable, with its twists and turns, its heartbreak, its tests of wills, its heroes and villains, and its complement of those who alternately play both roles."

Newsom's appraisal was close to the mark—as another chapter in the seemingly endless drama, which in certain

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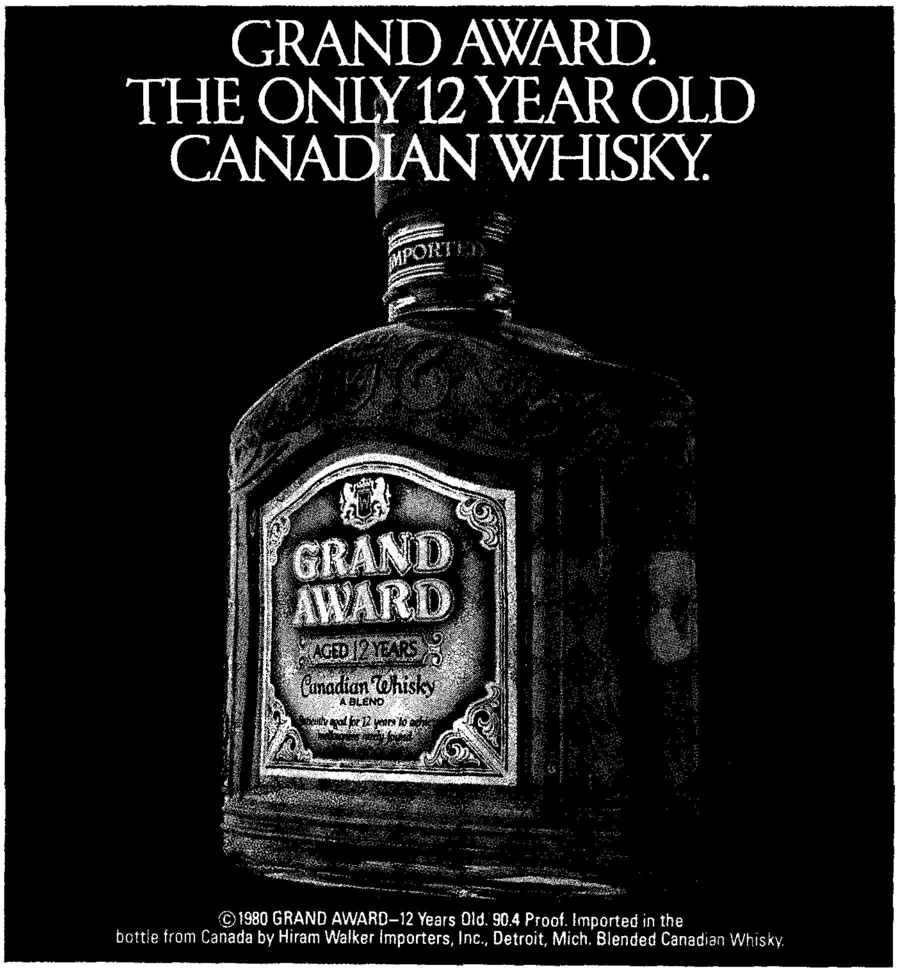

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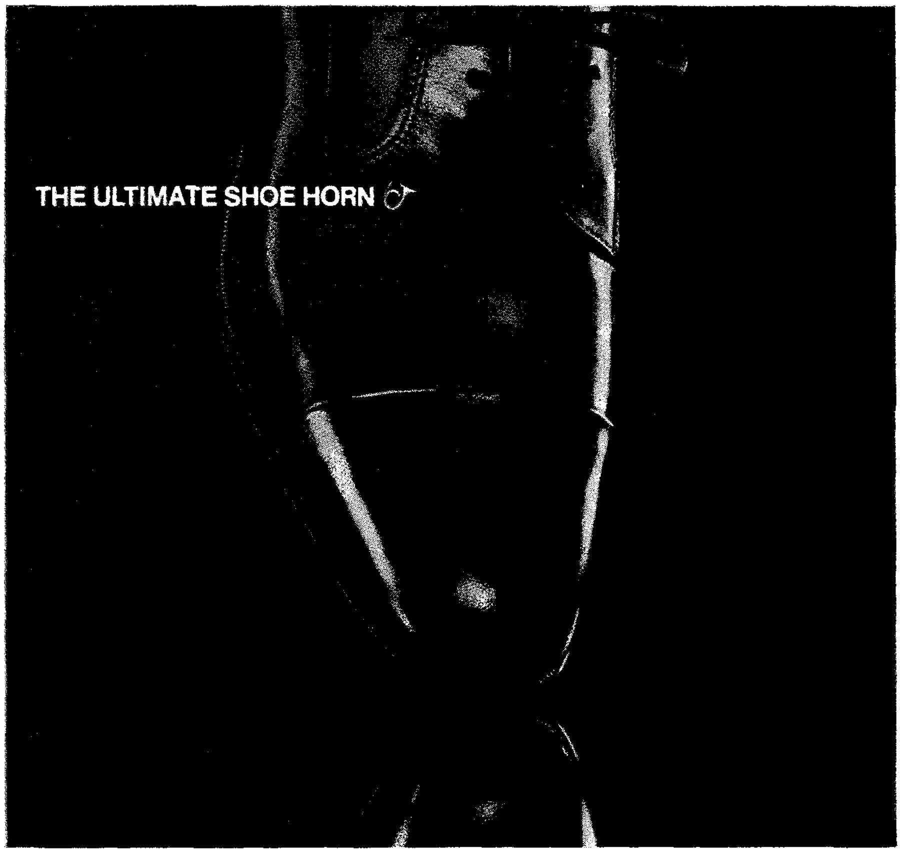
respects had come to resemble a political soap opera, demonstrated. Following the failure of the commission of inquiry's efforts, the Americans had asked the Paris lawyers, who helped create it, and who were still representing the Iranians, to continue their attempt to mediate the hostage crisis: On March 12th, the day after the commission left Teheran, Saunders and Henry Precht had met Villalón and Bourguet in Bern to discuss the commission's experience in Teheran and to figure out what to do next. It was agreed that obtaining the transfer of the hostages from the militants' control to the authority of the government was still the prime objective, even if the scenario had to be altered so that the commission, if it returned to Iran, would not be able to see the hostages until after such a transfer took place. That same day, Secretary Vance saw Waldheim in New York and then met with the commission, telling its members that he hoped they would be able to continue their work, and also expressing the hope that a transfer could be arranged by Now Ruz, the forthcoming Iranian New Year. Villalón returned to Teheran a few days later, carrying a message from Hamilton Jordan to Bani-Sadr, conveying the American intention of continuing a policy of restraint and the American desire to have the commission go back to Teheran to obtain more documents, meet with the Revolutionary Council, and see the hostages once the Council had control over them, whereupon the commission would issue its report. While Villalón flew to Teheran to set this new scenario in motion, Bourguet went to Panama to file the formal extradition papers, even though the Shah was no longer there.

Villalón, a leftist backer of the late Argentine dictator Juan Domingo Perón, and something of a wheeler-dealer, who had engaged in a variety of business enterprises in Latin America, Europe, and the Middle East, got along well with the Iranians, and both he and Bourguet, who rejoined him in Teheran after stopping off in Washington, enjoyed their role as amateur diplomats, despite the lack of success they had had so far. In a talk with Ghotbzadeh, Villalón set forth the ideas he and Bourguet had discussed with the Americans. Just what he said is not known, but Ghotbzadeh, possibly for political reasons of his own, over and above his sincere efforts to resolve the crisis, decided to use what Villalón had told him to concoct a letter purportedly written by President Carter



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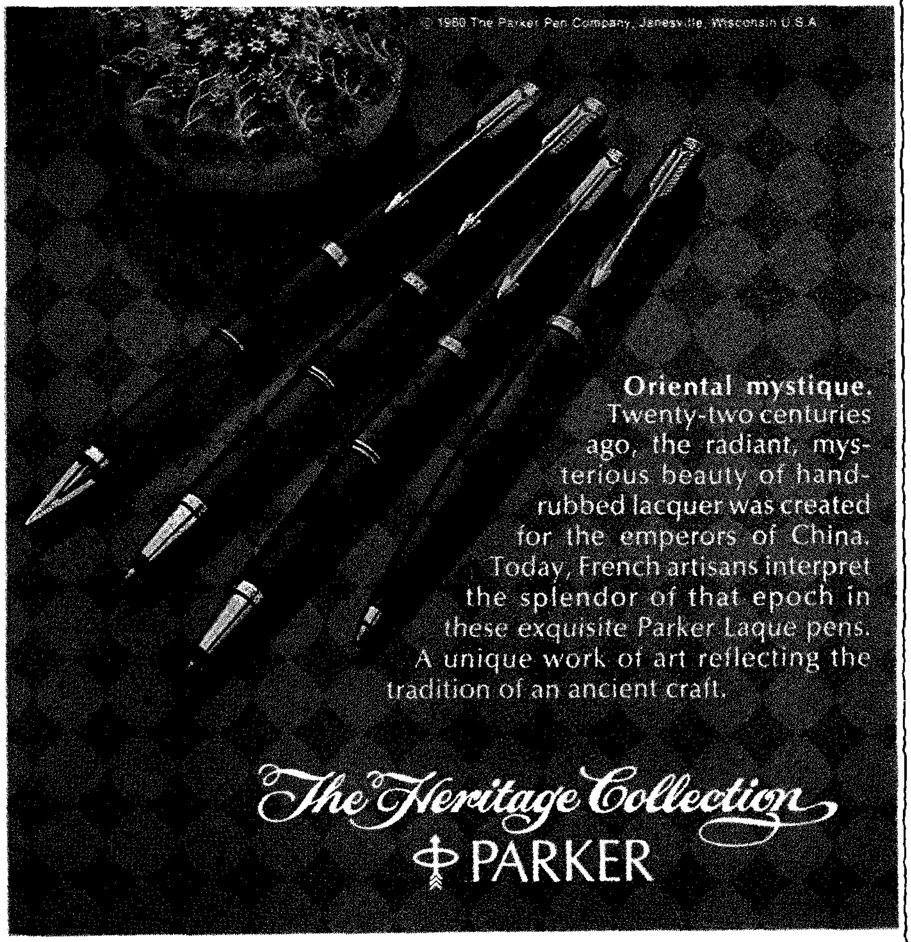

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to Khomeini. The letter, which was published by Pars, the Iranian news agency, on March 29th, provided one of the strangest episodes of the whole crisis. Its language was obviously not Carter's; instead, some of the thoughts it expressed seemed to represent what Villalón felt was an accurate summary of the Carter Administration's willingness to meet the demands for self-criticism that Bani-Sadr had all along demanded. Declaring that "my government inherited a very delicate international situation, the product of a different policy, of other circumstances which have led us all to commit errors of the past," the fabricated letter went on to say that "the great advantage of American democracy is that it has always been able to recognize or condemn its mistakes." It spoke of "the understandable reaction of Iranian youth" but had Carter saying, "As time goes on, I have serious reason to doubt the true motives of those who took our Embassy." Once the hostages were transferred to the control of the government, it said, "we are ready to adopt a reasonable and friendly attitude in regard to the numerous bilateral problems existing between us," and it expressed approval of the idea of a joint Iranian-American commission to deal with these problems. "I ask you to make a great effort to help me resolve the crisis between our two countries in a manner which is equitable and honorable for all," Carter allegedly concluded. "I would be very grateful to you for this."

The Americans at once denied that any such conciliatory message had been sent to Khomeini by Carter or by anyone else but quickly followed up the denial with the statement that the supposed letter "does contain ideas" that had been transmitted to the Iranians over a period of weeks. Ghotbzadeh later said on an American television program that the ideas expressed in the letter had actually been received "orally" and then set down on paper for Khomeini's benefit. Neither the State Department nor the White House wanted to raise additional difficulties for the beleaguered Foreign Minister, in view of his delicate position in seeking a resolution of the crisis. Washington realized that at least half the members of the Revolutionary Council were supporting the militant captors of the hostages, and that Khomeini's continuing pretense of remaining above the battle on a pinnacle of his own, from which he now and then handed down edicts that upheld the position of the students and of the rigid Islamic

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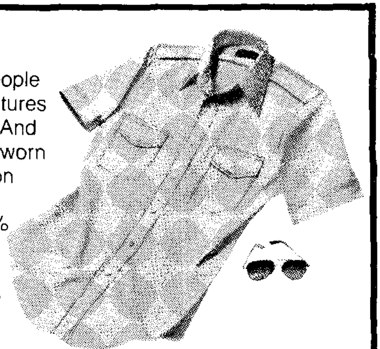

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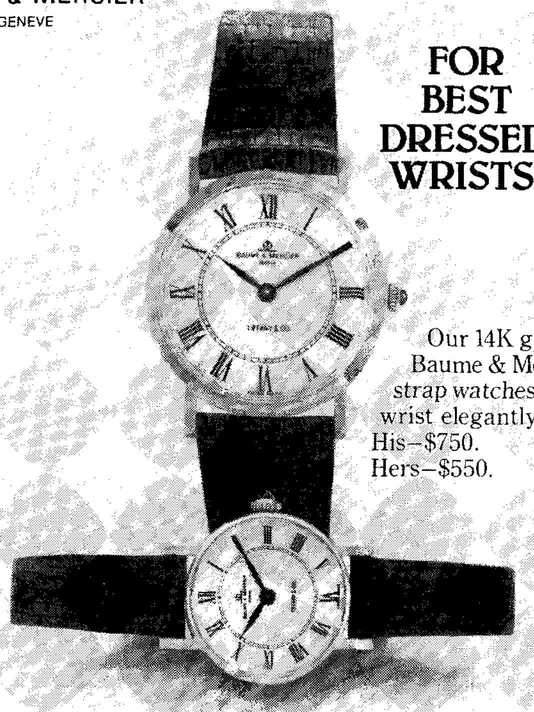
members of the Council, was the most difficult obstacle to overcome.

Carter had, in fact, sent two letters through Swiss diplomatic channels to Teheran, but they were addressed to Bani-Sadr rather than to Khomeini, and *neither* one was conciliatory. Washington did not make the letters public, but Bani-Sadr revealed in a speech on April 1st, at a Teheran rally commemorating the first anniversary of the establishment of the Islamic Republic of Iran, that the initial letter stressed the importance of the hostages' security and of medical care for them, while the second one was tantamount to an ultimatum in demanding the transfer of the hostages by March 31st. According to Bani-Sadr, the second letter said that "America has demonstrated its good will," refraining "from any hard or harsh remarks about Iran," but that "we now expect the Iranian authorities to carry out the stages which are their responsibility, especially concerning the removal of the hostages." The Americans did not deny Bani-Sadr's account of the two letters. At the same time, they let it be known that, in concert with the allies, they were preparing to move ahead with tough sanctions and other moves against Iran if the hostages were not taken away from the militants. Shortly before Bani-Sadr's speech, a message from Khomeini was read by his son at the same rally which did little to help Bani-Sadr's efforts to ease the crisis. Replying to Carter's supposed letter to him, Khomeini once more attacked the United States as "the great Satan," and accused it of resorting to "any possible means and any fiendish designs" to restore the Shah to his throne and of "threatening us with military occupation and [with] landing paratroopers in the den of espionage and threatening economic blockade and isolation of the country." Carter's "expressions of moderation and flattery" were simply attempts "to pull the wool over our eyes and to win his political gamble against his rivals by playing a trick on our nation," Khomeini said, adding that the President's "support of the deposed Shah after so many crimes and great betrayals as well as so much plundering does not leave room for a so-called honorable solution to the crisis." Khomeini, having preëmptively knocked the props out from under Bani-Sadr's conciliatory position, in what was more clearly than ever a raging power struggle among angry and self-serving Iranian politicians, left Bani-Sadr, confronted with Carter's two bona-fide messages, in a more precarious position than ever. In



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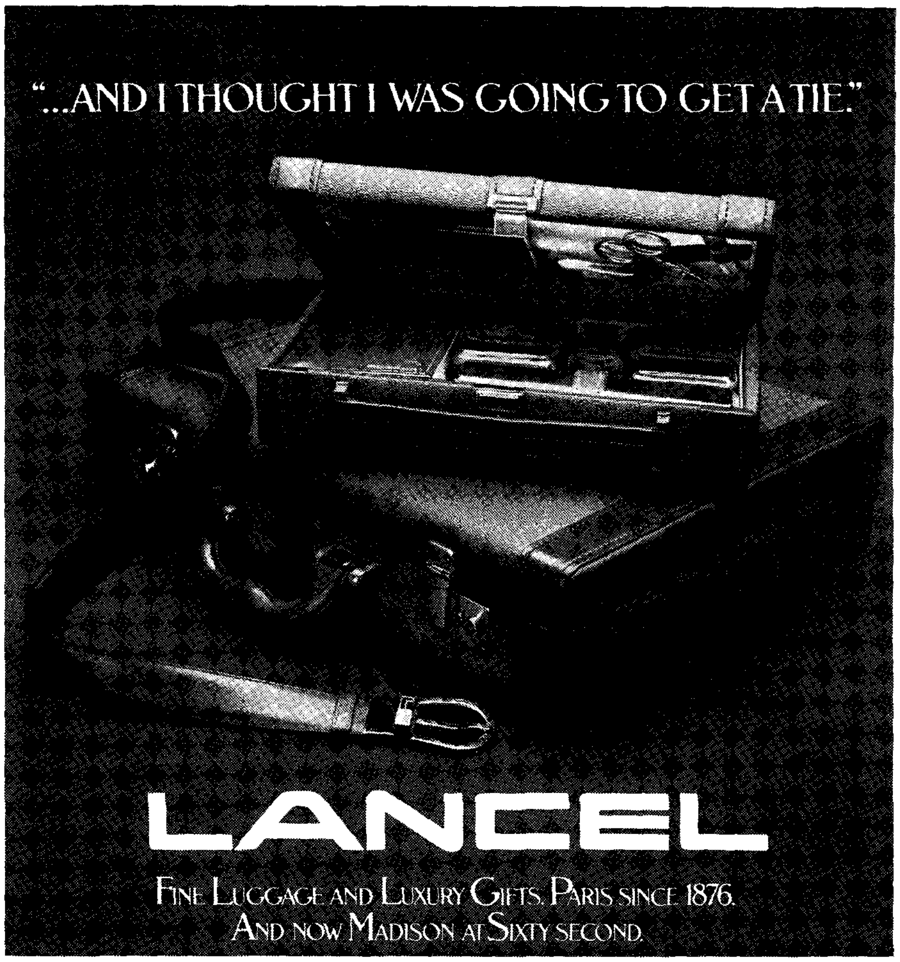
a peculiar way, Carter and Bani-Sadr were suddenly allied as political bedfellows, on the one hand against Carter's political opponents and critics in America and on the other hand against Ayatollah Mohammed Beheshti and the rest of the rigid Islamic members of Iran's Revolutionary Council, to say nothing of the remote man on his pinnacle, Khomeini, and the militants still controlling the Embassy. Under the circumstances, Bani-Sadr, in the speech that followed Khomeini's response to Carter by only an hour and a half, did the best he could. He announced that the Revolutionary Council would assume control of the hostages "if America issues an official statement that until such time as the Majlis is formed and the proper decision is taken that America will refrain from resorting to any propaganda or making any claim or saying anything or making any provocation."

Carter, at a press conference shortly after this, said that a transfer of the hostages would be regarded as "a positive step," and added that the imposition of further sanctions would be postponed on the basis of Bani-Sadr's announcement. Bani-Sadr, with his back against the wall, said that this was not enough. "A declaration having all the conditions that we asked for must be published," he insisted. Another private message from Carter was then sent to him through the Swiss. On April 3rd, after a heated five-hour debate, the Council, by an eight-to-two vote, approved the transfer in principle but said that the conditions set forth by the Iranians had not been met, that Carter's reassurances were not firm enough, and that therefore the transfer could not yet take place. Two days later, again through the Swiss, Carter told the Iranians that there would be no further clarifications or assurances by the Americans, and that same day he informed the major European allies that if no transfer took place by April 7th he would move ahead with stronger measures against Iran.

Another deadline was fast approachng, and in Teheran over those next wo days feverish efforts were underaken by Villalón, Bourguet, Ambassador Lang, and a group of clerics to obtain the transfer of the hostages from the militants to the government and to avert another negotiatory failure. Archbishop Hilarion Capucci, the former Greek Orthodox Archbishop of Jerusalem, and Monsignor Bugnini visited some of the hostages and afterward pleaded with the militants to agree to some sort of compromise for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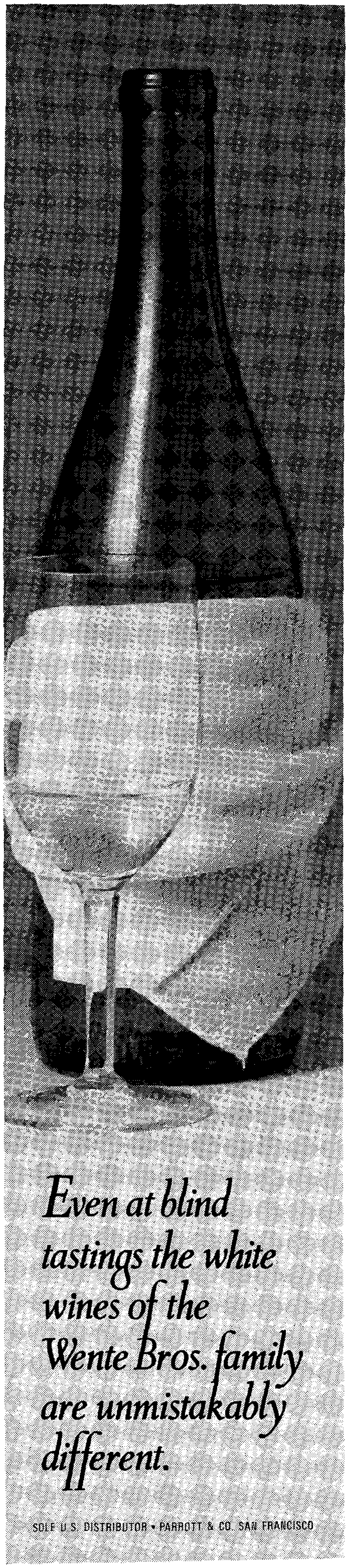

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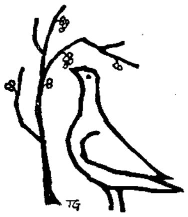
surrendering them, and meanwhile the two Paris lawyers and Ambassador Lang held talks with separate members of the Revolutionary Council. The militants refused to yield, and when the Revolutionary Council, in another heated meeting, on April 6th, which lasted seven hours, was unable to reach a decision on the transfer, it turned the matter over to Khomeini. Four Council members met with him the next day, and afterward Khomeini announced, through his son, that the affair of the hostages would still have to be settled by the parliament when it met. The ad-hoc group of unlikely intermediaries continued to hold discussions, and as a last resort Capucci visited Khomeini, but to no avail. Another effort to find a solution had failed. Bani-Sadr and Ghotbzadeh were both dismayed. Asked why Khomeini seemed to want to destroy them both politically, Ghotbzadeh replied, "In Iran, no one is ever completely destroyed, nothing is ever final, everything starts anew." In the final analysis, it was once more Khomeini who had rendered it impossible for his own government to live up to the promises it had made. He evidently had such a visceral hatred of the Americans that he was apparently unable to follow the advice of his secular leaders or heed the pleas and admonitions of virtually all the nations of the world—even those Muslim and revolutionary ones that had supported the Iranian revolution.



President Carter moved quickly in response to this latest collapse of secret negotiations. On the 7th of April, he ordered the break in diplomatic relations with Iran and told the remaining Iranian diplomats in the United States to leave within twenty-four hours. The previously announced economic sanctions against Iran were formally enforced, and all exports except food and medicines were banned. An inventory of the eight billion dollars in frozen Iranian-government assets in the United States was ordered, along with an inventory of American claims against Iran, including those of the hostages and their families. All visas that had been issued to Iranian citizens for entry into the United States were cancelled, and it was announced that no others would be issued "except for compelling and proven humanitarian reasons or where the national interest of our country requires." The government began a process of screening some hundred and fifty thousand Iranians who held visas. Those who were here and had not violated the terms of their entry, including some fifty-seven thousand students completing their courses, would be allowed to stay, but more than five hundred who were undergoing military training were told to leave immediately. Khomeini welcomed these actions, calling them "a good omen" and ordering that they be "celebrated" in a Unity Day in Teheran. In a typical Khomeini pronouncement, he said, "If Carter, in his lifetime, has done one thing which can be said to be to the benefit of the oppressed, it is this very severing of relations between a nation that has risen up to free itself and a world-gobbling plunderer's claws."

The new stiffening of economic sanctions on April 17th provoked an angry response in Iran. "An economic blockade will only make us stronger," Bani-Sadr said. "If the enemy cuts off trade, it will revitalize our nation." Bu for the first time since the crisis began the militants permitted two representatives of the International Red Cross including a Swiss doctor, to visit the hostages and to see and speak with al fifty of them—in each case, in the presence of a militant. The visitors found the Americans in generally good health despite the "heavy psychological conditions" they were under. In allowing the visit, the militants were responding to mounting internationa pressure, but this did not indicate any change in their attitude, and, in fact several of them again threatened to tr some of the hostages on charges of "espionage." As the crisis entered its seventh month, there was no indication o how or when it would end. Despite allied participation in stronger sanctions the European nations and Japan all had their own reasons for wanting to avoid a complete break with Iran; it seemed though, that they were slowly comin around to accepting Carter's point tha concerted action was necessary not onl to free the hostages but to do mor than verbally condemn Iran's floutin of international law. As it became clea that the Iranian parliament might no take up the hostages' case until lat June, or perhaps July, and that at bes it would demand a strong quid pro qu for releasing some or all of them, Pres dent Carter was confronted with h most difficult set of options yet: wit the election drawing closer, the public opinion polls revealed that his lead ove Governor Reagan and another challenger, Representative John Anderson was shrinking. The polls also showe that the earlier strong support for hi handling of the hostage crisis had evaporated, and that only forty per cent o the voters now approved of what he was doing. It became ever more apparent that to shore up his own weakening position he required a resolution of the Iranian predicament, and that, to a considerable extent, Ayatollah Khomeini and the student militants holding the Embassy compound in Teheran were blocking his path toward re-election.

AT the State Department, Newsom and the members of the Iranian task force worked overtime on the technicalities of enforcing the new sanctions and—in coöperation with the White House and various government agencies, including the Treasury and Justice Departments—on putting into effect the other steps that had been taken by the Administration. Privately, at this point, President Carter was already making his decision to attempt the commando raid. When that failed, many observers felt that a solution to the crisis might come only after the death of Khomeini, who was said to be growing physically weaker. But the State Department was determined to resort once more to diplomacy, and discussions were held among Newsom, Saunders, and other Department experts on Iran about what new approach to make. On May 24th, the International Court of Justice, in its final judgment, again ordered the immediate release of the hostages, ruled that Iran had no justification under international law to try them, and ruled that the Iranians were obliged to make reparations to the United States for seizing and detaining them. The State Department asked the Secretary-General to report the decision to the fifteen members of the Security Council, as a first step toward a possible request for the Council to demand that Iran enforce it. The Department said the judgment was "binding on Iran," but the Iranians still refused to acknowledge that the court had any jurisdiction over the matter. Two days prior to the decision, the thirty-nine members of the Eleventh Islamic Conference, meeting in Islamabad, Pakistan, condemned the "recent military aggression" of the United States against Iran, but most of the delegates attending urged that both countries seek to resolve the hostage problem through quiet diplomacy. In New York, Secretary-General Waldheim repeated that the United Nations commission was still available for another initiative, and he sent Adib Daoudi, the Syrian member of the commission, to Teheran to explore the possibilities; Daoudi spoke with Ghotbzadeh and others in the government,

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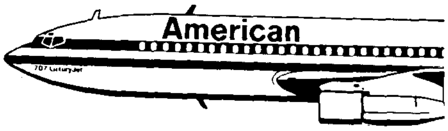

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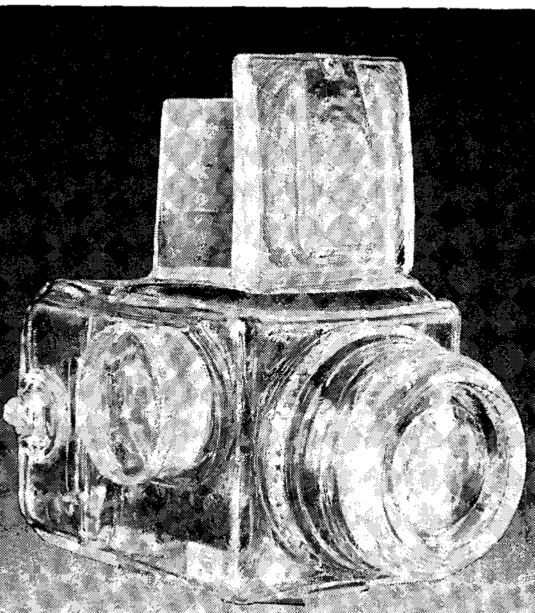

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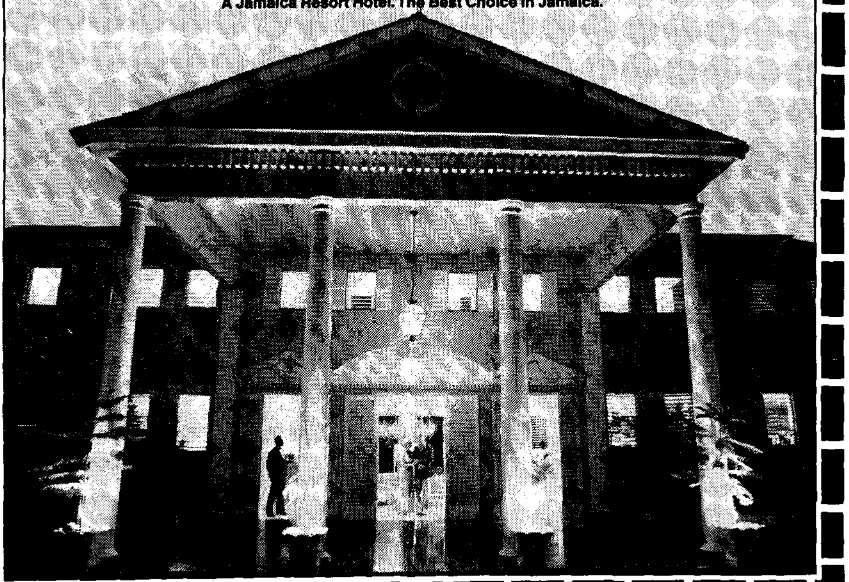

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but the Iranians initially seemed more interested in the commission's issuing its delayed report than in any immediate steps to reactivate it. At about the same time, in the third week of May, the State Department renewed its contact with the two Paris lawyers, who were still willing to help, and as a result Bourguet flew to Teheran to reopen a dialogue with the Iranians. Perhaps most importantly, the Department decided to make indirect contact with some of the right-wing Islamic clerics in Iran, who were maintaining their hard line against the Americans but were becoming increasingly aware that the protracted hostage affair was sapping Iran's energies week by week. One of these clerics was Ayatollah Beheshti, who from time to time had said that those hostages not guilty of crimes might be released while others should be tried, and a second cleric was Ayatollah Hossein Ali Monterzari, who is regarded as a possible successor to Khomeini. "The Islamic clerics still hold the key to a solution of the crisis," Newsom said, "and since many of them have more links to Europe than to America it may be that European friends will need to be found to assuage the deep suspicions and antagonisms of these resolute men." Many of the mullahs below the rank of ayatollah have also opposed the holding of the hostages, and shown themselves eager to get rid of the problem and consolidate the Islamic regime against threats from the left—with which, indeed, the right-wing forces, including the Mujahedin, have clashed at universities around the country over recent weeks. Bani-Sadr, in what seemed to be an effort to firm up his own position, was planning to summon a conference of liberal world representatives early in June, ostensibly to examine "the crime of the United States" in having attempted the rescue mission, but, if the conference takes place and is attended by a number of Americans whom he indicated he wanted to invite, such as Richard Falk, a professor of international law at Princeton University, it might furnish another opening for a way out of the crisis. Several leaders of the Socialist International, including Bruno Kreisky, the Chancellor of Austria, went to Teheran in late May on their own initiative, and although their visit was described as a "fact finding" mission, they, too, urged that the United States and Iran find a peaceful solution. In the midst of all these new flurries of activity, the Iranian parliament prepared to meet. On May 25th, Khomeini addressed a group of parliamentarians and urged that they carry out their duties in accordance with "Islamic ethics"—he didn't even mention the hostages—and the same day Bani-Sadr spoke to another parliamentary group, summing up what his government had achieved so far. He referred to "mistakes of experimentalism" and advised parliament to organize itself quickly and help "reorganize the government apparatus." He said that the takeover of the Embassy was "a turning point in American involvement [in Iran] which has existed since 1953," and, in answer to a question, said that Iran would seek damages from the United States dating back to the coup that restored the Shah to power. The Majlis held its inaugural meeting on May 28th, and, according to what the State Department learned, was expected to spend several weeks on organizational matters and legislative procedures, and appointing a Prime Minister and a cabinet. Bani-Sadr announced that he probably wouldn't even present his nomination for Prime Minister for two or three weeks. While it remained unlikely that the hostage issue would be dealt with substantively until all these formalities are completed, the State Department heard a report last week from Teheran that some of the clerics might move to take it up sooner. They might still press for show trials of some of the hostages as a face-saving way out of the dilemma; the United States continues strongly to oppose any such trials or public hearings, but it may have no alternative but to go along with some such solution now, while at the same time continuing its new diplomatic maneuvers and trying to involve the Iranians in a broader discussion of future relations as a way of curtailing the long crisis. In any event, any new diplomatic efforts will have to take into account the views of the radical Islamic elements, both in and out of parliament. But, in the final analysis, only one man, Khomeini, as long as he lives, can order the hostages released. It is doubtful if, despite what he has said, parliament would act on its own without obtaining his approval. Late in May, Newsom said, "We've done all we can and we're still trying. Ultimately, I feel, the issue will be resolved, but it may take some time to reconcile Khomeini's revolutionary demands, our concern for the hostages, the pride of the United States, the prestige of the United Nations, and the understandable and heartrending impatience of the prisoners and their families."

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

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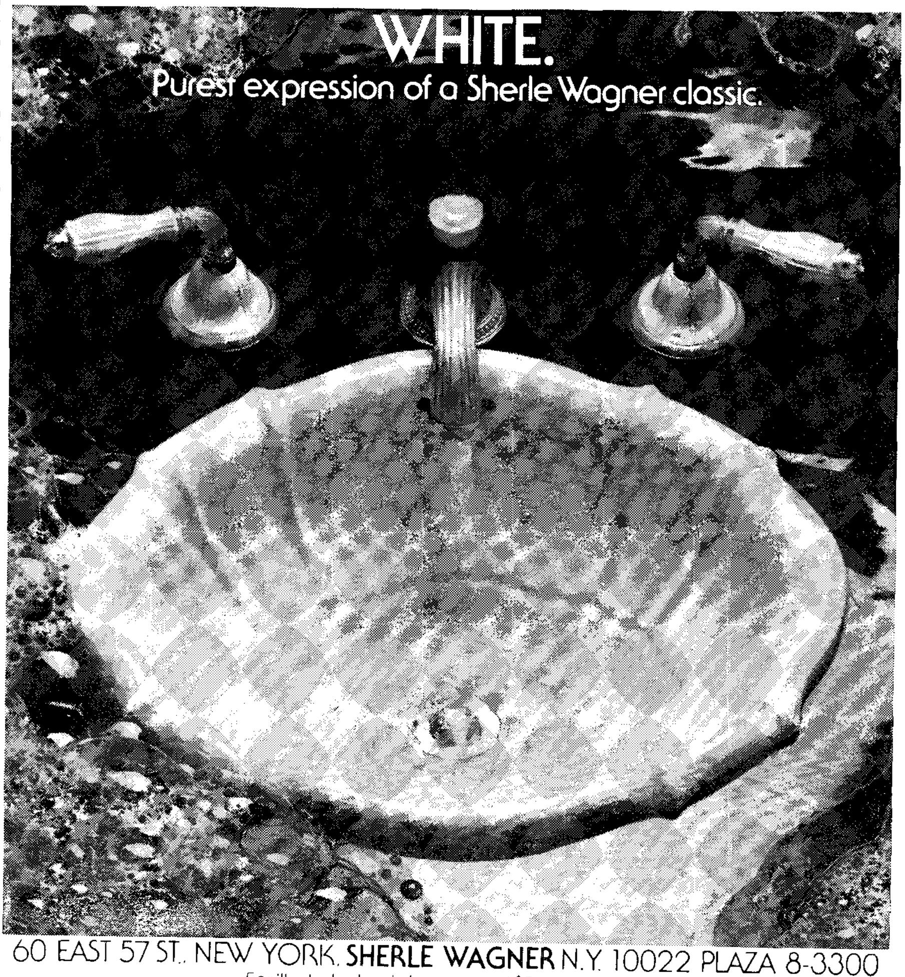

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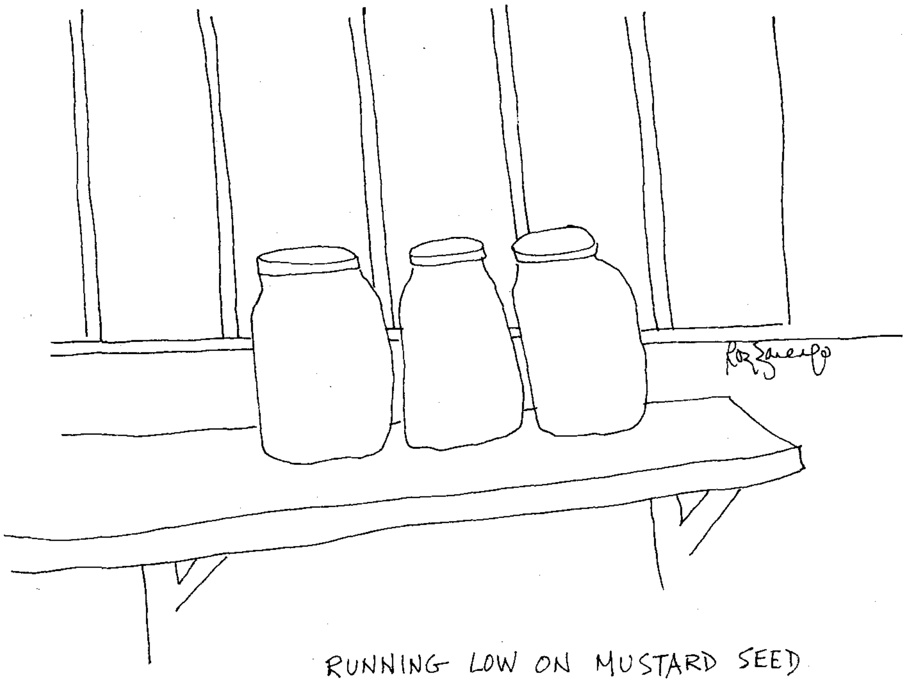
CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, surely the greatest flier who ever lived, was inspired to pursue a career as a pilot in part by reading newspaper accounts of the exploits of the aces who in the First World War daily risked their lives in gallant dogfights over the battlefields of France. Lindbergh was then a boy in his teens, on a farm in Minnesota, and, to his regret, the war ended before he was old enough to enlist, win a commission, and join his heroes overseas. By far the most dashing and successful of these heroes was a young Canadian named Billy Bishop, who in a period of just over a year managed to shoot down seventy-two enemy planes (the American ace, Eddie Rickenbacker, had to content himself with twenty-six), and so became the most decorated pilot of the First World War; among other honors, Bishop received from the hand of King George V at a single unprecedented ceremony the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order, and the Military Cross. By an irony, Bishop was the very opposite of the man Lindbergh was to become; they had nothing in common but their fearlessness. The Lindbergh of the New York-to-Paris flight was a tall, virginal, abstemious, laconic, and precise loner, with a reverence for machinery and an unrivalled knack for bringing out the best in any plane he flew. Bishop was short, amorous, hard-drinking, and gregarious, and he had so little regard for machinery and the art of flying that he wrecked plane after plane in the course of his brief, dazzling war career. Lindbergh took as few chances as possible; Bishop took as many as possible. Each became famous in youth; in their middle years, Bishop had no difficulty putting his fame behind him and becoming a prominent businessman in Canada and England, but Lindbergh, increasingly troubled by the injuries that powered flight appeared to be inflicting on the world, sought more and more earnestly to escape contemporary society. It is characteristic of the two men that Lindbergh died in his house on Maui, in the Hawaiian Islands, while Bishop died in his house in Palm Beach.

A Canadian author named John Gray has written, composed the music for, and directed a play about Bishop, called "Billy Bishop Goes to War." His collaborator, Eric Peterson, plays the role of Bishop and of some seventeen other characters as well, including King George, an eccentric Lady St. Helier, a night-club singer known as Lovely Helene, and a rival ace named Albert Ball. Seated at a piano onstage, Gray sings and helps to provide a prudent minimum of narration, along with some amusing sound effects, while Peterson, with the assistance of a few simple props—a Morris chair, a toy airplane, a white silk scarf—plunges headlong from one hilarious impersonation to the next. On opening night, the audience at the Morosco leaped to its feet at the curtain and wouldn't let the two performers go; they received the kind of applause that is mysteriously common at the Metropolitan Opera and mysteriously rare in the legitimate theatre. Finally, the management turned off the lights, and I hope Gray and Peterson were made happy by the accolade of darkness. "Billy Bishop Goes to War" is a delightful—and cunningly wrought—work of art; who would ever have guessed that the First World War was still capable of throwing off comic wonders of this kind?

The scenery is by David Gropman, and the lighting (very clever indeed) is by Jennifer Tipton. Mr. Peterson wears an Army uniform, for which no designer is given credit. No doubt he found it in an old trunk in an attic in Toronto.

AND, speaking of Toronto, a sad little play called "Of the Fields, Lately," a recent tenant of the Century, happened to be laid in that city. Its author, David French, was concerned to tell us about a miserable blue-collar family in which a son, having obtained some education, is ashamed of his carpenter father, or is thought by the father to be ashamed. As the text too explicitly makes clear, a wall has been built up between them that nothing will serve to break down, and in the course of the play a couple of attempts at reconciliation are terminated—as, in families, all things are terminated—by death. Mr. French is an honest writer and also a rather flat one; he left me with a strong sense of having observed some such family as this a good many times before, and only intermittently did sufficient emotion emerge from the shifting contests between its members to allow one to pass from recognition to participation. Still, the acting was excellent, and there were moments of welcome humor, especially on the part of John Leighton, as a newly bereft uncle. William Cain played the bullying, intransigent father; Christopher W. Cooper played the alienated son; and Mary Fogarty played the wife and mother who can please neither husband nor son for long. The scenery was by J. Robin Modereger, the costumes were by Dolores Gamba, and the lighting was by Richard Dorfman. The play was well directed by Jamie Brown.

—BRENDAN GILL



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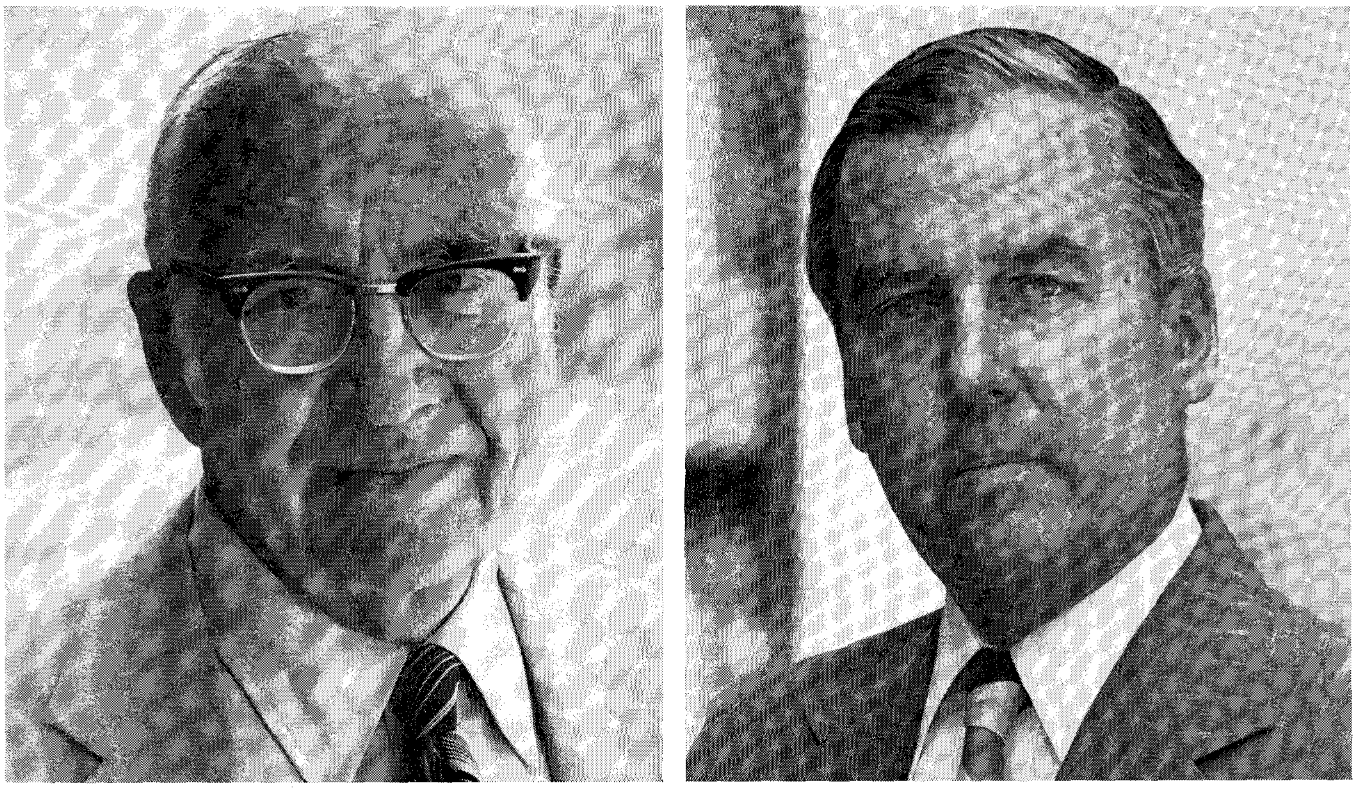

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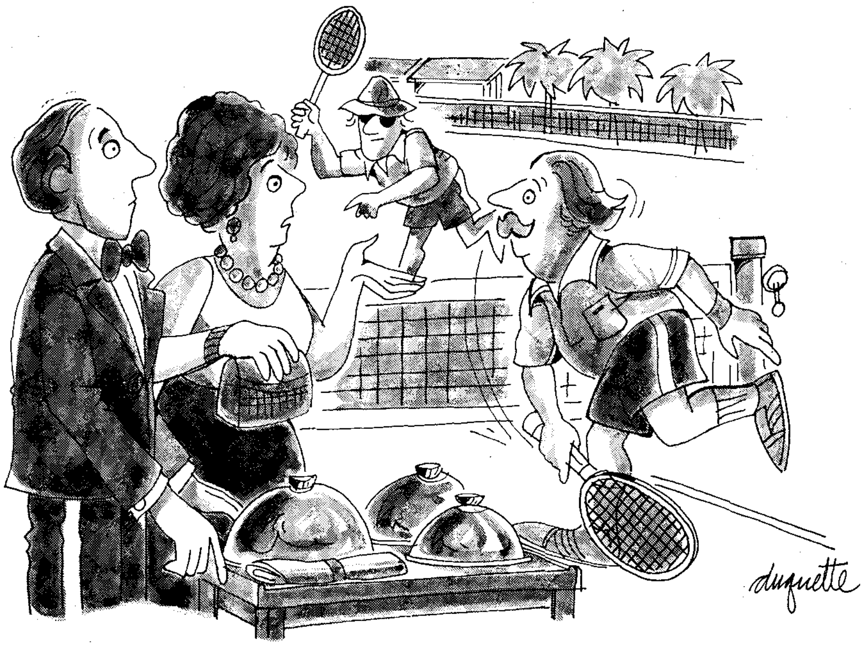

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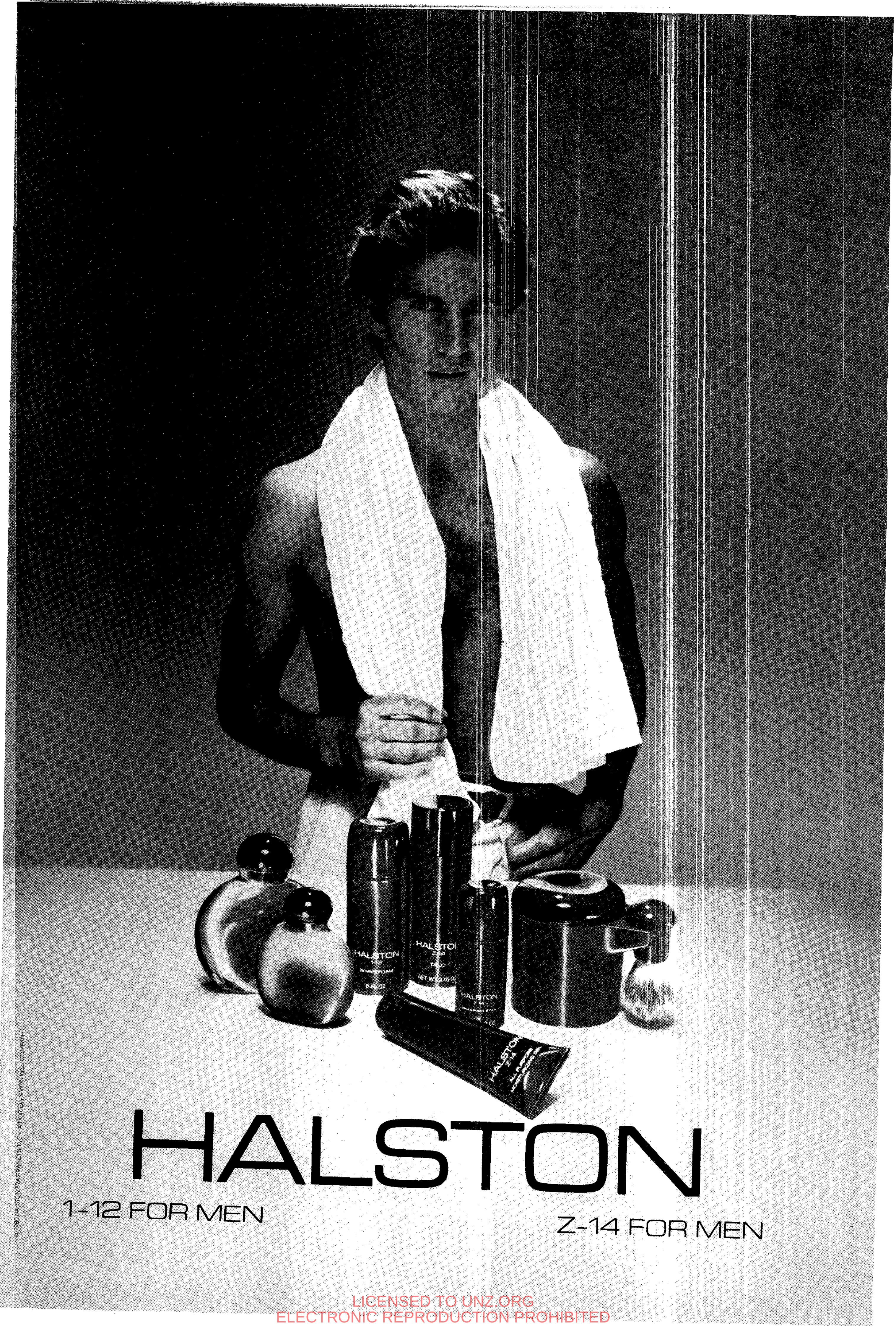
cheerful piece of news, though perhaps not the only one, from the Brooklyn Academy, where the revival of Rachel Crothers' comedy opened last week—a comedy of 1911, to be exact, but for some strange reason done in the manner of the seventies. The men spend much of the time sobbing their hearts out, while the women remain dry-eyed (are there any young actors—or directors—today who can find a way to express emotion without Kleenex?), and many indications of humor and crispness are bypassed or ignored. A director is as honor-bound to keep faith with a dead playwright as with a living one. He and She, among several hes and shes, are a Mr. and Mrs. Herford (Gerry Bamman and Miss Kennedy), both of them sculptors, who submit drawings in a competition for a frieze to be carved on a public building—a competition that she wins, to her elation (Miss Kennedy's elation lights up the stage) and to his dismay, barely masked by loyalty. Also present are Herford's assistant and *his* fiancée (an editor on a women's magazine who refuses to give up her job when married and who doesn't particularly want children), Herford's sister (who does his typing and pays his bills, and who is written off by everyone as a working spinster, although she badly wants a man to settle down with), the Herfords' daughter (shipped off to school to get her out of the way), and Mrs. Herford's father (a wisdom dispenser). The theme is the rights and obligations of women, and everybody sticks to the subject most of the time. The script is still good; much of what Miss Crothers (1878-1958) had to say is sound and often funny, and is not a bit dated. Many wisecracky lines are assigned to the spinster, and Joan Pape, when given a chance, delivers them well; Marti Maraden is properly fiery and attractive as the fiancée. All the actresses do as well as can be expected under the circumstances; the actors do not. (To be fair, the women's parts are much better written than the men's.) All the action takes place in the Herfords' house in this city, where the couple live in a style that might prove startling to most present-day sculptors, what with a uniformed maid, formal evening dress for dining at home, and expensive furniture. (Scenery by John Jensen, costumes by Jennifer von Mayrhauser.) The second act, by the way, takes place after dinner, at around nine o'clock, when everyone is waiting for the final mail delivery of the day. Ho hum.

—EDITH OLIVER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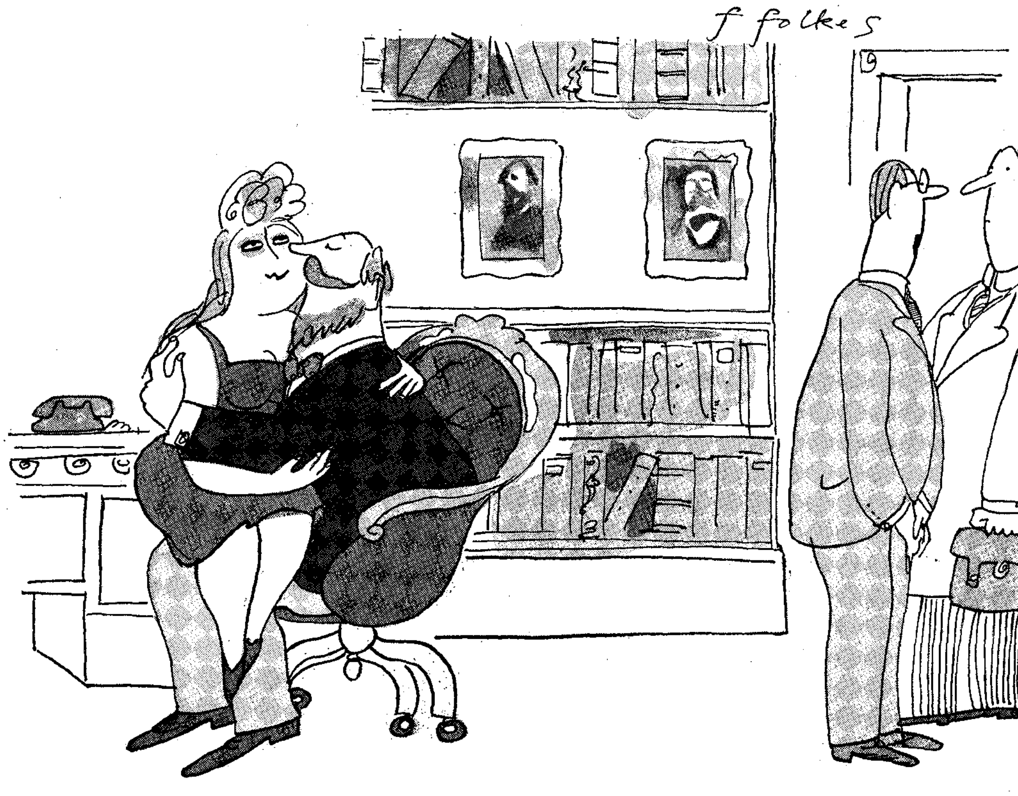
MUSICAL EVENTS

Wondrous Machines

TWO important new organs have recently been inaugurated in New York City: one built by Casavant Frères for the church of St. Luke in the Fields, on Hudson Street, and one by the Holtkamp Organ Company for the Union Theological Seminary, on Broadway at Reinhold Niebuhr Place. At Alice Tully Hall, the Theodore Kuhn organ has been on display in a series of five Wednesday-evening Twilight Organ Interludes. And around the city there has been the usual large number of organ recitals. Confronted by all this activity, an ordinary music lover feels rather at a loss. Organists inhabit a world of their own, rarely needing or wanting the collaboration of other musicians in their activities. They can be sublimely confident that the organ is "an instrument with the longest history of all, with a repertory larger than that of any other instrument and with a magnificence beyond any other musical invention from the Greeks to the present day." The claim is made in the preface to "A New History of the Organ," by Peter Williams, just published by Indiana University Press. The tone of effortless superiority comes naturally to organists, and with some justification: throughout history, the organ has been portrayed as the instrument that comes nearest to anticipating the sounds of paradise. In the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," which Purcell set in 1692, Nicholas Brady writes, "From heaven its wondrous notes were given . . . Some Angel of the sacred choir did in this breath the pipes inspire;" even the eloquent lute, he says, must yield to this "wondrous machine." The organ needs no help from other instruments to make a noise as grand as any orchestra, as intricate as the most diverse chamber ensemble. And the technical means whereby it achieves its effects are enough to baffle the most open-minded musician. When organists begin to talk of the diapason, the vox humana, the spitzflöte, the quintadena, and the gedacktpommer—or, with increased enthusiasm, of the brustwerk and the rückpositiv, the function of different tone stops, and the need for a sliderchest—the non-expert listener may well retire quietly into the nearest concert hall to seek a string quartet.

The organ can be an overbearing and impersonal instrument. But the new Casavant organ at St. Luke's is a delight to hear—as Brady put it, "brisk, without lightness, without dulness grave." The organ sits at the west end of the church, in a newly constructed gallery. It looks very small but is in fact a substantial instrument of twenty-five stops, arranged very compactly. Instead of the pipes' being spread out to the left and right of the player, with a fine display of metalwork, they are encased in oak and take up the full depth of the gallery behind the console; the organ is narrow but deep. In addition, there is a tiny section of the organ which sits on the edge of the gallery behind the organist's stool. The result of this placement is that the sound is projected with unusual clarity and focus into the body of the church; the resonance of the oak case as well as the compactness of the design must surely contribute to that effect. St. Luke's is a wonderful little church; built in 1821, it is said to be the third-oldest in the city. Its advantage from the musical point of view is that from the rear up to the transepts it is a simple box; there are no aisles or arches to confuse the acoustics. The chancel is marked off from the nave only by a mainly freestanding wooden structure that encloses the sanctuary. So the sound of the organ is heard directly. It is crisp, fresh, and airy.

Four recitals were given in the inaugural series; I sampled those by Paul-Martin Maki, the organist of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, and by William Entriken, St. Luke's organist, who planned the new instrument and commissioned the Canadian firm of Casavant Frères to build it. The organ was most strikingly successful in Baroque music, and particularly in Bach. Mr. Maki played the great Toccata and Fugue in F, and Mr. Entriken played the Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C. It cannot have been just the coincidence of the two players' styles that made these pieces so lively, so subtle, so free from any kind of stodginess and regularity; it was the organ that gave the performances their special character. In the long pedal solos near the start of the F-Major Toccata, Mr. Maki did not sound as if he were dragging the weight of an elephant behind him—the notes were sprightly and well articulated. The repeated climbing arpeggios had a lithe strength; only in the solid chords (which are broken by



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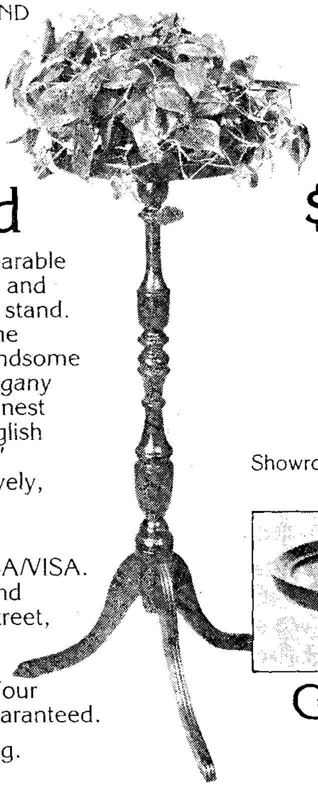
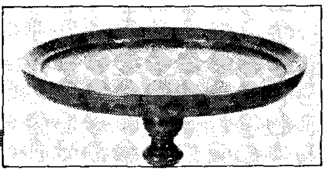

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some of the most surprising interrupted cadences in all music) did Mr. Maki misjudge his instrument—he made a light "pop, pop" noise where the organ could have made an expressive "pah, pah." The fugue was serene without being heavy, impressive without being overwhelming. Mr. Entriken's Toccata fairly bounced with life: dancing rhythmic figurations sprang from the keyboard with an immediacy one normally expects only from a harpsichord, and in the central Adagio the almost vocal expressive quality of the organ's solo stops could be heard. Each of these recitals opened with a work by Mendelssohn and closed with one by Marcel Dupré. To play this music on an organ that is most successful in Baroque music would seem to be courting disaster. The greatest shock was that we could hear all the notes, instead of the generalized, sloppy noise that too often passes for organ playing in highly resonant acoustics. (I recalled the traditional organist's advice "There is nothing like adding the full swell on the last page of any piece to thrill your audience and save hours of practice time.") Purists might not always want to hear Romantic music played with this sharpness of outline, but it made an enjoyable change. Mr. Maki even essayed some music by Max Reger. He chose carefully, though: the Six Trios, Opus 47, are witty neo-Baroque exercises and were perfectly suited to this instrument; the jumbled Jig and skittish Scherzo both emerged as lighthearted parodies.

The most enjoyable moment in these two recitals, however, was Mr. Entriken's performance of a Handel Concerto—No. 13, in F, which is sometimes entitled "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale." He was joined in the gallery by instrumentalists of the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, and the balance and blending of organ and orchestra were almost perfect. The Handel concertos do not need even such a large organ as Mr. Entriken had at his disposal, and he perhaps used overfancy registrations to display some of the new instrument's special capacities. Nevertheless, the purity of the high flute sound, the flexibility of the reeds, and the bright but not screechy sound of the mixtures were all wonderfully evident. The rhythmic drive of the tuttis and the quiet eloquence of Mr. Entriken's quasi-improvised solo movements were exhilarating. In the final ritornello, Mr. Entriken set ringing the zimbelstern—a little golden star at the top of the organ case—and its tumult of bells tinkled happily, if unidiomatically, adding an appropriate note of celebration to the inauguration of this outstanding instrument.

A SIGNIFICANT feature of the construction of St. Luke's organ is that all the action (apart from the blower that supplies the wind) is mechanical. In the nineteenth century, the desire to make organs louder and bigger led to such high wind pressure in the pipes that the organist's fingers could not manipulate the keys unaided. An electric action was developed to do the work for him: the key was pressed and something, somewhere, transmitted an electrical impulse that opened the pipe to the wind. Arnold Dolmetsch recognized as long ago as 1915 that this was unsatisfactory: "The music of the organ dragged on after the player's fingers as best it could. Personal touch, which did so much for phrasing and expression, was destroyed." Modern organ music, of course, was designed for such an instrument, but the music of the eighteenth century and before demands a closer contact between the organist and the sound he makes. So began the move back to "tracker action," in which the keys are directly connected to the mechanism that opens the pipe to the wind. In America, though some small organs were still being made with mechanical action in the nineteen-twenties, this movement took time to become widespread. European builders—Rieger, Flentrop, and Beckerath—sent the first important tracker-action instruments to this country after the war. A long discussion raged in the columns of the specialist magazines about the virtues of the method. Orpha Ochse recalls in her comprehensive study "The History of the Organ in the United States" that as late as June, 1958, an editorial in *The Diapason* stated, "We know of no American builder who is willing or able to produce a modern tracker instrument." In fact, a couple were in the making. Among the pioneers were Charles Fisk, of the Andover Organ Company, and Casavant Frères. Now tracker-action organs are extremely common: Peter Williams' new book records that by 1976 at least five firms had each made more than thirty-five such organs for this country. But St. Luke's organ goes one stage further. It uses mechanical action not only to connect the keys and the pipes but also to connect the stops (which the player draws to "registrate" the music) and the pipes. Big, sophisticated tracker-action

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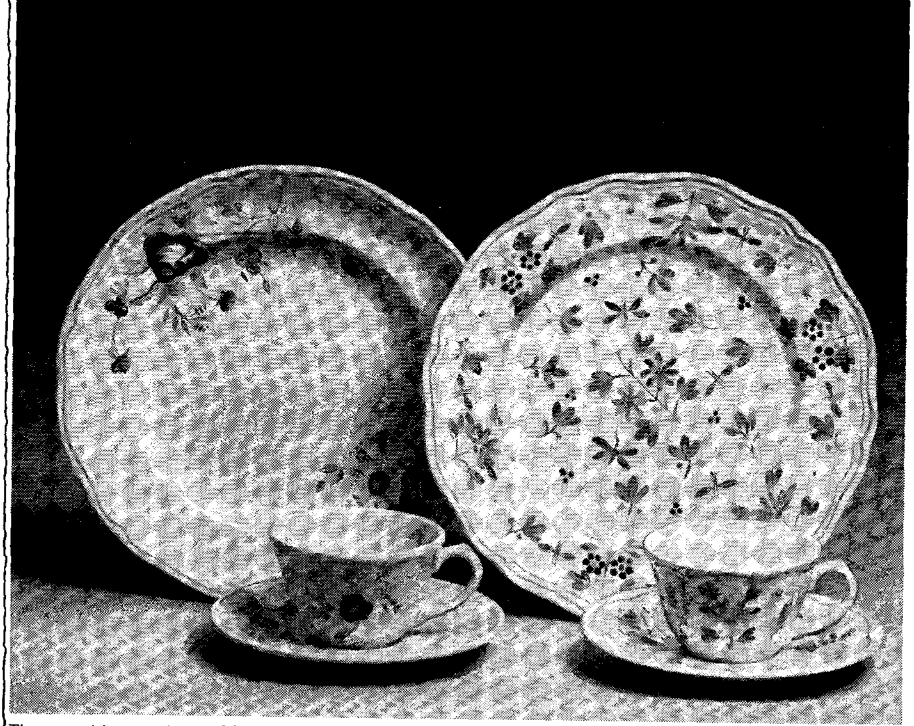

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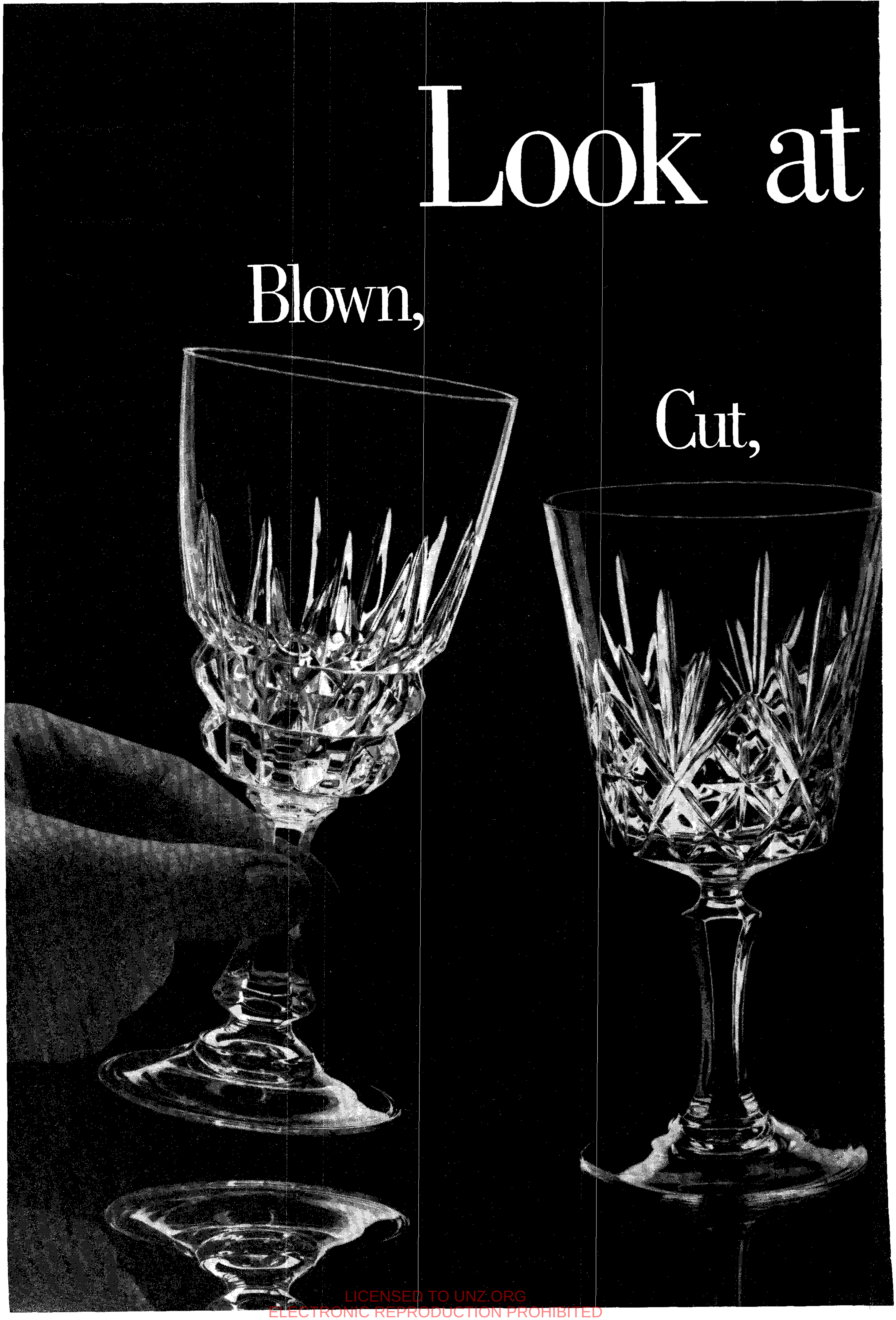
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organs, such as the one in Tully Hall, use electric action to activate the stops; St. Luke's organ uses a wooden slider mechanism similar to that of many eighteenth-century instruments. The player's feeling of immediate contact is increased; the organ becomes even more a vehicle of personal expression.

The new instrument by the Holtkamp Company, of Cleveland, for Union Theological Seminary follows the "modern traditional" method of combining mechanical key action with electric stop action. It is larger than St. Luke's—it has thirty-two stops—and dominates the east end of the splendidly restored Gothic-style chapel at the seminary. At the inaugural recital, the instrument was put through its paces by the husband-and-wife team of Cherry Rhodes and Ladd Thomas. The sound is that of a conventional tracker-action organ: firm, sometimes fierce, but always clear. In Bach's Chorale Partita on the hymn "Sei gegrüsset," Miss Rhodes showed how restrained and agreeable were the flute and solo stops, and how pungent the reeds; but in a glutinous and inappropriate arrangement, by Jean Guillou, of Mozart's C-Minor Adagio and Fugue she found a thick, unclear sonority that was not to the instrument's advantage. Mr. Thomas had more success with his less flamboyant account of Hindemith's First Organ Sonata; he let us hear the solidity and strength of the organ, its gentle upper registers, and its clear delineation of contrapuntal lines. A work specially commissioned by the Holtkamp Company for the occasion, a Concerto by Calvin Hampton, was energetic, strenuous, and musically insignificant. Though Mr. Thomas played it con brio, it seemed to me to be an attempt to demonstrate the organ as just a versatile machine, using the many stop changes that are possible only with electronic pistons.

THEODORE KUHN's organ in Tully Hall is larger than either of these new organs: it has sixty-one stops, four manuals, and a total of 4,192 pipes. It ought to be, by normal criteria, too large for the hall, especially given the hall's dry acoustics. But either because the pipes have been sensitively voiced or because the organists I heard used the instrument well, there was nothing wearying in the sound. The organ is not as flexible as St. Luke's or as tough as Union Seminary's, but it makes a deliciously varied range of noises. All the recitals in the early-evening series featured music by Bach; yet the performances of his music

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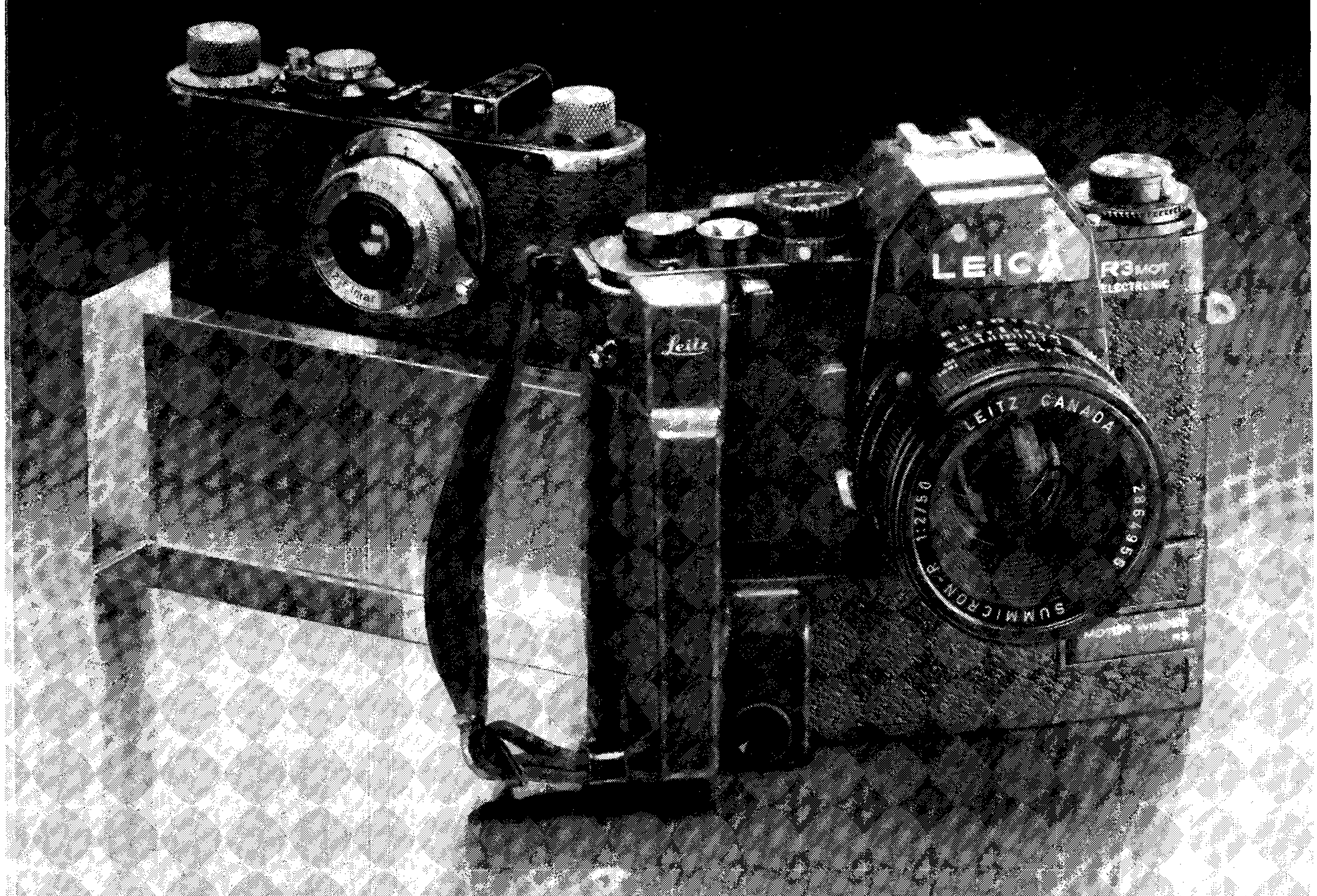

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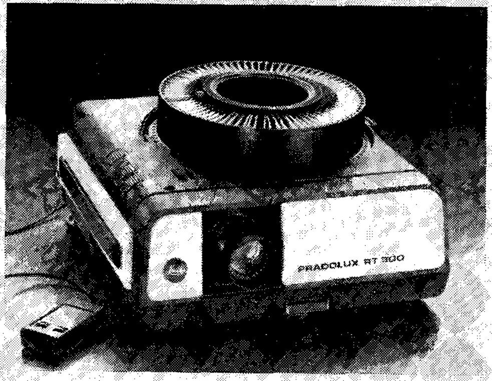

were the most disappointing feature of the recitals I attended. Simon Preston played three meditations from Messiaen's "La Nativité du Seigneur" with a fine sense of the harmonies and colors of this richly mystical music; but then he gave the Bach Passacaglia in C Minor with undue caution, destroying the line with frequent pauses and manual changes, and failing to build any sense of climax in the tremendous fugue that forms the last variation. Preston has become an outstanding choral conductor in England during the last few years; perhaps his conducting duties have caused his organ playing, once so exciting, to take second place. Gerre Hancock, of St. Thomas Church (which houses a fine organ designed in 1969 after the French classical style), played the "St. Anne" Prelude and Fugue, three settings of "Nun komm der Heiden Heiland," and the G-Major Fantasia. In the chorale settings, he revealed a rather noisy solo reed that squawked when released, some lovely flutes in the central trio-sonata-like setting, and a very grand, full sound in the last prelude. But the most exciting playing came in the outer sections of the Fantasia: brilliant cascades of sound, tumbling downward to their final chords. The "St. Anne," by contrast, was splashy and ill-controlled; there were perky rhythms but not quite the precision that the organ and the hall demand. At the end of the recital, Mr. Hancock was given a theme on which to improvise. It was a witty choice: the rondo theme from Mozart's A-Major Piano Sonata—the notes that decorate the tote bags sold at the Lincoln Center souvenir shop. The theme's simple sequence and sharp rhythms make it difficult to improvise on, but Mr. Hancock did splendidly. He made each phrase the start of a winding Hindemithian line, loosened the structure, and turned the melody into a bouncy, syncopated fugue subject that built to a tumultuous climax. Improvisation is one art at which organists undoubtedly excel; it was here finely demonstrated.

SOMEDAY, I hope to explore more of the city's organs: to hear some of the instruments I have seen standing mute during church choral concerts. I have been much impressed by a couple that I chanced on in recital. At St. Michael's Church, on Amsterdam Avenue at Ninety-ninth Street, the Beckerath tracker-action organ made an exceptionally bright and lively noise in sonatas by Antonio Soler, played by Yuko Hayashi and Bernard

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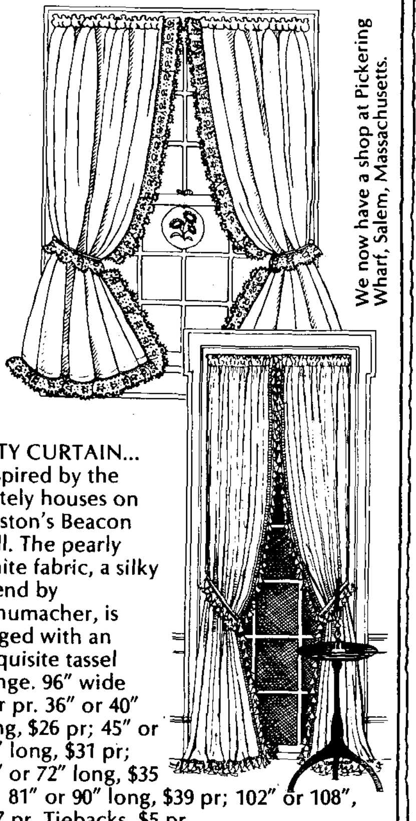

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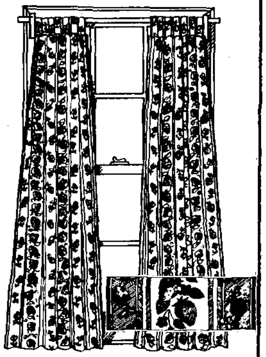

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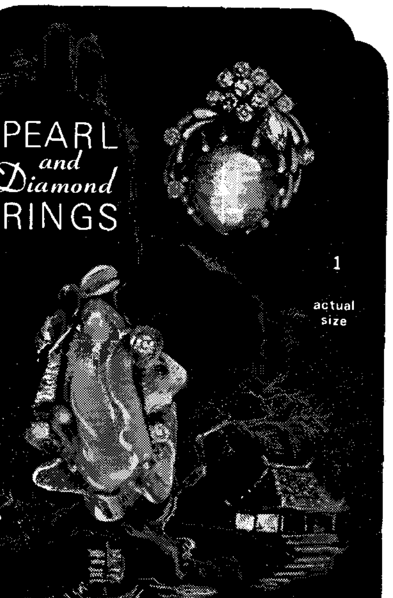

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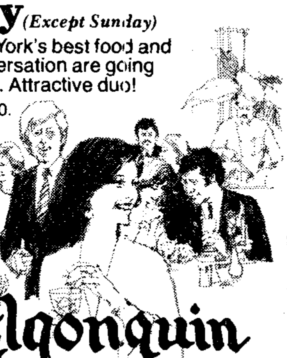

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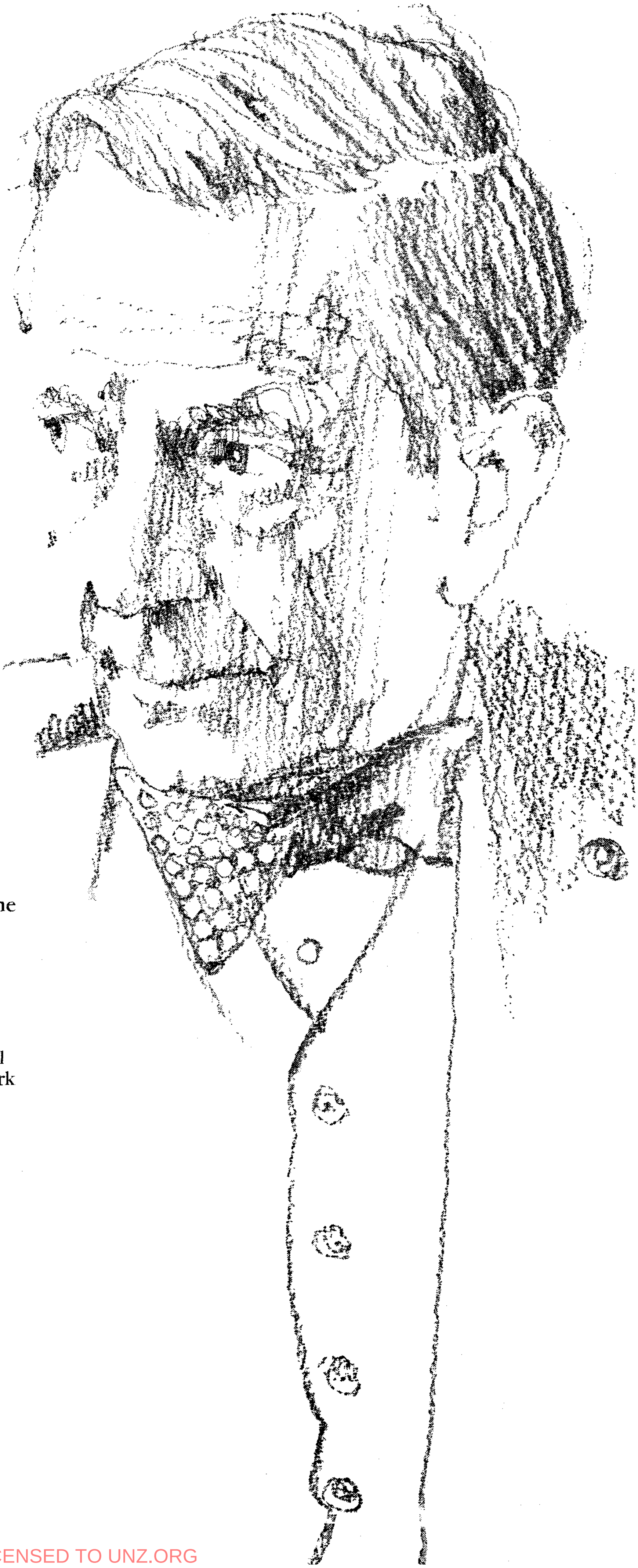

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Brauchli, to mark the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the composer's birth—though the music was less well suited to this large instrument than to two tiny chamber organs on which a group of Soler's concertos were played. At St. Peter's Church, the neat little new building that nestles in the foundations of the Citicorp Center, Gordon Jones played music by Hermann Schroeder, Hugo Distler, and J. S. Bach during a hot April lunchtime and drew some solid, if slightly artificial, sounds from the Klais organ, which was installed in 1977. There must be many more such recital series pursuing their quiet way in the city.

THE harpsichordist who has had the greatest influence in Europe since the end of the war is Gustav Leonhardt. For a new generation of players, the effect of his recordings—both as soloist and as director—and the effect of his teaching have been incalculable. He came to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in April to perform a group of extravagant pieces by Claude Balbastre, in which all the artifice and fantasy of the French Baroque idiom were expressed in a late, decadent flowering of the style. I would have loved to hear Mr. Leonhardt play an entire evening of French music or of Bach. (Could the museum not entice him back for a series of all forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, the Goldberg Variations, or the Art of Fugue?) But, instead, his role for the rest of the concert was to partner the violinist Sergiu Luca in strange renderings of Leclair and Bach: performances that—though Mr. Luca played a Baroque violin, with a lowered bridge and straight neck, and used a short bow that allowed great flexibility—were designed to sound as much as possible like those of a modern violin. Mr. Luca has obviously spent much time perfecting this cross-breeding of Sigiswald Kuijken and Isaac Stern, and the result has a certain impressive originality. In the unaccompanied Partita in D Minor, he achieved a deep, solid power in the Chaconne while benefitting from the easy triple-stopping and arpeggiowork that are possible on an old instrument. But the stylistic mixture was odd, and in Bach's G-Major Sonata for violin and keyboard he and Mr. Leonhardt sounded a couple of centuries apart in their approach to phrasing and expressiveness.

Originality and inspiration are rare in harpsichord playing. But I have heard two recitals by the Chilean harpsichordist Lionel Party that should

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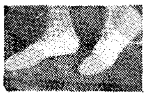

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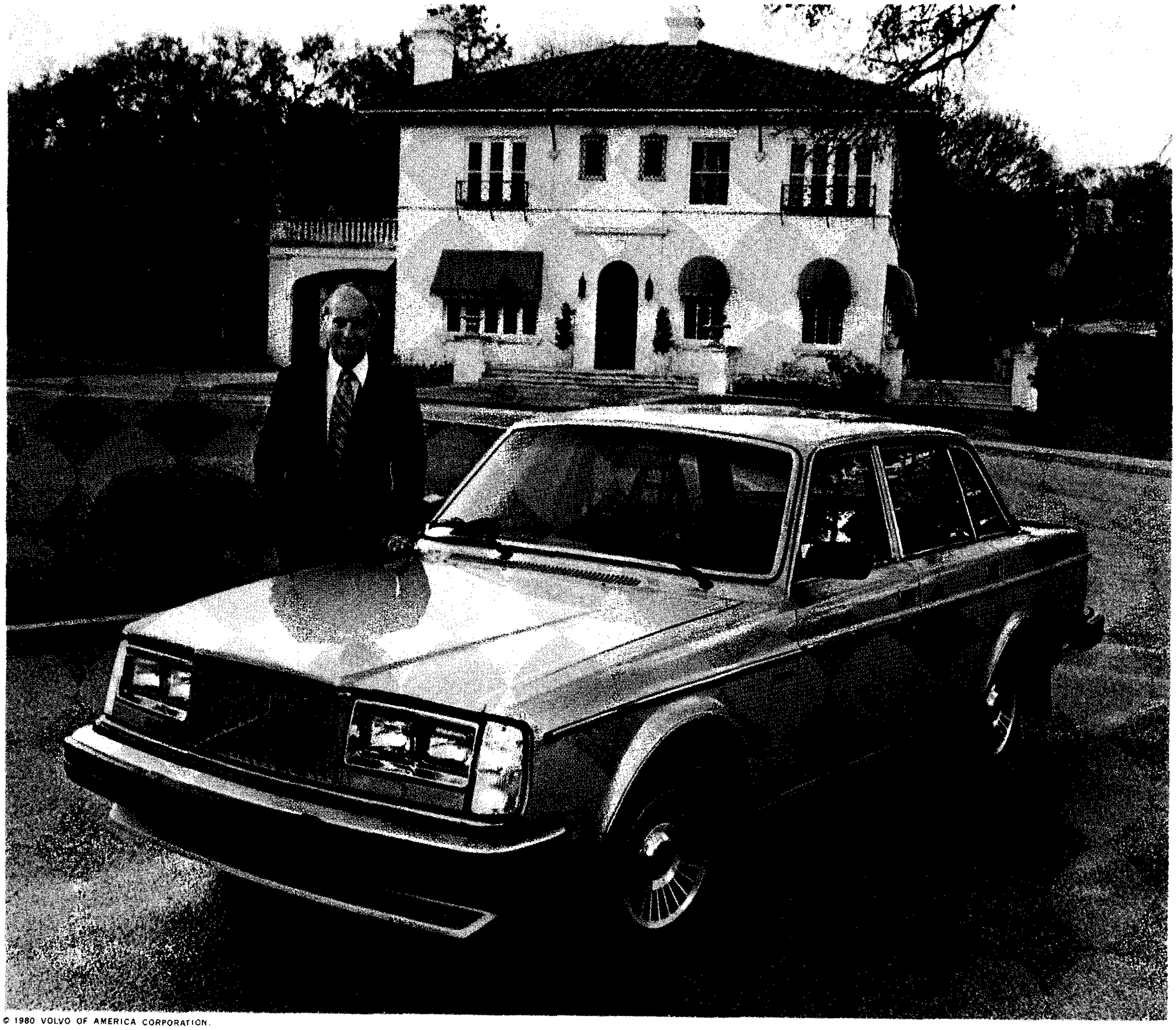

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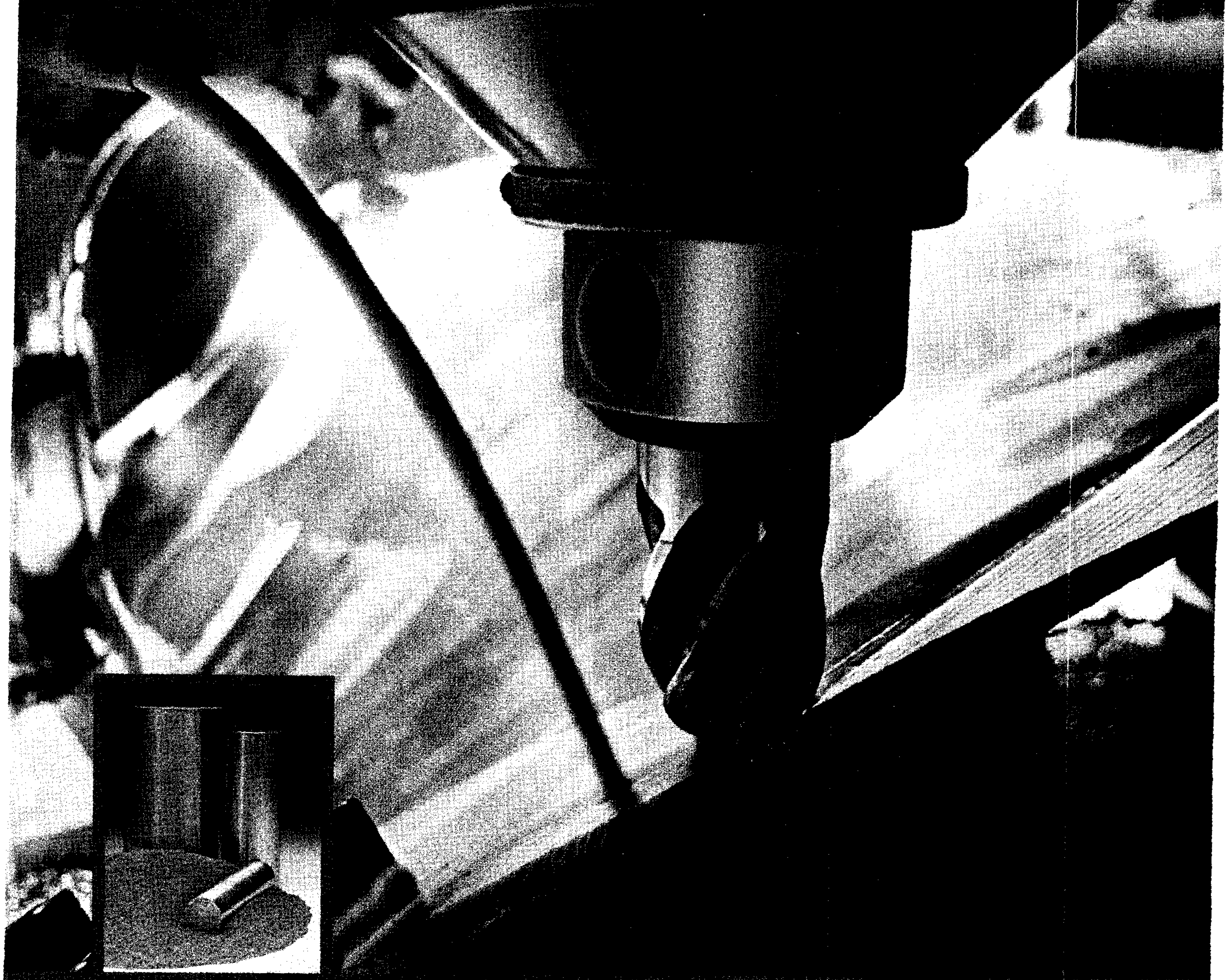

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place him in the front rank of younger harpsichordists. Mr. Party's renderings of high Baroque music—in a short recital given before an evening of concertos at Abraham Goodman House in March, and in a full-length program that formed only part of a Saturday-evening concert in the Renaissance Festival at Christ Church, on Park Avenue at Sixtieth Street—were vivid, idiomatic, and strongly individual. Style clearly matters to him, but not as much as musical communication. Everything is subordinated to making the music spring to life. Rhythms are freely treated, melodies and harmonies are molded with a firm hand; his playing is impulsive, sometimes eccentric. He seems not restricted by the harpsichord but liberated by it. The foursquare shapes and repetitive phrases of Bach's transcription of a Vivaldi violin concerto were sharply varied; the outer movements of Bach's Italian Concerto had an exciting sense of unpredictable direction. In the great Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, Mr. Party almost pulled the Fantasy apart in his effort to make it appear spontaneous and improvisatory (something more faithful to Bach's rhythms can be equally exciting), but in the Fugue the accumulated power of his playing was remarkable. I have heard few harpsichordists who can make ordinary scales and figurations sound as expressive as he did in the famous Passacaglia from Handel's seventh keyboard suite and in Rameau's "Les Niais de Sologne." Much of his treatment of French music seemed to me overindulgent. In the Rameau group, "Les Soupirs" was dallied over, "Les Tendres Plaintes" was treated more seriously than the simple music warrants, and "Les Tourbillons" sounded more like a heat haze than like a whirlwind. Nevertheless, Mr. Party has an unusual and fascinating talent; everything he does is stimulating to hear. —NICHOLAS KENYON

•

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times index*]

Business loans soared by $1.36 billion in the latest reporting week despite the Carter Administration's participation in the Moscow Games. Page 5.

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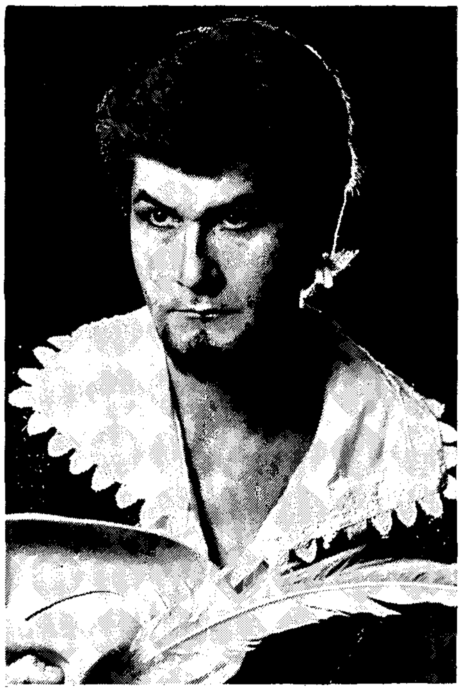

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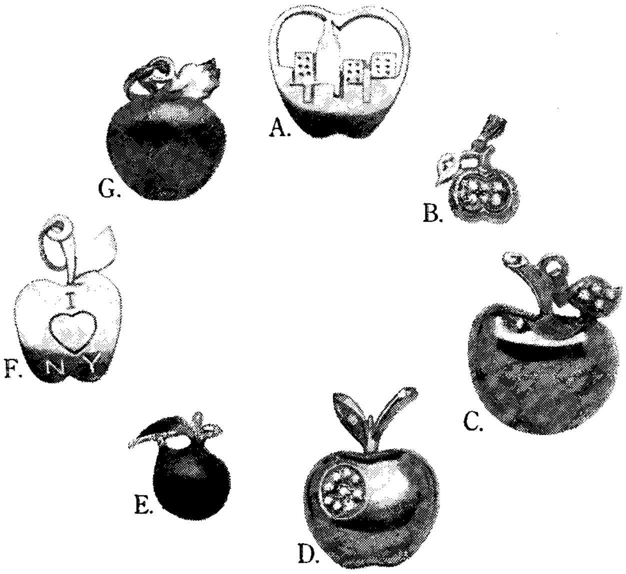

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IF Stanley Kubrick's "The Shining" is about anything that you can be sure of, it's tracking: Kubrick loves the ultra-smooth travelling shots made possible by the Steadicam. This marvellous invention—an apparatus that stabilizes the camera so that the camera operator's body substitutes for a dolly—was used to dramatic effect in "Rocky" (the sequence of the triumphal leaping run up the steps) and in "Bound for Glory" (the tour of the migrant workers' camp), but it has probably never been used so much or so insistently as it has been in "The Shining." In at least one sequence Kubrick uses it spectacularly: we glide behind Danny (Danny Lloyd), the boy in peril (he looks about five), who is at the center of the film, as he pedals his low-rider tricycle up and down the corridors of the huge Overlook Hotel, where most of the action takes place. Some of us in the audience may want to laugh with pleasure at the visual feat, and it is joined to an aural one: the sounds of the wheels moving from rug to wood are uncannily exact. We almost want to applaud. Yet though we may admire the effects, we're never drawn in by them, mesmerized. When we see a flash of bloody cadavers or observe a torrent of blood pouring from an elevator, we're not frightened, because Kubrick's absorption in film technology distances us. Each shot seems rigorously calculated, meticulous, and he keeps the scenes going for so long that any suspense dissipates. Kubrick's involvement in film technology led to the awesomely impressive effects of "2001," and to the tableau style of "Barry Lyndon," which some people found hypnotic, but it works against him here. Over and over, the camera tracks the characters, and by the climax, when we're running around in the hedge maze on the hotel grounds, the rhythmic sameness has worn us down. It's like watching a skater do figure eights all night, or at least for two hours and twenty-six minutes. (Less two minutes of highly expendable footage that the director cut after the film's opening.)

The story, loosely adapted from a pulp gothic by Stephen King, is about a former teacher, Jack Torrance (played by Jack Nicholson), who wants to write; he takes the job of winter caretaker at an isolated hotel in Colorado that was built on Indian burial ground, and moves in with his wife, Wendy (Shelley Duvall), and Danny, their son. The child is already somewhat traumatized, because of an episode in the past when his father—drunk at the time and in a violent temper—grabbed him and dislocated his shoulder. Since that injury, Danny has had a psychic sensitivity—"the shining"—and he has visions that make him afraid of the hotel, especially of Room 237. The hotel's departing black cook, Halloran (Scatman Crothers), who also "shines," explains to him that events in the past leave traces that can be dangerous to those with "the gift," and cautions him to avoid that room. However, Torrance, though he has been warned that a previous caretaker got "cabin fever" and slaughtered his two small daughters and his wife before taking his own life, is elated about the place; it gives him a happy sense of déjà vu. So the Torrances are left alone for the winter, to be snowbound in what is quite obviously a haunted hotel.

It took nerve, or maybe something more like hubris, for Kubrick to go against all convention and shoot most of this gothic in broad daylight. Probably he liked the idea of our waking into a nightmare instead of falling asleep into one. And, having used so many night shots in "A Clockwork Orange" and so much romantic lighting in "Barry Lyndon," he may have wanted the technical challenge of the most glaring kind of brightness. The hotel sets, which were built on the sound stages at the EMI-Elstree Studios, outside London, have enormous windows; the elegant, simple interiors are decorated in something like a blend of Navajo and Art Deco, and flooded with simulated sunshine. There isn't a dark corner anywhere; even the kitchen storerooms have a fluorescent boldness. But the conventions of gothics are fun. Who wants to see evil in daylight, through a wide-angle lens? We go to "The Shining" hoping for nasty scare effects and for an appeal to our giddiest nighttime fears—vaporous figures, shadowy places. What we get doesn't tease the imagination. Visually, the movie often feels like a cheat, because most of the horror images are not integrated into the travelling shots; the horrors involved in the hotel's bloody past usually appear in inserts that flash on like the pictures in a slide show. In addition, there are long, static dialogues between Torrance and two demonic characters—a bartender and a waiter—who are clearly *his* demons: they are personified temptations, as in a medieval mystery play, and they encourage him in his worst impulses. (They also look as substantial as he does.) The taciturn bartender (played by Joe Turkel, who was Private Ar-

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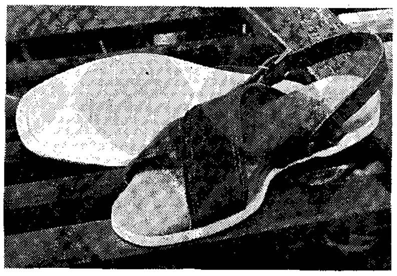
naud in "Paths of Glory") is lighted to look satanic; he offers Torrance free drinks. The loathsome, snobbish English waiter (Philip Stone) goads Torrance to maintain his authority over his wife and child by force. During these lengthy conversations, we seem to be in a hotel in Hell. It's a very talky movie (a Hell for some movie-lovers). Clearly, Stanley Kubrick isn't primarily interested in the horror film as scary fun or for the mysterious beauty that directors such as Dreyer and Murnau have brought to it. Kubrick is a virtuoso technician, and that is part of the excitement that is generated by a new Kubrick film. But he isn't just a virtuoso technician; he's also, God help us, a deadly-serious metaphysician.

It is said that an audience will always give a movie the benefit of the doubt for the first half hour; at "The Shining," I think we give it longer than that—from forty-five minutes to an hour. For one thing, it has a wonderful opening sequence that promises the kind of movie we are hoping it will be—ominous horn music with synthesized sounds of snake rattles and bird trills which suggest cosmic terror, and helicopter views of a car seen from high above, like a caterpillar being observed by God, as Torrance drives up the mountain roads for his job interview at the Overlook. And then there's Nicholson himself. He has a way of making us feel that we're in on a joke—that we're reading the dirty, resentful thoughts behind his affable shark grins—and he gives the first hour of the film its buzz. But Kubrick uses Nicholson in the most obvious way. The character of Jack Torrance—a man in a rage about his own inadequacy, the sort of man who plays genius to his wife, tells her that she has wrecked his life, jeers at her, and makes her unsure of him, unsure of herself—fits Nicholson all too snugly, and his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized. There's no surprise in anything he does, no feeling of invention. This is true of everyone in the film—the actors appear to be merely Kubrick's tools, and you get the feeling that they have been denied any free will. Nicholson's acting, though, suffers the most, because there are so many shots of him looking diabolic—his eyebrows like twin Mt. Fujis hovering in his forehead—and so many echoes of his other freaks, in "Carnal Knowledge" and "The Fortune" and "Goin' South." There's nothing he can do with the role except express the gleaming-eyed hostile undercurrents of incipient madness while



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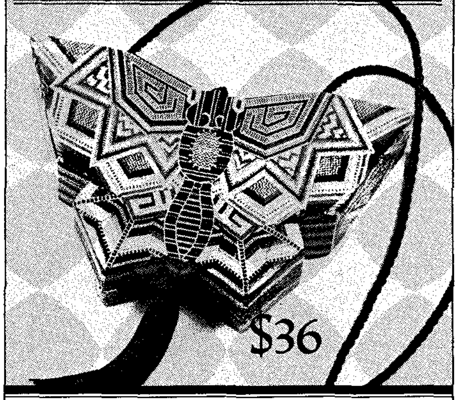

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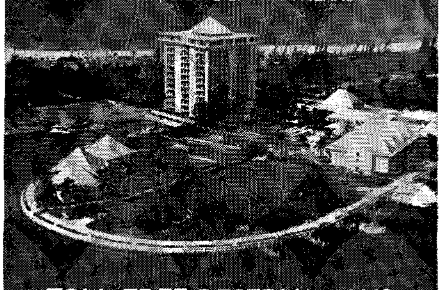

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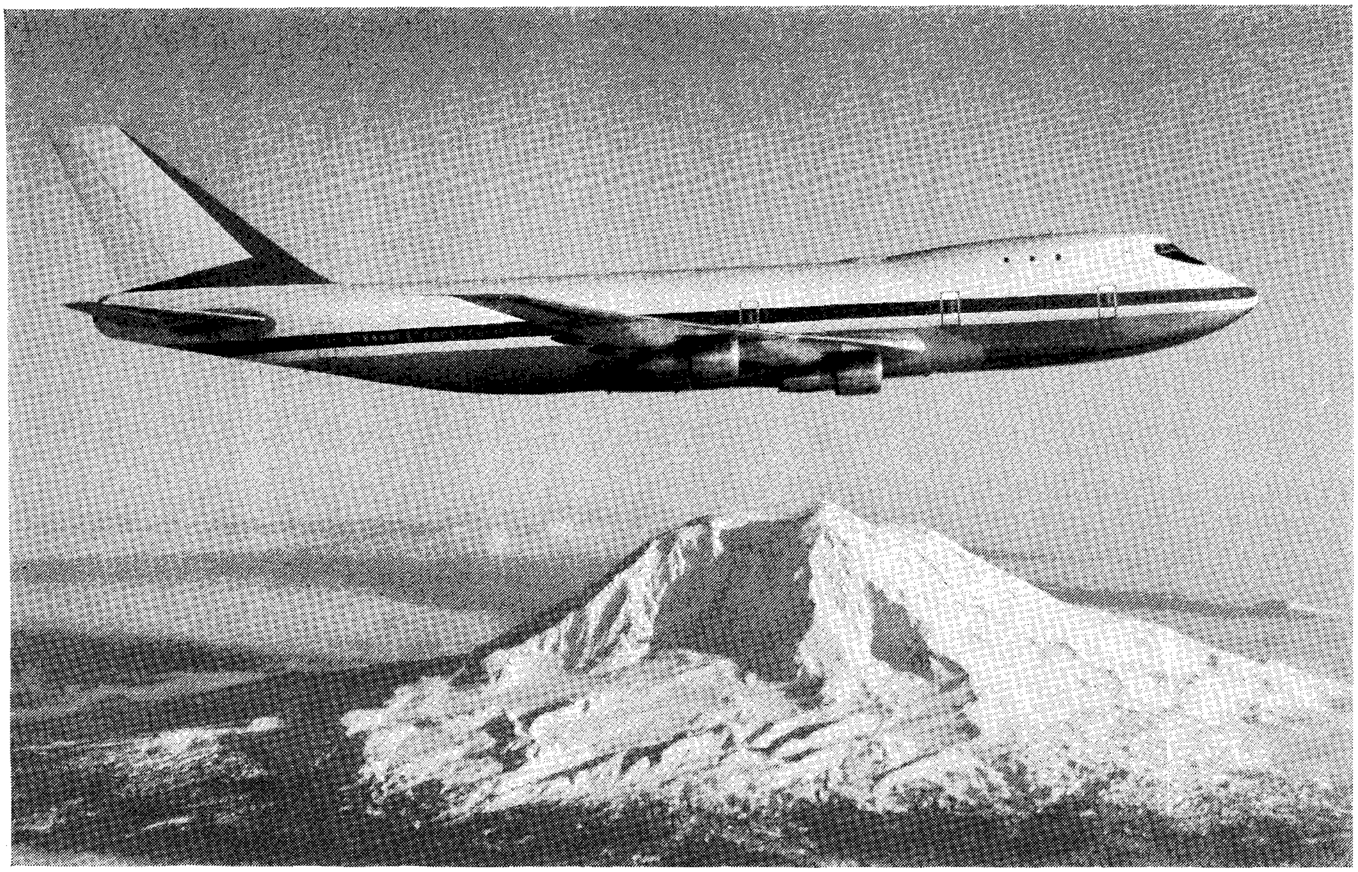

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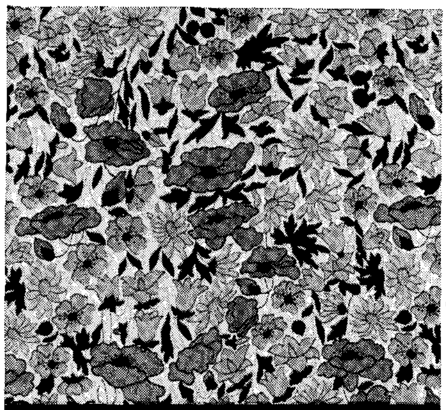

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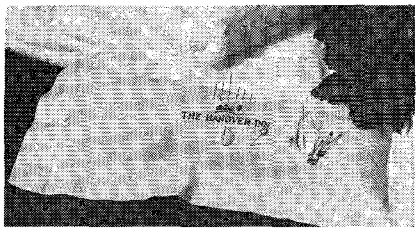

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waiting to go whole-hog crazy. It's a long wait, in an underpopulated movie. (Once the Torrances are isolated for the winter, we have nothing but quickly glimpsed horrors and those moral-temptation demons for diversion.) And when Torrance does turn violent and attempts to reënact the crimes of the earlier caretaker, the tone of Nicholson's performance seems too grinningly rabid for the movie he's in: axe in hand and slavering, with his tongue darting about in his mouth, he seems to have stumbled in from an old A.I.P. picture. He's borderline funny—which he isn't meant to be—and finally, in spite of his great talent, tiresome, a mixture of Richard III and the Big Bad Wolf huffing and puffing.

The family theme—that is, a boy child's primal fears that his father will hurt his mother and him—doesn't jell: we don't feel the give-and-take of familial stresses, we don't feel that Jack and Wendy Torrance are married or that Danny is their child. When the three are together in the car driving to the hotel and we could get some sense of how they interact, Kubrick and his co-scenarist, the novelist and critic Diane Johnson, use the scene instead to have Jack answer the boy's question about what the Donner Party was. (In case we didn't know that the mystery in this movie is the higher mystery. The Donner Party has become the literary person's equivalent of such *National Enquirer* stories as "My Mother Ate My Child.") The little boy who plays Danny has a clear face and a grave, unchildish voice; he has a lovely calm, trancelike quality. But each scene in the movie is so carefully structured to serve a purpose and he performs so precisely that he begins to seem like a puppet, and we don't feel anxious about his fate, as we would with a child whose terror wasn't so muted. Wendy, the drudge who does the work at the hotel while Jack sits at his typewriter, is a woebegone, victim role until this woman, who has been driven into hysteria, must pull herself out in order to protect her child. Though at the start Shelley Duvall seems not quite there, as if her lines were being spoken by someone else in another room, she becomes much stronger. We can feel that she's held down; she usually brings a more radiant eccentricity to her parts. But she looks more like a Modigliani than ever, and even in this role, which requires her to have tears welling in her Raggedy Ann eyes almost constantly, she has her amazing directness and her odd, flip gallantry. There's a remarkable moment when Wendy picks up

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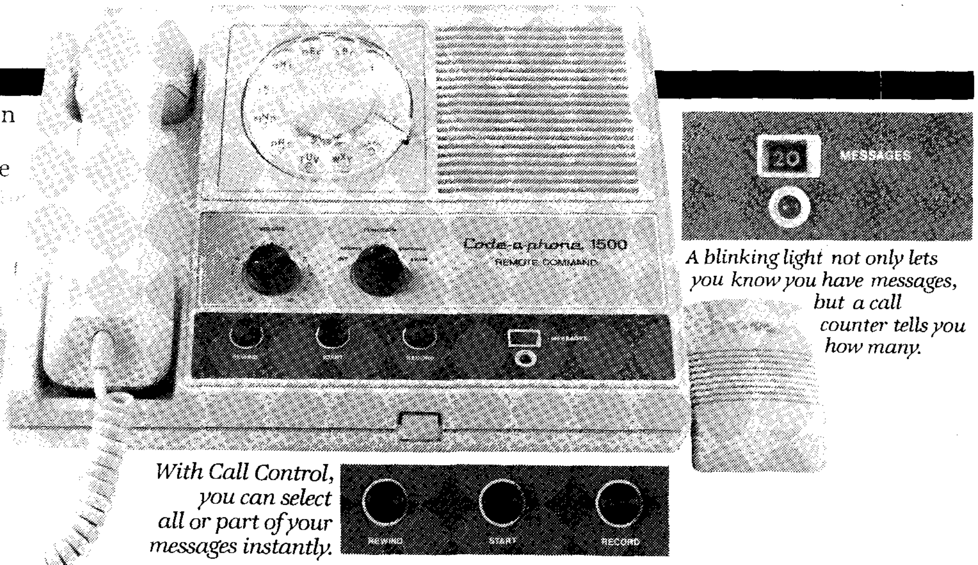

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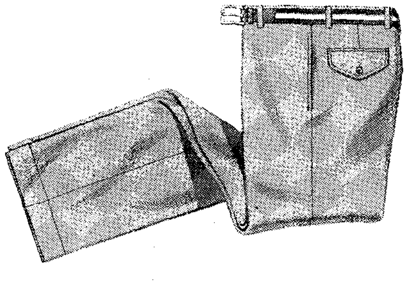

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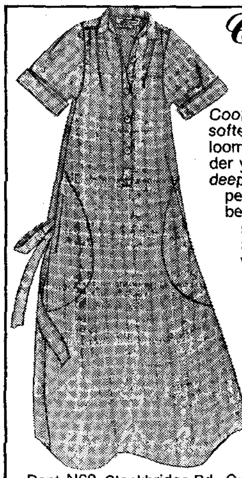

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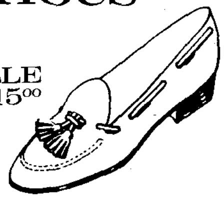

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her child and screams at her husband. And in what is probably the most daringly sustained series of shots Wendy, who is carrying a baseball bat in case she needs it with Jack, backs away as he moves toward her; he keeps advancing, she brandishes the bat as she backs away across a room and up a staircase, finally swinging the bat in front of her to keep him at a distance. It's a ghoulish parody of a courtship dance, staged with hairbreadth timing (though overextended), and Duvall is superbly simple even when Wendy is palsied with terror. Yet Duvall isn't entirely convincing as a mother; she's more like a very conscientious nurse.

The Torrances don't really seem to interest Kubrick anyway—not as individuals. At first, we get the impression that the horrors and demons are simply hallucinatory embodiments of Jack's impulses to kill his wife and son, and that Danny, with his shining, is picking up warnings. When Danny shines, he often waggles his forefinger and talks in the guttural voice of an imaginary playmate, Tony, who, Danny says, "lives in my mouth;" Tony is given to croaking "Redrum," in the manner of "Beware the ides of March." Jack took a vow not to drink after the violent incident with his son, but when Wendy accuses him of mistreating the boy again, he begins to frequent the Gold Room of the hotel, where he gets high on (imaginary?) booze, has conversations with the (imaginary?) bartender, and mingles with the (imaginary?) guests at revels that suggest the twenties. He is almost seduced by a tall, slim nude who comes out of her bath in Room 237, but when they're in each other's arms kissing, he sees in the mirror that she's a fat, rotting crone—and at the same instant she's back in her tub yet still standing there laughing at him. Danny's behavior and Jack's activities all seem explainable by Jack's madness. But Danny has been bruised on the neck, and he says that it was the crone, trying to strangle him, and after Jack has become crazily violent and is chasing Danny, even Wendy catches sight of a couple of depraved creatures in a bedroom. (Kubrick has an odd sense of morality: it's meant to be a hideous debauch when she sees the two figures in the bedroom—one of them, wearing a pig costume, looks up at her while he or she is still bent over the genitals of a man in evening clothes on the bed.) Soon Wendy, like Danny, sees the blood pouring from the elevator, and other apparitions, and hears people chanting. Do the tensions between father, mother, and son create the ghosts, or do the ghosts serve as

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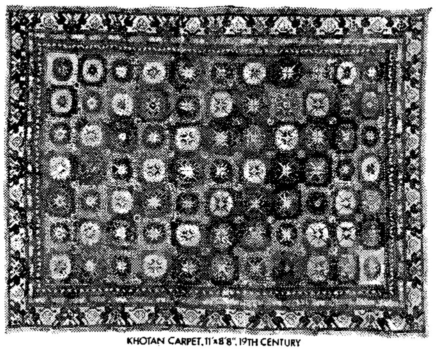

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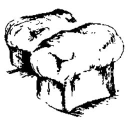

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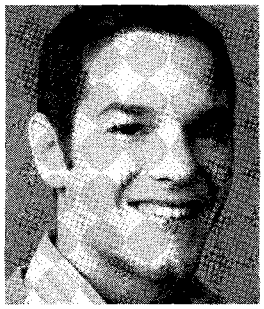

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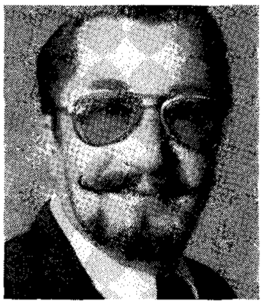

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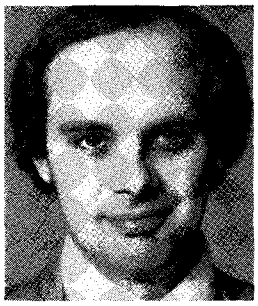

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catalysts to make those tensions erupt? It appears to be an intertwined process. Kubrick seems to be saying that rage, uncontrollable violence, and ghosts spawn each other—that they are really the same thing. He's using Stephen King's hokum to make a metaphysical statement about immortality. The Torrances are his archetypes; they are the sources and victims of monsters that live on.

Kubrick mystifies us deliberately, much as Antonioni did in "The Passenger," though for different purposes. The conversations between Jack and his demons are paced like the exposition in drawing-room melodramas of fifty years ago; you could drop stones into a river and watch the ripples between words. (In one of these scenes, with Jack and the waiter conversing in a men's room, the movie comes to a dead halt, from which it never fully recovers.) Kubrick wants to disorient us. At a critical moment in the action, there's an abrupt cut to the images on the TV news that Halloran, the cook, is watching in Florida, and the audience is bewildered—it's as if the projectionist had made a mistake. In one scene, Jack, in bed, wears a sweatshirt; the lettering across it is reversed, so we assume we're seeing a mirror image. But then Wendy enters the room and goes over to him, and we never move away to see the mirror. "The Shining" is also full of deliberate time dislocations. Two little sisters (who seem the deliberate recreation of a Diane Arbus photograph) appear before Danny; we naturally assume that they are the butchered daughters of the earlier caretaker. But they are wearing twin party dresses of the twenties, and we have been told that the daughters were killed in the winter of 1970. Jack says that he injured Danny three years ago, and Wendy says that it happened five months ago. The waiter, whom Jack first meets at a twenties party, has the same name as the murderous caretaker of 1970. (There is no mention of who has taken care of the hotel in the winters since then.) The film is punctuated with titles: suddenly there will be a black frame with "Tuesday" on it, or "3 o'clock," or "Saturday;" after the first ones, the titles all refer to time, but in an almost arbitrary way. Jack says that he loves the hotel and wishes "we could stay here forever, ever, ever." And at the very end there's a heavy hint of reincarnation and the suggestion that Jack *has* been there forever, ever, ever. I hate to say it, but I think the central character of

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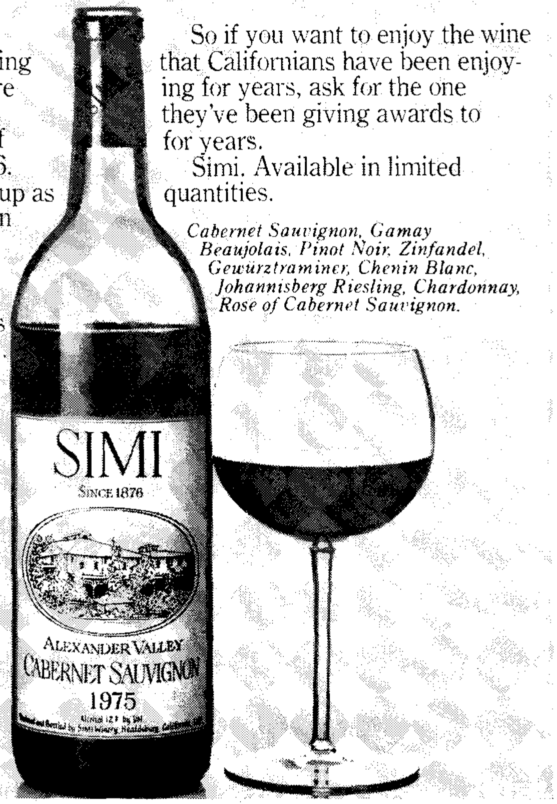

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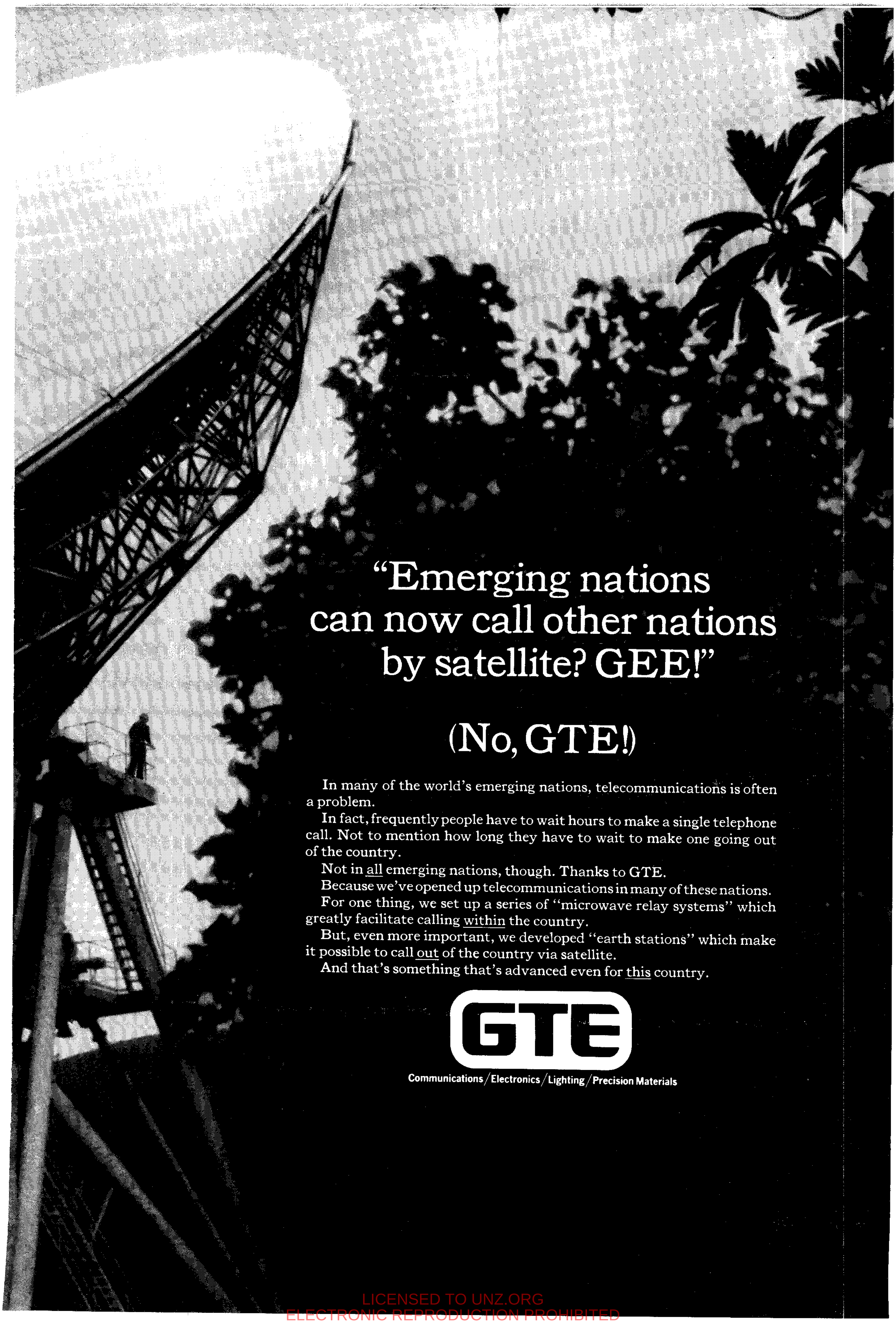

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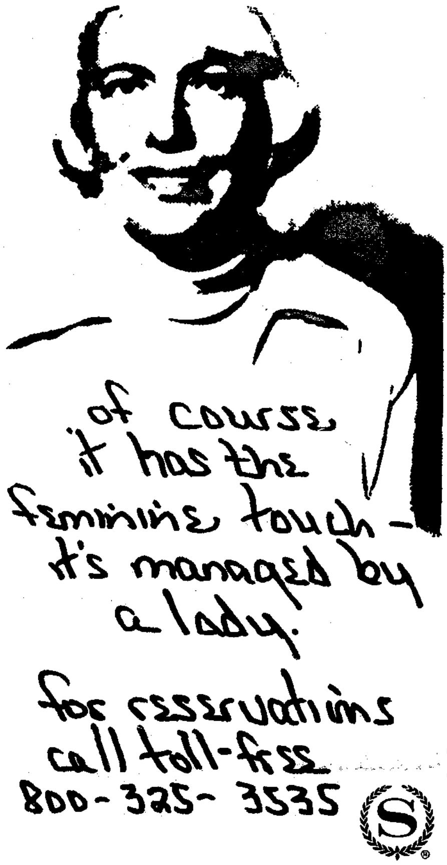
this movie is time itself, or, rather, timelessness.

Even the methodical use of tracking patterns is thematic—a visual representation of the repetitive, cyclical nature of experience. Probably Kubrick meant to draw us into the swirling movement from the start and make the evil palpable—and then, as we gradually became disoriented in time, we were supposed to accept the mystic inevitability of the ugly theme (the timelessness of murder). But since we are not drawn in, we're not effectively disoriented—just fed up. We wait for revelations—the events that will connect the different types of parapsychological phenomena we've been observing—and since we don't get those revelations, the picture seems not to make any sense. So when, at the very end, we're hit over the head with reincarnation, it has no emotional resonance. It just seems like a dumb finish.

Much of the film appears to be structured in terms drawn from Freud's essay "The 'Uncanny'" (Danny's creation of a double in order to protect himself, Jack's immediate feeling of being at home in the hotel, the maze, etc.), but we don't actually feel this psychological patterning; it doesn't connect up subconsciously as we watch the movie. And what of the redrum blood pouring from that elevator? There isn't any gothic, dream logic that we respond to when we see the bleeding elevator, and no one ever takes an elevator in this movie. Is it possible that Kubrick intends something as banal as rivers of blood running throughout time, rising and subsiding? Probably most of us go to a gothic eager to be manipulated by someone with finesse. But we don't know how to read Kubrick's signals; it may be that he simply doesn't know us well enough anymore to manipulate us successfully. Again and again, the movie leads us to expect something—almost promises it—and then disappoints us. Why give us a tour of the vast hotel kitchen, with an inventory of the contents of the meat locker, when nothing much takes place there? (Couldn't we at least have a touch of comic relief—Shelley Duvall, like a female Buster Keaton, covering miles in an area designed for the preparation of banquets in order to cook a meal for three?) At one point, the child escapes from the hedge maze and runs into his mother's arms, and we're afraid that his father is going to loom up just behind him—and then we see Jack in the middle of the maze. The clumsiest part of the movie involves a promise that is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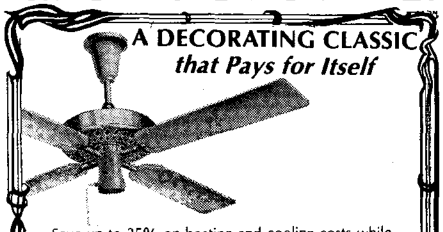

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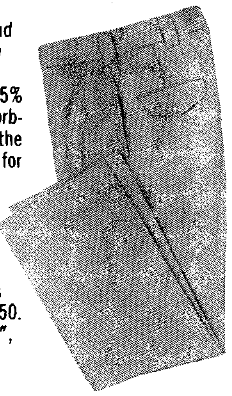

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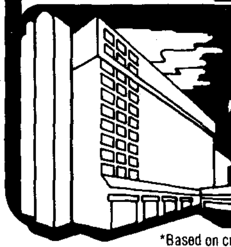

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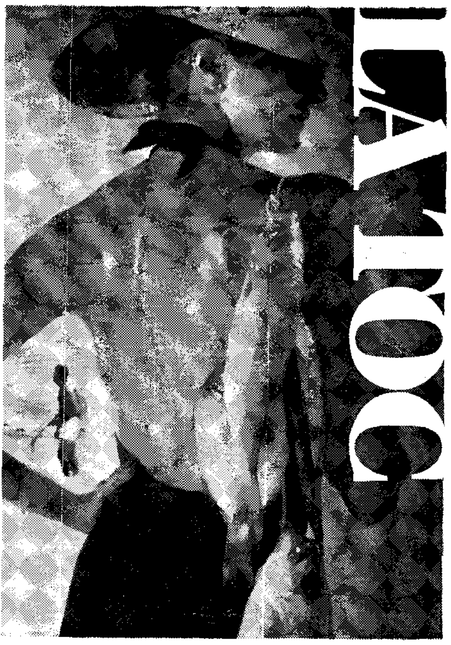
clearly broken. When Jack is becoming dangerous, Danny tries to get help in the only way he can, by sending psychic messages to Halloran. The film then crosscuts between the mother and child in their ordeal and Halloran in his apartment in Florida, Halloran trying to make contact with the hotel by phone, Halloran trying to have the Forest Service make contact with the hotel by radio, Halloran flying to Denver, Halloran in the air, landing at the Denver airport, renting a car and driving to Boulder, tricking a friend in order to borrow a Sno-Cat, in the Sno-Cat driving through a storm, driving, driving (always seen in profile, looking like a sculptured Indian), approaching, finally arriving. He walks toward the entrance (with his dear, bowlegged gait), comes in the door, walks inside (still bowlegged), and calls out and calls out—the scene is prolonged. And nothing decisive to the movie comes of all this. Halloran travelled all that way and we were subjected to all that laborious crosscutting (which destroyed any chance for a buildup of suspense back at the hotel) just to provide a sacrificial victim and a Sno-Cat? The awful suspicion pops into the mind that since we don't want to see Wendy or Danny hurt and there's nobody else alive around for Jack to get at, he's given the black man. (Remember the scene in "Huckleberry Finn" when Huck tells Tom's Aunt Sally that he arrived on a steamboat and that a cylinder head had "blowed out." "Good gracious!" she says. "Anybody hurt?" "No'm. Killed a nigger." "Well, it's lucky; because sometimes people do get hurt.") But, at the same time, Halloran is the only noble character in the movie. Too noble. Something doesn't sit right about the way the movie ascribes the gift of shining to the good black man and the innocent child (the insulted and the injured?), and having Halloran's Florida apartment decorated with big pictures of proud sexy black women gives the film an odor of sanctity. The waiter referred to Halloran as a "nigger cook;" the demons in this movie are so vicious they're even racists.

"The Shining" seems to be about the quest for immortality—the immortality of evil. Men are psychic murderers: they want to be free and creative, and can only take out their frustrations on their terrified wives and children. The movie appears to be a substitution story: The waiter denies that he was the caretaker, but there has always been a caretaker. And if the waiter is telling the truth, it's Jack



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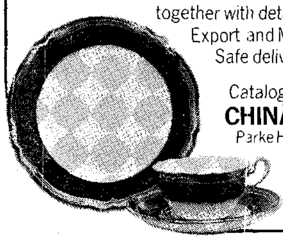

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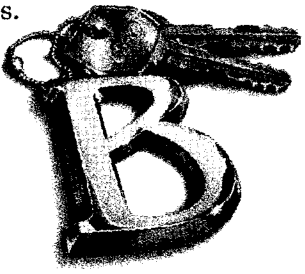

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who has always been the caretaker. Or maybe Jack is so mad that he has hatched this waiter, in which case Jack probably *has* always been the caretaker. Apparently, he lives forever, only to attack his family endlessly. It's what Kubrick said in "2001": Mankind began with the weapon and just went on from there. Redrum ("murder" backward). Kubrick is the man who thought it necessary to introduce a godlike force (the black slab) to account for evolution. It was the slab that told the apelike man to pick up the bone and use it as a weapon. This was a new version of original sin: man the killer acts on God's command. Somehow, Kubrick ducked out on the implications of his own foolishness when he gave "2001" its utopian, technological ending—man, reborn out of science, as angelic, interplanetary fetus. Now he seems to have gone back to his view at the beginning of "2001": man is a murderer, throughout eternity. The bone that was high in the air has turned into Jack's axe, held aloft, and Jack, crouched over, making wild, inarticulate sounds as he staggers in the maze, has become the ape.

What's increasingly missing from Kubrick's work is the spontaneity, the instinct, the lightness that would make us respond intuitively. We're starved for pleasure at this movie; when we finally get a couple of exterior nighttime shots with theatrical lighting, we're pathetically grateful. As Wendy, trying to escape from Jack, opens a window and looks at the snowstorm outside, and then as she pushes Danny out and he slides down the snowbank, we experience, for a second or two, the spectral beauty we have been longing for. Earlier (in the film's most imaginative, chilling scene), when Wendy looked at the pile of manuscript that her husband had been working on, she found only one sentence, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," typed over and over. Well, all work and no play makes Stanley a dull boy, too. He was locked up with this project for more than three years, and if ever there was a movie that expressed cabin fever, this is it. —PAULINE KAEL

•

Mrs. Gandhi must receive a stream of ordinary Indians, most of them with grievances, every morning at her official residence.

But at No. 12 Willingdon Crescent, her former home, her son holds court with close associates, political workers and naked self-seekers.—*Kuwait Times*.

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BOOKS

Closeups

ANN BEATTIE recently told a *Times* interviewer that if she revealed how quickly she had written her second novel, "Falling in Place" (Random House; $10.95), "no one would take it seriously." Two bugaboos silenced her: good novels take at least two years; good writing is never easy. But half of being gifted is letting the creature in and taming it. She also told the *Times*, "I really do feel like a bumbler with the novel form. I can't envision ever writing another one. Then again, I didn't envision writing this one. I wonder if there *are* novelists who feel they know how to write novels. I wonder if this knowledge exists." If it ever had existed, the form would have vanished before Dickens. Each age reinvents the novel, equipping it with its own imaginativeness. Our age has gone a little further by declaring open house. Compare some of the guests: Faulkner, Claude Mauriac, T. F. Powys, Nabokov, Gabriel García Márquez. Ann Beattie has chosen the pale, funny, loose-limbed episodic come-as-you-are novel, and she works at it with casual, left-handed brilliance. Her admirers celebrate her cool, her monotone, her bleakness, her super-realism, her chosen banality. But what matters most in Ann Beattie's short stories and novels is her absolute ear and her masterly deadpan humor. When the two work together, the results are dazzling. The off-balance mother of Peter and Jonathan Spangle—one out of work and the other a lawyer-to-be—calls Peter's girl Cynthia frequently after Peter goes to Spain to collect Jonathan, who is "shacked up with some señorita who [is] trying to get him to pay for a lot of expensive dental work." Thus:

> "I was about to eat when you called," Cynthia said. Anything to get her off the phone.
>
> "Don't tell me if it was fettuccine. I love all those coiled pastas, ready to spring into calories: tortellini and fettuccine and all those curlycue things like enchanted snakes."
>
> Heavy breathing. Cynthia would have been frightened if Tess Spangle had done that early in the conversation, before she identified herself.
>
> "Who's meeting their plane?" Tess said.
>
> "Nobody."
>
> "It doesn't seem right. Of course I wasn't invited. I always let myself be taken advantage of, and I won't put myself in the position of being made a fool of, too. Of course, if they don't come on the plane Friday, and I'm there, who would know but me that I was made a fool of again? My shrink would know. I'd tell the shrink. The shrink would try to make it all appear normal. He's insidious that way. 'Why blame yourself for meeting a plane?' "
>
> "I'll let you know if I hear anything."
>
> "If a woman goes to the airport and no one knows she's there, does she still exist at the airport? Do you play philosophical games with your students, or are they too young? How can anyone be young?"

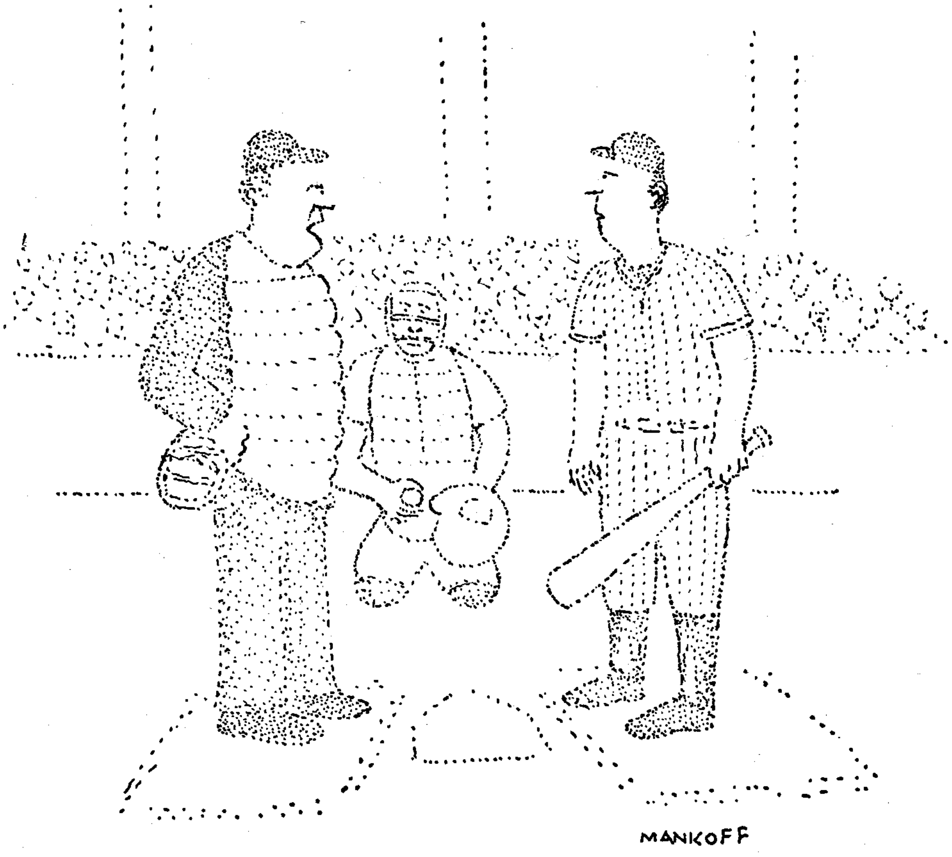
Ann Beattie's admirers point out that she is *the* chronicler of the white, Eastern, middle-class rock generation, the new Wasps. She is also a thirty-two-year-old comedian who uses the material at hand. Parker is a monstrous, fat twelve-year-old who travels by train once a week from a suburb of New Haven to New York to see his shrink. He smokes Salems, curses constantly, and looks at his grandfather's collection of pornography. Here is Parker's room:

> There was a poster of Donna Summer on the wall above Parker's bed, and another poster of the Incredible Hulk. Parker had cut Donna Summer's face out of the poster and put it in the Incredible Hulk's hand. In the space where Donna Summer's face had been, he had put a picture of his mother.... Parker had put a wad of gum over one of Donna Summer's eyes. There was also a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware... On the glass, over Washington's face, he had put another picture of Donna Summer's head that he had cut out of a magazine.

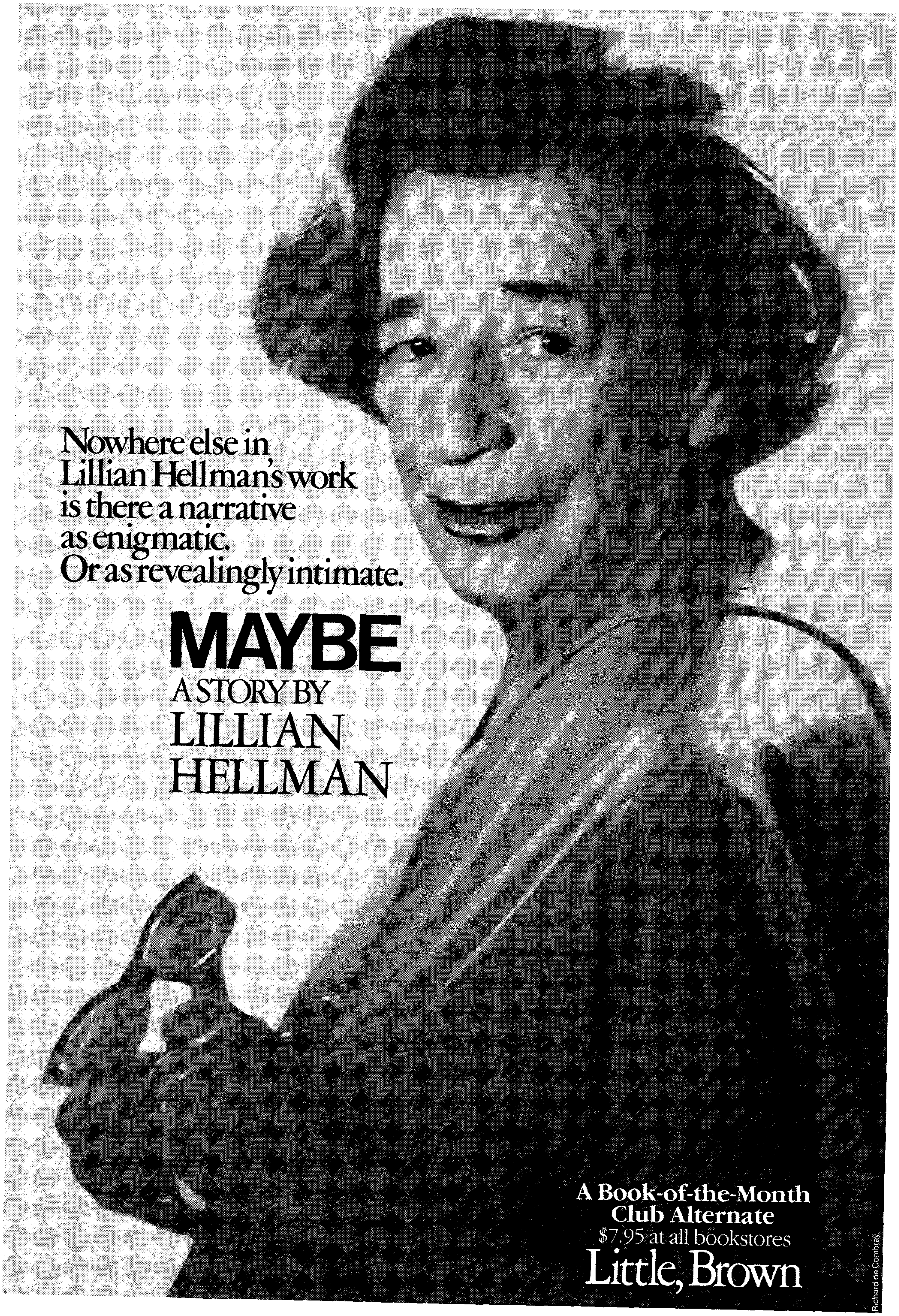
This is far from the solemn scene-cataloguing of John O'Hara and Jerome Weidman.

Ann Beattie's characters have an autonomous quality, as if they had stepped whole into her novel from somewhere else. She pores over them, then tells us how they work. She adds up Peter Spangle:

> Even a lying letter would have sufficed. And if he wasn't coming back, a note, a brief call... She had been so willing to believe him. She cried, because she had been so willing to believe him. She had even thought that his not understanding irony in literature proved what an honest, trusting person he was: If it was printed on the page, it was to be taken straight. If he was what he said he was, not what he appeared to be, then you had to believe him, didn't you? No. You didn't have to do anything. Not even stay with him because he had said, once, that what he wanted was always to have you. ... She had given him a kite, and after



"All right! Have it your own way. It was a ball."



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flying it once he had pinned it to the wall, for fear of damaging it. She had thought that she understood him perfectly, and obviously she had not. The kite might stay safely on the wall, but he would fly off himself . . . He would protect an inanimate thing, and hurt her.

She does not spend much time on exteriors—on streets and highways and landscapes. But she never misses the people who populate them. On the boat to the Statue of Liberty:

> A woman in a pink skirt slit halfway up her thigh and a thick, pale-pink sweater, who carried a small dog pressed against her chest. Passing Cynthia, she told the dog, "Je suis très fatiguée."

On a Nantucket beach:

> About where she had stood was a woman in a white sailor's hat, sitting in a lawn chair pulled a little way into the water, her big legs stretched in front of her. "Hawaii is better," she said as he passed.

In a Nantucket liquor store:

> "I will *too* buy beer," the old man said. "I call to give you good news, and you start nagging. I *told* you it was all heredity." He had on a California Angels baseball cap, a white Lacoste shirt, madras bermudas and white knee socks. He wore red running shoes. He hung up and stood staring at the phone, fuming, his face nearly as red as the shoes.

Ann Beattie's super-realism can suddenly melt into Surrealism:

> Once he had called her from a phone outside the parking garage—he had left her apartment, so upset about leaving that he had walked for half an hour instead of taking a cab—and there was something wrong with the phone. He had had to put four dimes in before he made the connection, and when she answered, he had only been able to tell her that he had walked, that there was a phone out of order in New York. Then he had stared at a couple walking by; he had held the phone tightly in one hand, his claim check for his car in the other, and he remembered thinking that if he let the phone go, he was going to disappear.

The book takes place in the summer of 1979, and moves between Parker's New Haven suburb and New York City. The narrative is cinematic. Startling things happen and are explained in leisurely, tantalizing flashbacks. There are constant closeups—but of a strange kind. They are not of her figures' faces, which she never describes, but of their actions and their talk, which she makes almost visible. She cuts adroitly between the strands of her story, inching her figures through their experiences, some of them wrenching, some of them ordinary. "Falling in Place" has three sets of characters. John and Louise Knapp and their three

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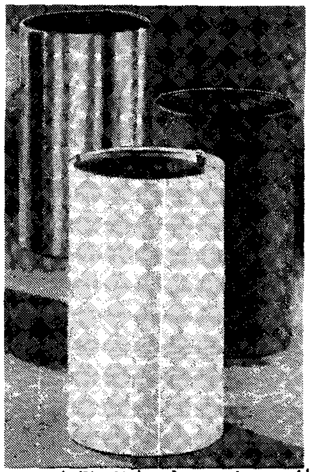

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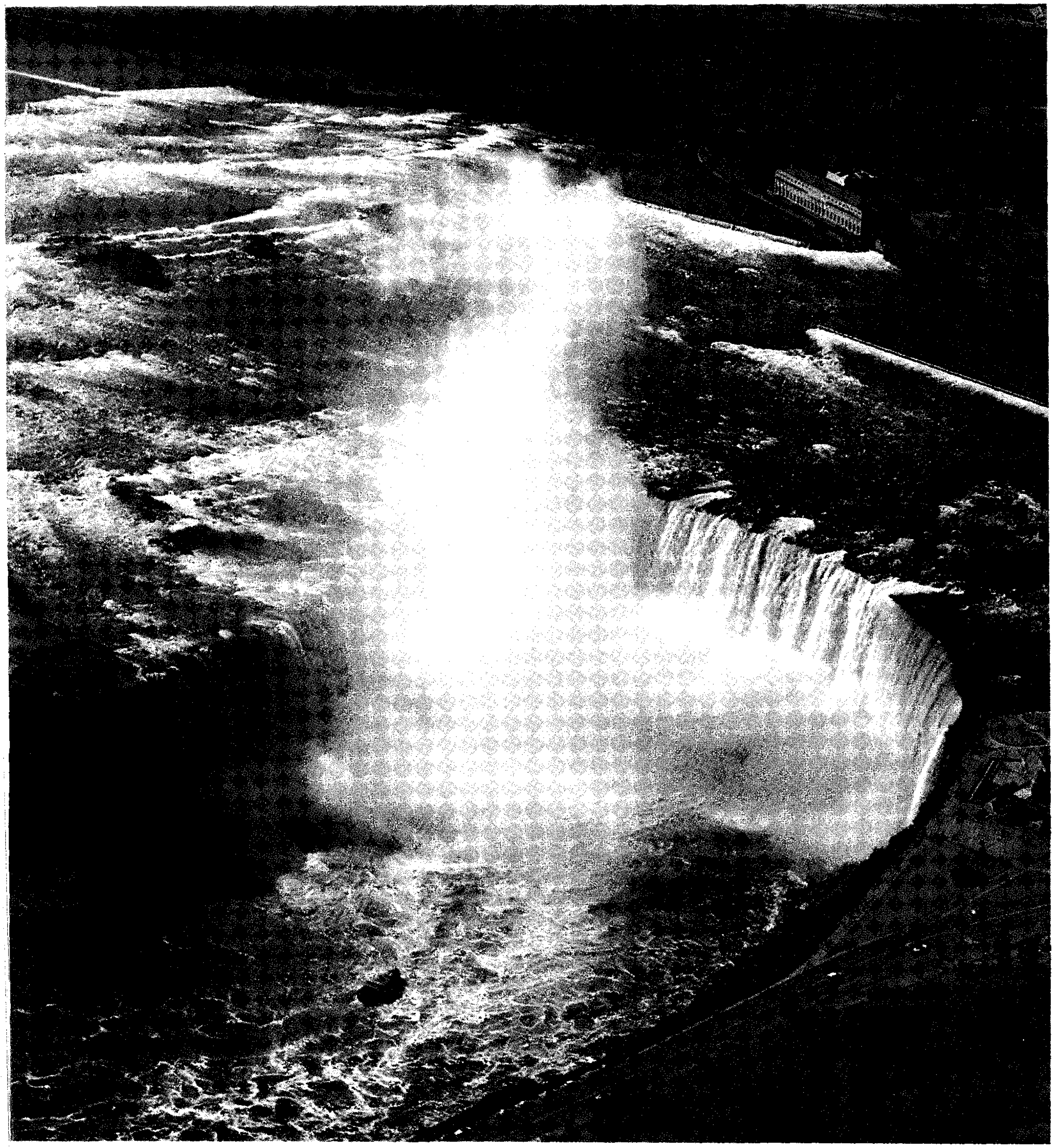

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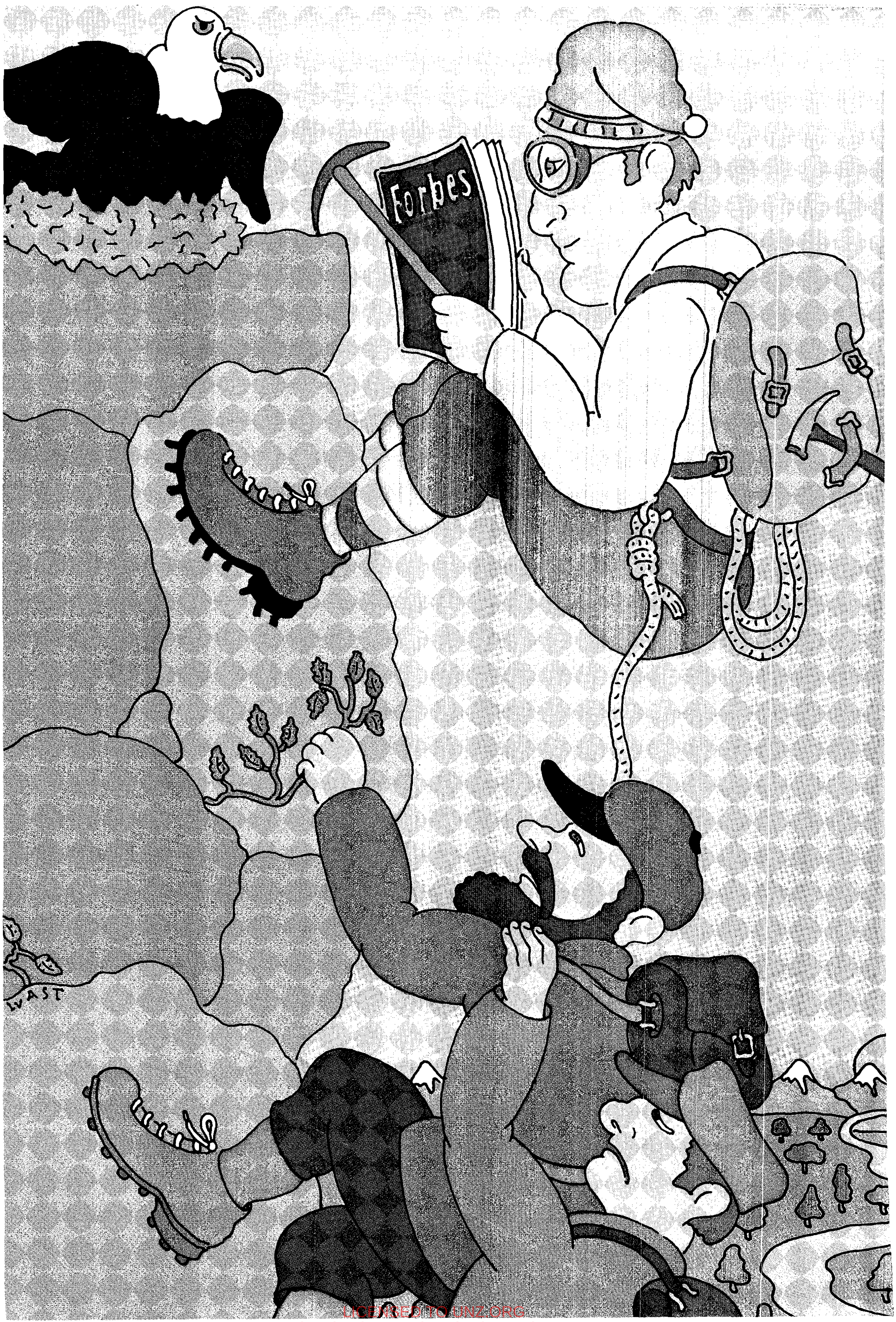
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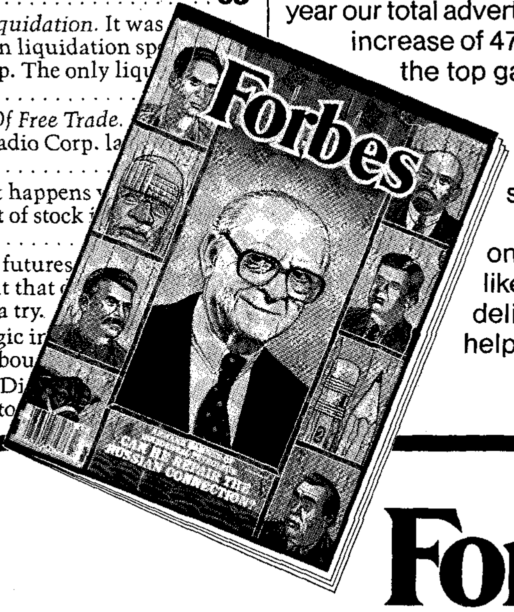
Features

Gasoline: *The Bloodbath.* "I'd be happy if I made 50% of what I made in the first three months of 1979," says independent gasoline dealer Chris Weber. How can that be, with gas prices so high? The fact is that gasoline middlemen are caught in a terrible squeeze. **33**
Insurance: *An Act Of God?* Casualty insurers talk about the underwriting cycle as if that were what it is. But human fallibility has a lot to do with it. **34**
Politics: Ronald Reagan's economic advisers are in agreement on one thing: Come Inauguration Day, hit the ground running. **36**
Companies: *Promise?* Carter Hawley Hale's Phil Hawley is finally telling Wall Street what it wants to hear. **37**
Great Britain: *"Dear Home Owner."* How do the British keep mortgage money available in the face of sky-high interest rates? **38**
Companies: *Keeping The Pedal Down.* Don't let the President of the U.S. panic you, says Consolidated Freightways' Ray O'Brien. Keep your eye on the big picture. **39**
Brazil: Chalk up another victory for those who are tough enough to charge real prices for gasoline. **59**
Oil and Gas: *The Biggest Election In Texas.* It's the Democratic race for Railroad Commissioner. Not because it's about railroads, but because it's about oil and gas production. **63**
Highways: *The End Of The Affair?* Toll roads used to be about the sweetest deal in transportation. Now they face a double bogey. **65**
The Streetwalker: *Salivation And Liquidation.* It was
natural for Wall Street to plunge in when liquidation sp
Irwin Jacobs went after Holly Sugar Corp. The only liqu
tion so far is Jacobs' holdings. . . . .
Special Report on Jobs: *The Price Of Free Trade.*
happened to the 1,500 workers Zenith Radio Corp. la
1977? . . . .
Investing: *"Good Heavens, No!"* What happens
investor wants to unload not a round lot of stock
company but a whole lot? . . . .
Investing: *Betting The Indexes.* Index futures
more like Las Vegas than Wall Street, but that
the commodity exchanges won't give it a try.
Companies: What are the limits of logic ir
world? Union Carbide's Bill Sneath is abou
Companies: *The Contrarian.* Becton, Di
Howe believes that it takes preparation to



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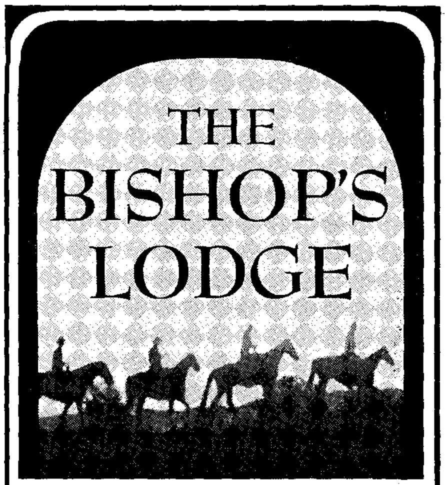

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children live near Parker. Knapp is a New York advertising man who spends his weeknights with his mother in Rye, because his marriage has soured. His mistress, Nina, lives on Columbus Avenue and works at Lord & Taylor and is ten years older than the Knapps' oldest child, Mary, who is fifteen. The third center of activity is the New Haven apartment of Cynthia Forrest, a Yale graduate student who is doing summer remedial teaching. One of her students is Mary Knapp, who calls her "Lost in the Forest" behind her back. Peter Spangle and Cynthia have lived together for a couple of years, and before that Peter lived with Nina, in Vermont. Satellites whirl around these suns: Horton, a black, urban-bound drug dealer and former Bard student, who supplies Nina with her grass; George, a delicate, dreaming magician, who falls in love with Cynthia in a laundromat and keeps his rabbits on his mother's fire escape; a hyperactive poet, Bobby; and Parker, a diminutive Count Fosco. Not all of Ann Beattie's characters come into focus. She regarded John and Louise Knapp as ciphers when she took them up, and *they remain that way*. The book has a tricky ending. It appears sentimental until one thinks through all she has supplied us. Ann Beattie is a natural writer. Her prose never preens or tires or obstructs. At its coolest, it holds heat.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GIRL IN A SWING, by Richard Adams (Knopf; $11.95). An Englishman who began to have visions (accurate ones) of imminent disasters when he was just a schoolboy, and whose affection for the china and porcelain sold in his family's antique shop grew into a passion by the time he was old enough to take over the firm, meets, and instantly falls in love with, a beautiful German woman while he is in Copenhagen on business. In no time, they get married. It soon becomes apparent that his young wife is haunted by ghosts that connect her, in mysterious ways, with an eighteenth-century murder trial and with an immensely valuable enamelled figurine—a girl in a swing—that she bids for at a country auction. Together, however, the two are able to keep their minds off the past and the future and enjoy a blissful time in one another's arms before catas-

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—PETER S. PRESCOTT, *Newsweek*

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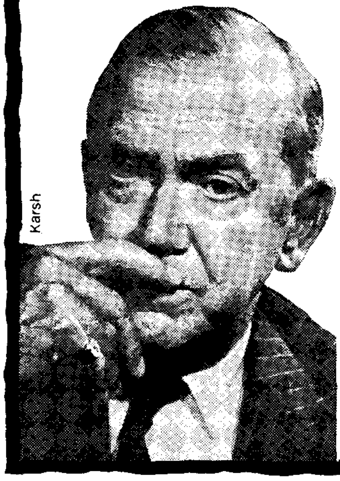
trophe closes in. That this medley of romance and mystery is stilted and dull is due in part to the fact that the husband is the narrator; hindsight turns out to be a handicap, as he singles out spooky and significant incidents so tidily that the reader has no chance to feel frightened or surprised. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

GREENWICH TIME, by Derek Howse (Oxford; $24.95). Derek Howse, who is Head of Navigation and Astronomy at the National Maritime Museum, in Greenwich, England, has written a jewel of a book about a most unlikely subject: how longitude and time came to be reckoned from Greenwich. (The "prime meridian" still passes through the old observatory, but the astronomers moved to Herstmonceux, in Sussex, after the Second World War to escape Greenwich's smoke and street lights.) The story is a wonderfully human one, full of humor. The first Astronomer Royal, John Flamsteed, moved into the observatory in 1676; part of his mission was to find a method for reckoning one's longitude while at sea. The matter became urgent in September of 1707, when a flotilla under the command of Admiral Sir Clowdisley Shovel ran aground in the Scilly Isles, with the loss of nearly two thousand sailors; not knowing their longitude, they did not know where they were in respect to the islands. Mr. Howse describes some of the proposals to find a way to determine one's position east or west of a fixed point on the surface of the earth, many of which bordered on the incredible. Finally, the matter was resolved early in the eighteenth century with the invention of the marine chronometer. Thus Greenwich got itself into the business of keeping time and, until the invention of the modern atomic clock, of giving time signals. It is a delightful story, and Mr. Howse is obviously on top of his material. He is also a brilliant and lucid expositor of complicated scientific ideas.

THE TALE BEARERS: LITERARY ESSAYS, by V. S. Pritchett (Random House; $10). This collection of twenty-three essays is divided into "English" (E. M. Forster, say), "American" (Flannery O'Connor), "Characters" (Pepys), and "Exotics" (Lady Murasaki), but the es-



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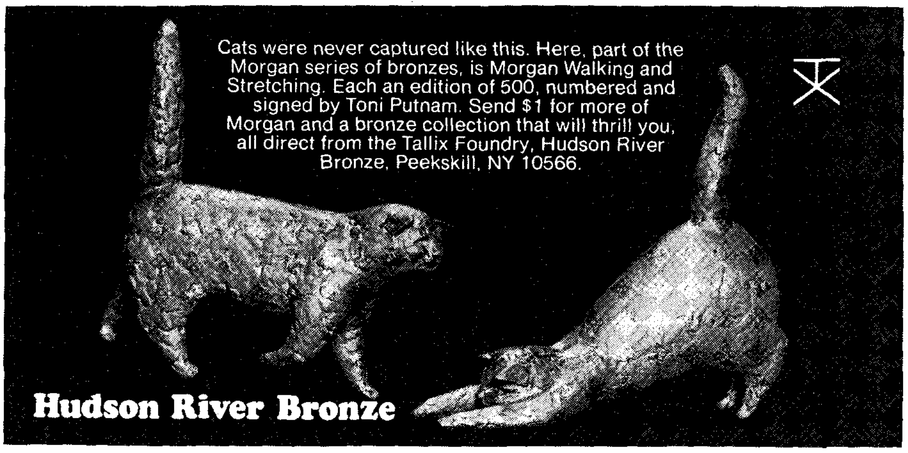

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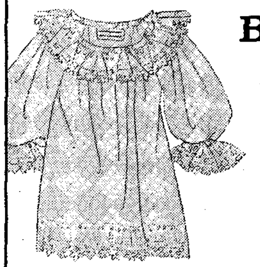

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says themselves range all over the place: the author's comments on the Victorian shocker H. Rider Haggard, for instance, deal with English literature, the characters of Haggard and his readers, and exotic Africa. Sir Victor is apt to talk less about canons and prescriptions and more about the peculiar qualities of a work or an author. His analyses often end in new syntheses or new approaches, for though he does not deal in epigrams, he often puts, with great concision, a notion at once original and right, as when he concludes of T. E. Lawrence's fatal motorcycle accident, "Not a suicide but a loss of will." Four of the essays appeared in this magazine.

AMONG FRIENDS: PERSONAL LETTERS OF DEAN ACHESON, edited by David S. McLellan and David C. Acheson (Dodd, Mead; $17.95). A political scientist who has written a book about Acheson's term at the State Department has joined the son of the former Secretary of State in assembling a diverting collection of the cream of Acheson's unofficial mail. The letters date from 1918—just before one of Acheson's law professors, Felix Frankfurter, arranges a clerkship to Supreme Court Justice Brandeis for him—to 1971, shortly before Acheson's death, and the correspondents are a worldwide gallery of dignitaries and celebrities. Besides crispness and a sense of fun, Acheson demonstrates his critical approach to mankind and his intense loyalty to those who have won his respect or affection. One sees that his combination of acerbity and gaiety arose from a sense of security that was in part personal and in part public: he simply took it for granted that the United States could succeed at anything it chose to do—an assumption that now seems historical, if not nostalgic.

NOTE: "Three-Quarter Face," a collection of Penelope Gilliatt's writings on movies and moviemakers, has been published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan ($12.95). Almost all the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

PLEASE NOTE: Philosophy 223 "Perspectives on Death" has been dropped from the second summer session 1980 evening offerings. It is being replaced with Philosophy 222 "Love and Human Sexuality," Section A Tuesday and Thursday evenings.—*Bulletin of La Salle College.*

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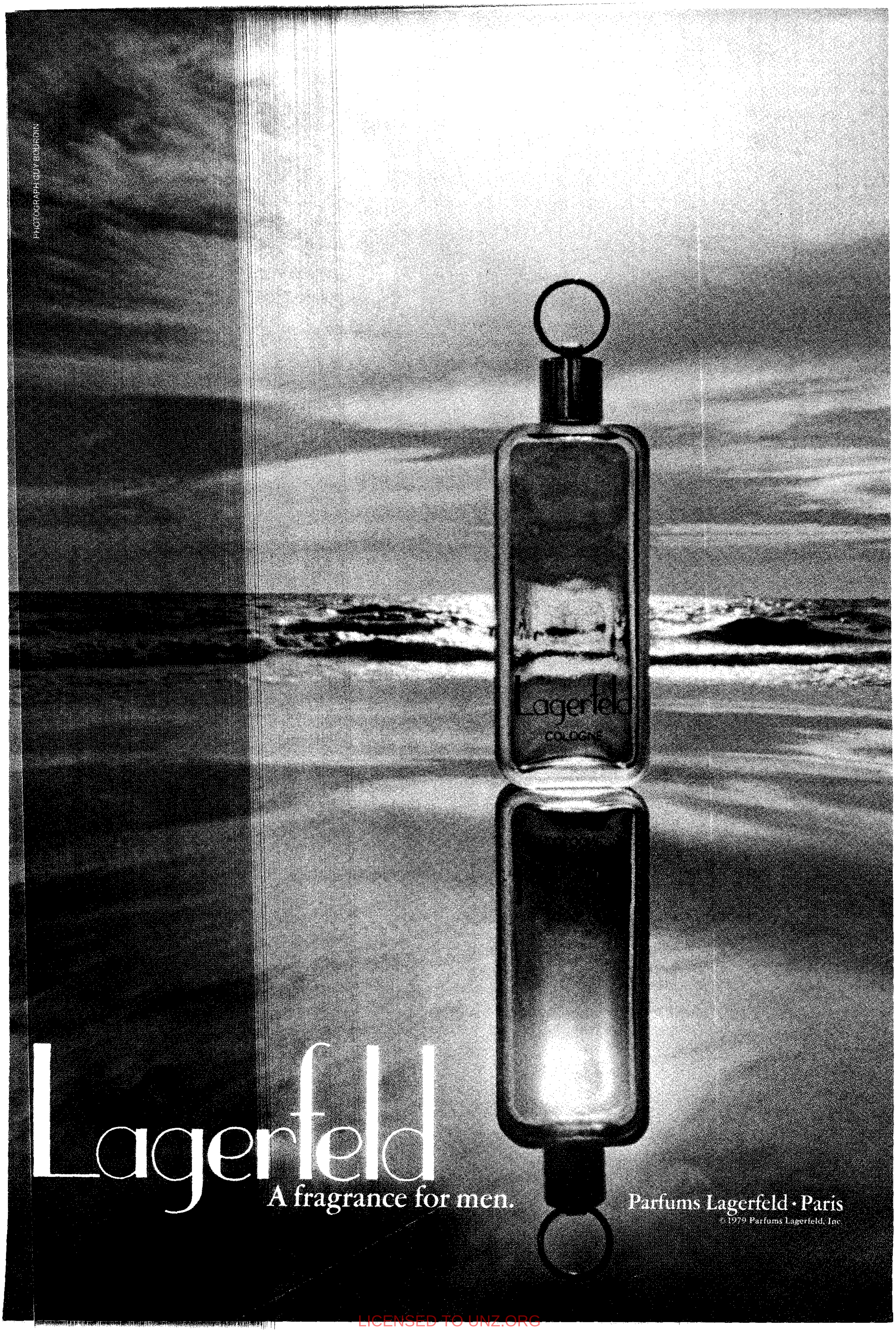
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